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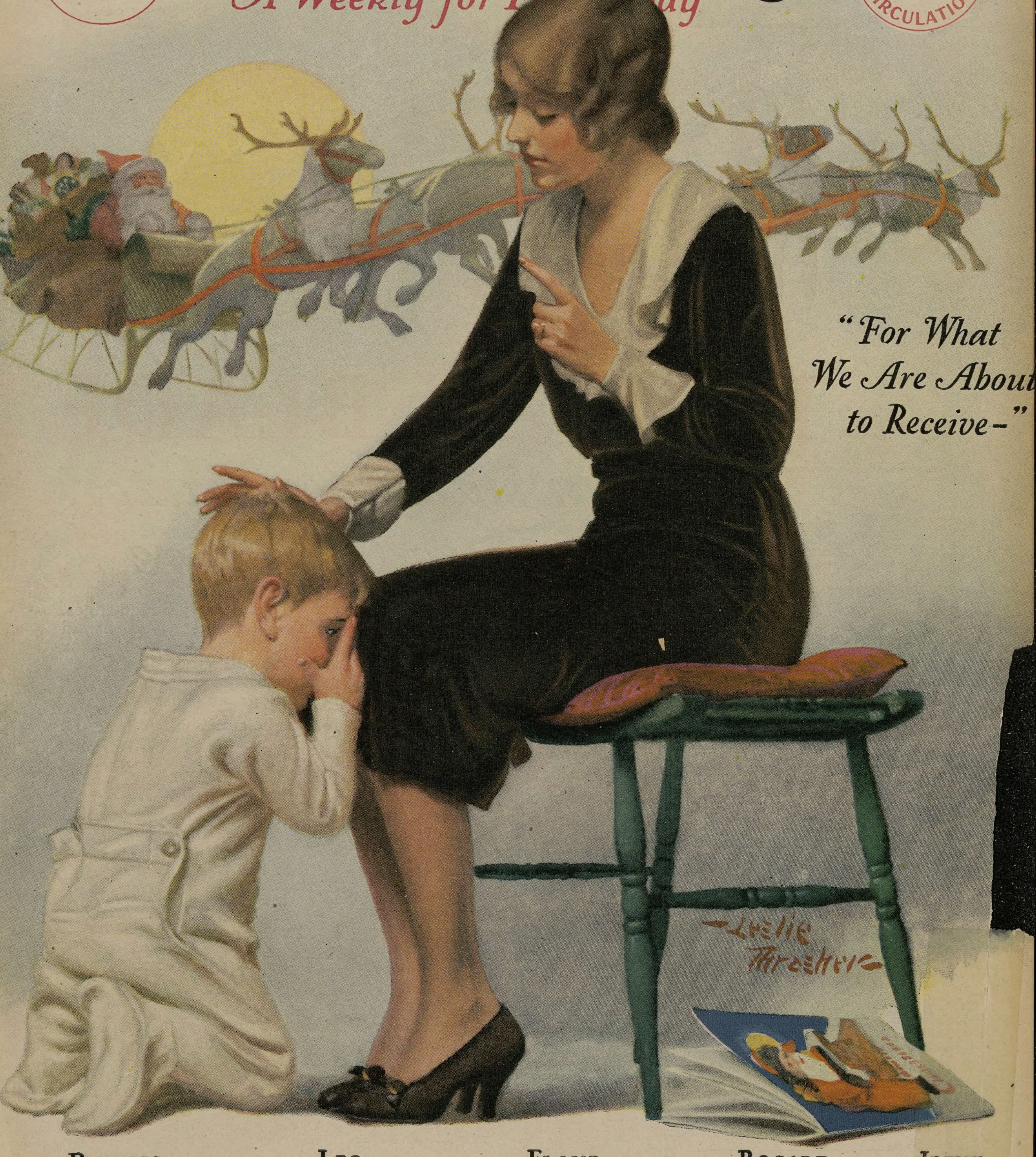
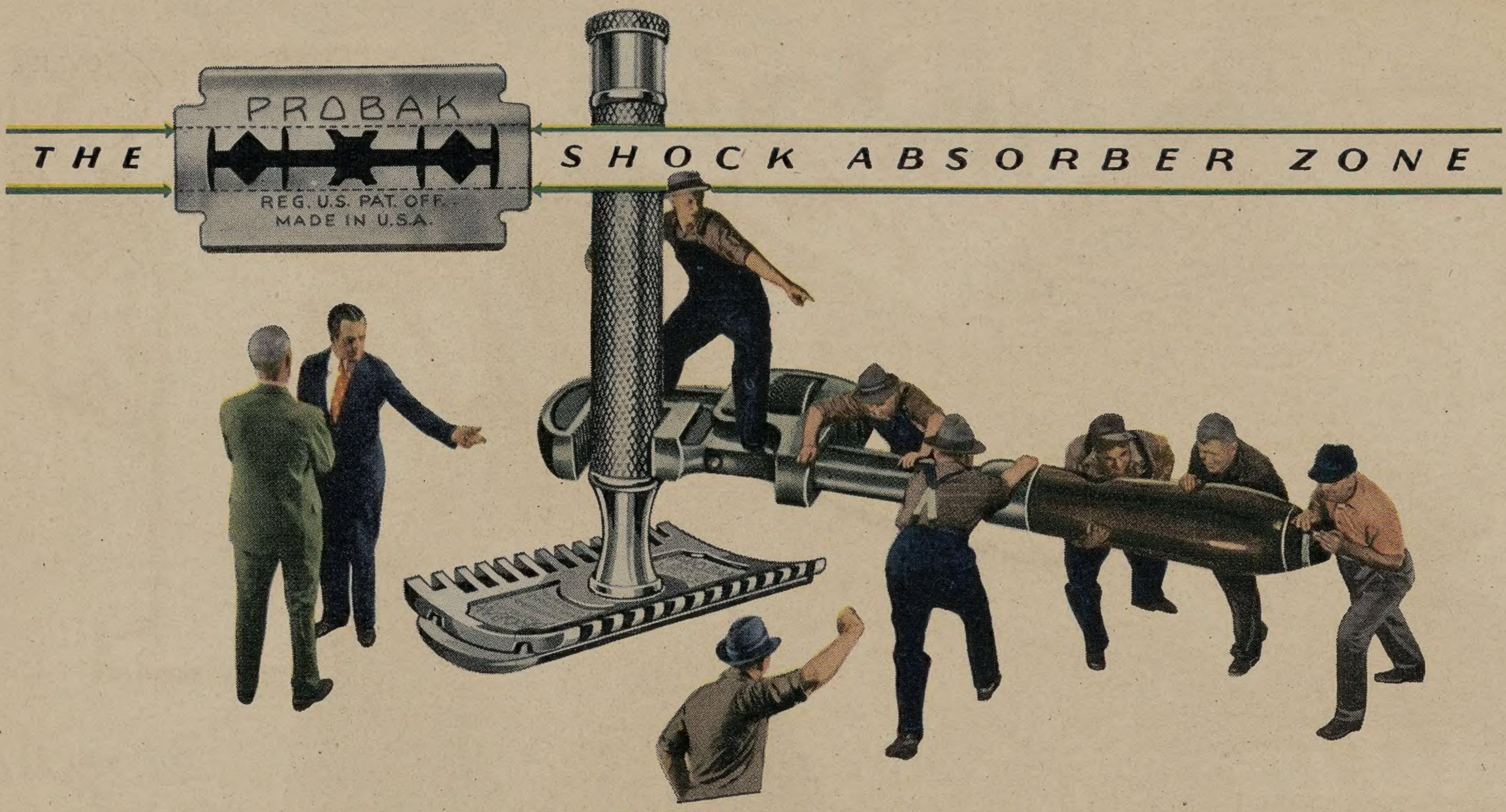


*"For What
We Are About
to Receive—"*

PHYLLIS DUGANNE ~ **LEO TOLSTOY** ~ **FLOYD GIBBONS** ~ **BOGART ROGERS** ~ **IRENE KUHN**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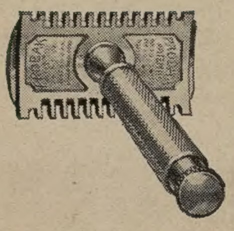

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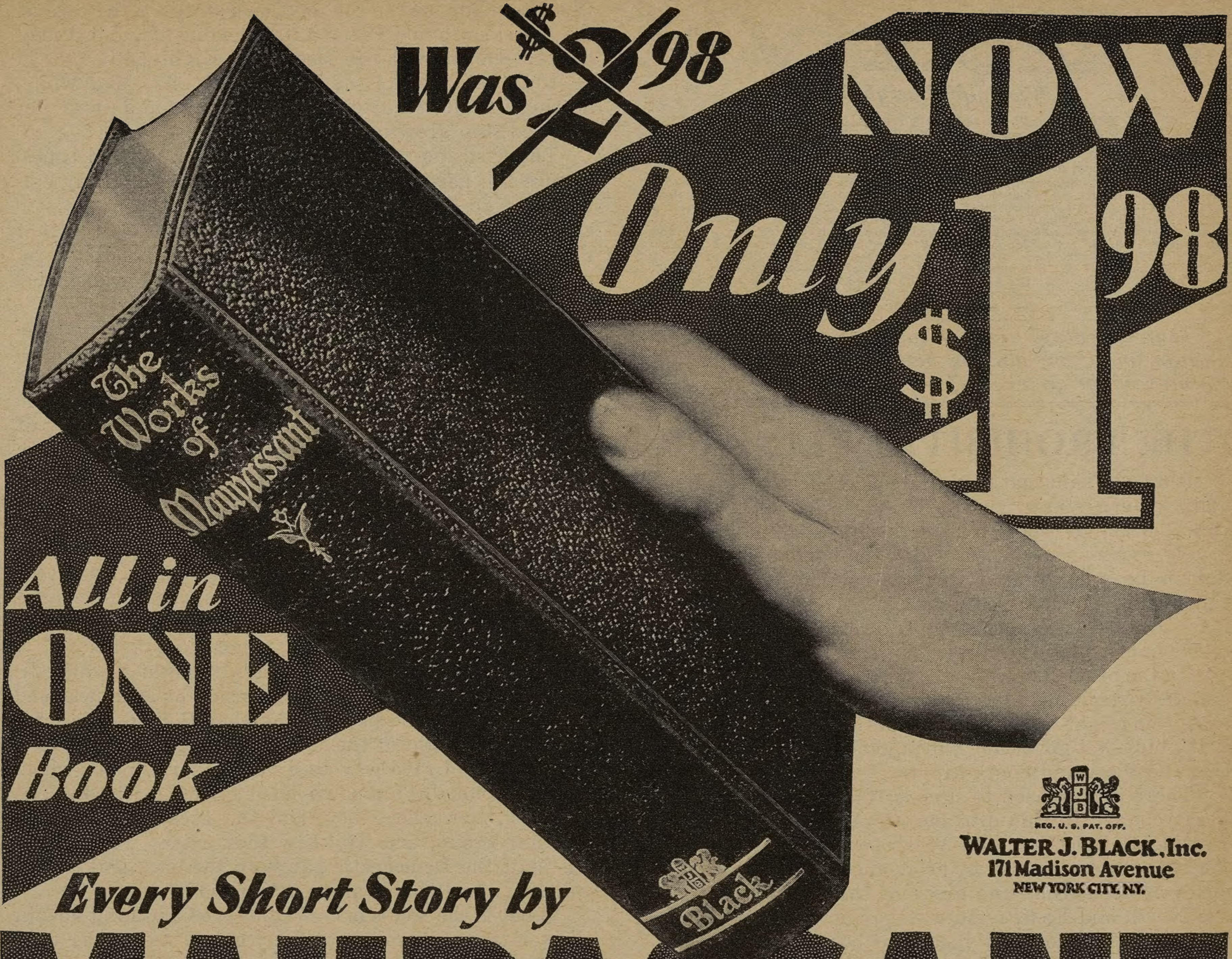

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Vol. 7
No. 50

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE PROHIBITION LINE-UP

It may be said that in the late elections the Northern and Eastern states (with the exception of Pennsylvania) declared themselves more emphatically wet than in any previous elections. Ohio, the home of the Anti-Saloon League, entered the wet column for the first time. Illinois expressed its views in pronounced fashion. Massachusetts gave substantial aid and comfort to the opponents of prohibition. And so it went.

On the other hand, the Western and Southern states generally remained in favor of the prohibition law. An exception might be claimed for California, which elected a dripping wet governor, but in general it is fair to say that the West and South are dry.

There is no reason to suppose that there will be any great change in this division of sentiment before the Presidential election. At Washington, the House and Senate both remain dry by pronounced majorities. The cities of the nation, and many of the rural districts in the North and East, remain wet in actuality and practice—but they do so by means of bootlegging, corruption, gangster rule, and bad booze for their stomachs.

In these Northeastern states, not only do a majority vote wet, but probably a majority drink wet. They get poorer liquor at higher prices than before prohibition. They pay no taxes to the government, but contribute the increase to bootleggers who use it to corrupt officials and hire lawyers to keep them out of jail when they bump somebody off.

This line-up—a dry Congress and a strong wet sentiment in a large section of the population—will continue probably for a long time to come.

As long as the small dry states have the same representation in the Senate as the great wet states, and as long as the old-time allotment of representatives persists in the House, the drys have the advantage in Congress.

In spite of all this things may change, and we may come to realize the truth of Mr. Dooley's assertion that "the Constitution follows the flag, but the Supreme Court follows the election returns." This is just about what has happened in the Southern states in the case of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and it may happen elsewhere in the case of the Eighteenth.

But that probably is a long way off. Meanwhile, anti-prohibition sentiment is growing, and it is not likely to stop growing for two reasons.

The first and most important reason is hard times. Before the hard times it was the custom of many employers who did not practice prohibition themselves to credit prosperity to it nevertheless. It was said that the workers saved their money instead of spending it on booze. The present depression has rather exploded that theory.

The other reason is the simple one of human nature.

Before prohibition practically all our major ills, such as murder, adultery, theft, and what-not, were blamed on the saloon. Now they are all blamed on prohibition.

If alcohol is the root of all evil some other way of suppressing it must be found than the Eighteenth Amendment, which is based on a principle which has never worked in a white man's country.

As we have said before, the prohibition idea finds its origin in religion. And in the white man there is an unescapable spiritual resistance to being forced to accept another person's religion. It may be unreasonable, but it is there. Most of us willingly obey other laws, but many of us feel this prohibition law is not like other laws.

There isn't a new line or a new thought in this editorial so far. Everything in it is said or acknowledged by most reasonable people, whatever their convictions. The pious thought of the drys that the drunkards would all die off and give way to a new generation to whom alcohol would be unknown hasn't been realized. The hip-flask, the college boy, and the necking girl are a familiar group, and we know they exist. Prohibition has split the Democratic party up the back and is now splitting the Republican party up the back.

What is the solution? Well, there is nothing new in the solution we propose, either, but it seems the very best possible in the circumstances.

Let those states which want to be wet, be wet, and let those states which want to be dry, be dry. Let there be the most stringent legislation possible to prevent liquor from leaking out of wet states into dry ones. This has never been accomplished, we know, but it leaks now from "dry" states into "dry" ones in floods, with the well-known concurrent evils.

The people who put prohibition in the Constitution were for the most part sincere. They thought they had found in the saloon the root of all evil. Evidently it wasn't the root of all evil, for we have as much evil as we ever had.

We think now it would be a good thing if these people would admit that others are entitled to an opinion on the subject, and that the great states of New York, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Maryland, and Connecticut have a right to resent being governed in their most intimate private affairs by the spiritual convictions of Kansas and South Carolina.

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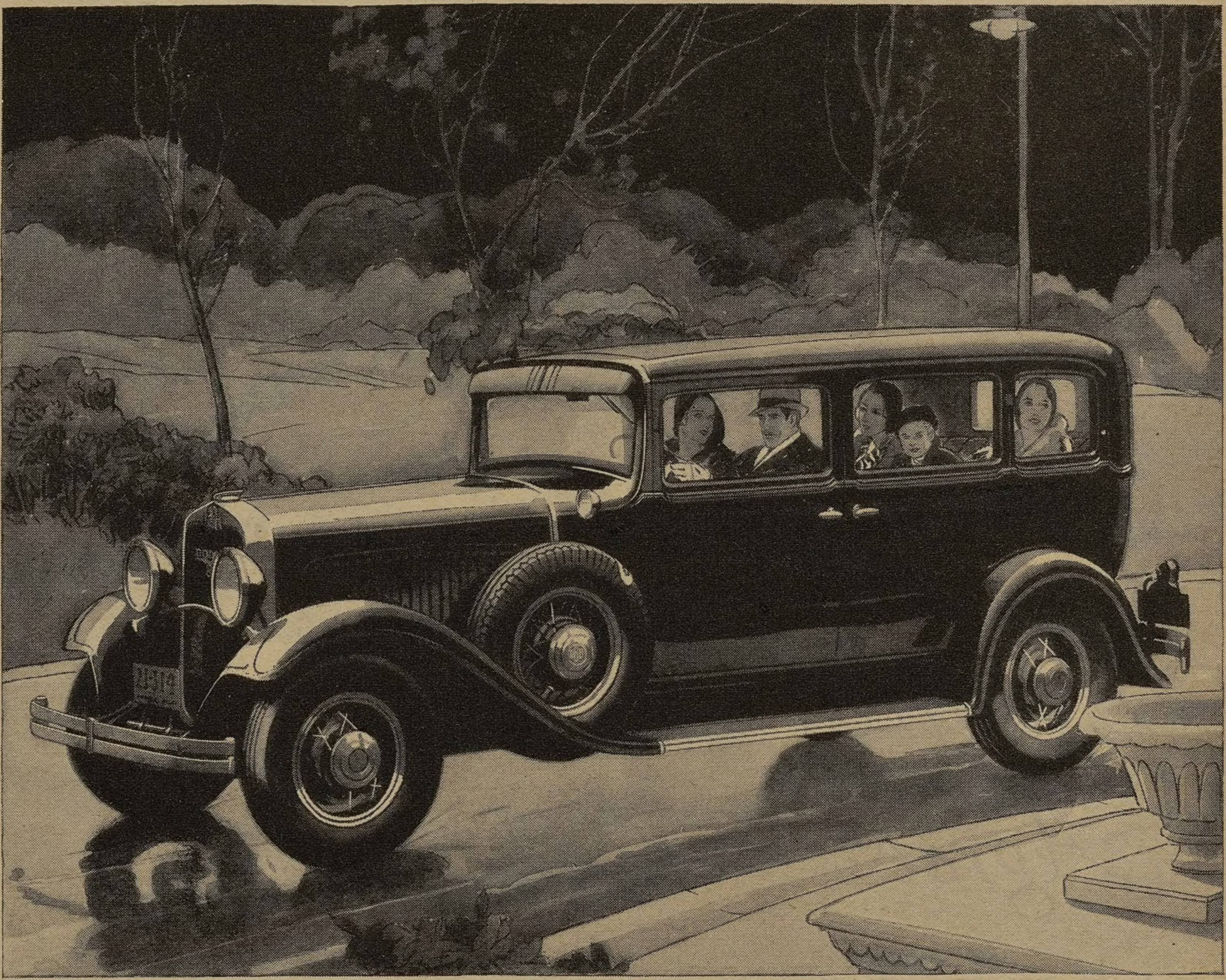
Cover by Leslie Thrasher



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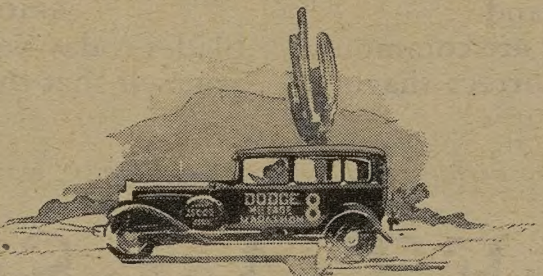

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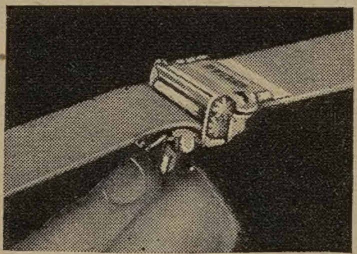

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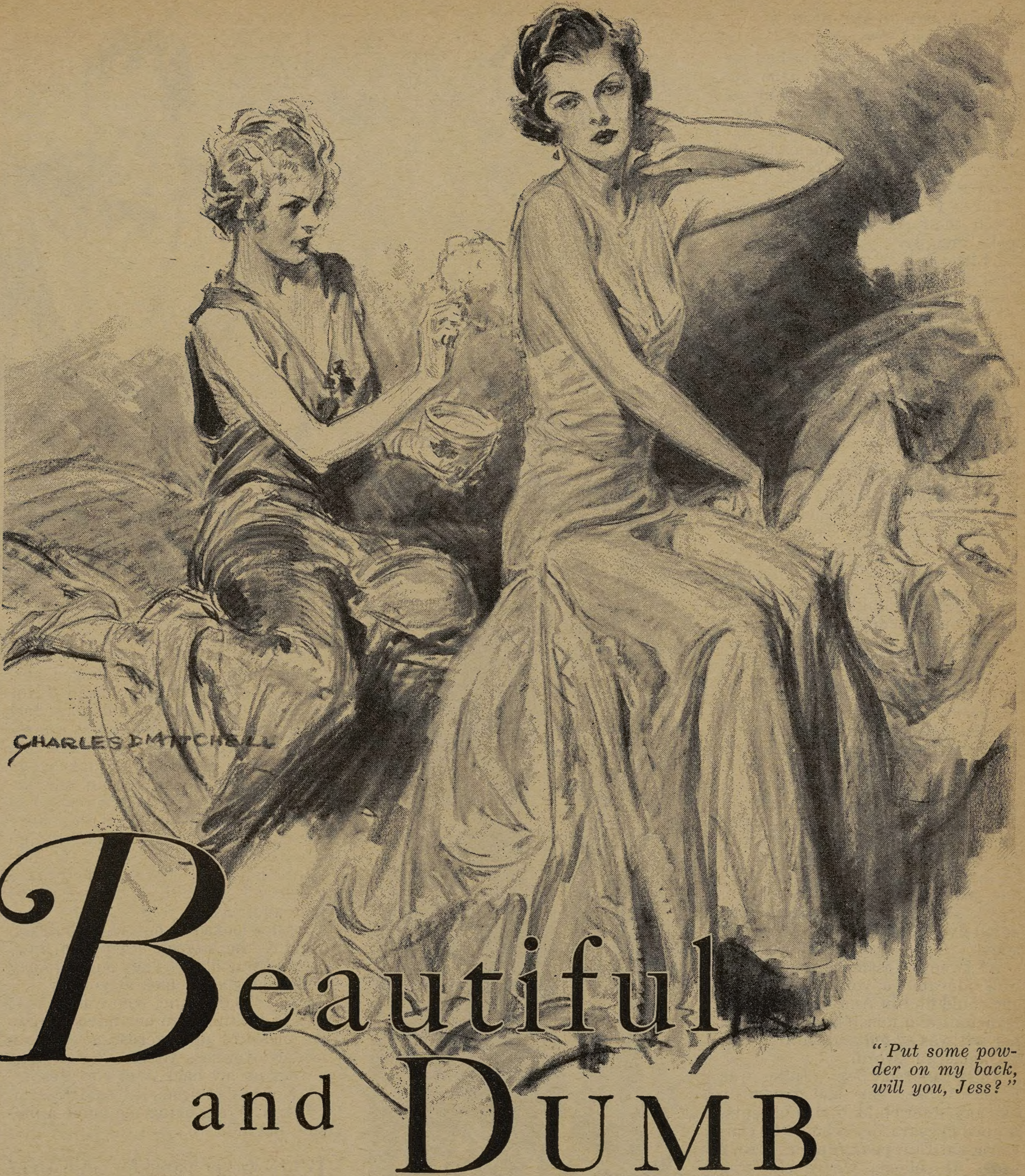


"Put some powder on my back, will you, Jess?"

Beautiful and DUMB

The Love Story of a Girl Whose Face Was Her Misfortune

(*Reading time: 35 min. 55 sec.*)

By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

who, having been brought up by Inez Haynes Irwin and Will Irwin, naturally took to writing. She is the author of a novel and many short stories, and the mother of a daughter named Jane.

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ONCE upon a time there was a rich merchant of the great city of New York who had two daughters. Now, the elder daughter was so beautiful that a young man's breath caught in his throat when he gazed upon her; ivory white and raven black she was, with a mouth like a crimson flower. But the younger daughter was ill-favored in the matter of appearance, of a freckled complexion, with sandy hair and small, though exceedingly bright, blue eyes.

So might the story of Juliet and Jessica Temple be told. But if it compares at all with the legend of Cinderella, or the history of that ugly duckling, it is a tale grown twisted and reversed in its modern dress.

Frederick Temple and his wife had thought that Juliet was the most beautiful

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BEAUTIFUL AND DUMB
Continued from page seven

baby ever born. Her skin had an alabaster whiteness and transparency, through which the pink of her cheeks glowed. Her small nose was exquisitely formed and her eyes were like velvet pansies in her face. She was an amiable child, grave and gentle.

Three years later they contemplated their second daughter and spoke bravely.

"Little babies are almost never pretty," Mary Temple said stoutly. "Julie was a phenomenon."

Frederick Temple considered the puckered face of his second offspring. "Sure," he agreed; "the homelier they are at the beginning the prettier they turn out. She'll probably put it all over poor Julie."

BUT as the years went by, Juliet became prettier and prettier while her sister's physical charms on the whole decreased. It was unfair of the gods to reach to such extremes, and the Temples did their utmost to adjust the balance.

There was nothing in their power which they did not do for their younger daughter. When she was fifteen, Frederick Temple commenced taking her with him on business trips to Europe and the Orient. Jessica met kings in their palaces and brigands in their camps. She learned to waltz to gypsy violins in Budapest, to dress in Paris, to talk about her soul in Russia. She was as at home in Shanghai as she was on Fifth Avenue, where any passing pedestrian could see that this homely, exquisitely dressed girl was somebody.

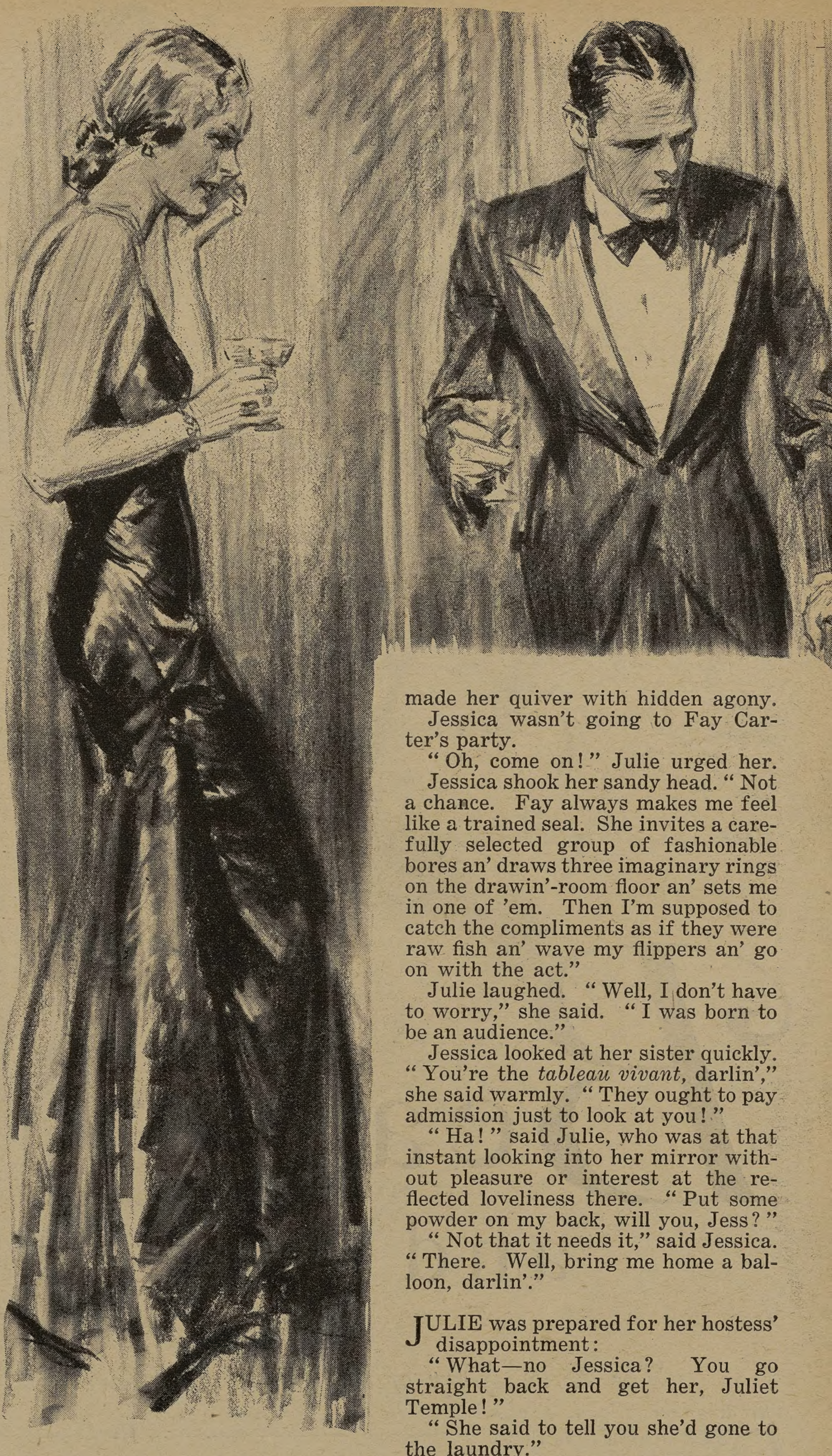
BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

At twenty Jessica was about as well educated a young woman as one could find in America; she was vivacious and unself-conscious and her wit was edged and shining like a Damascan sword.

Julie adored her. Julie was twenty-three. She had grown up like any other child of rich parents. A good preparatory school, the conventional European tour, and four years at college, where she was elected the prettiest senior as a matter of course.

The Temple household, the New York apartment and the summer place in Maine, swarmed with men. Young men and middle-aged men and elderly men. They looked at Julie as an earlier race might have gazed upon a goddess at her shrine. And in numbers that were almost ridiculous they proposed to Jessica.

It had never occurred to a single human being to feel sorry for Julie Temple. Pity for a girl with a body like a young Venus and the face of a Trojan Helen! That there was cruelty in that early phrasing of Mary Temple's "My pretty little daughter, and my clever little daughter," never entered anyone's head. Julie retreated behind the mask of her beauty. Beautiful and dumb was a phrase that made her quiver with hidden agony.



Jessica wasn't going to Fay Carter's party.

"Oh, come on!" Julie urged her.

Jessica shook her sandy head. "Not a chance. Fay always makes me feel like a trained seal. She invites a carefully selected group of fashionable bores an' draws three imaginary rings on the drawin'-room floor an' sets me in one of 'em. Then I'm supposed to catch the compliments as if they were raw fish an' wave my flippers an' go on with the act."

Julie laughed. "Well, I don't have to worry," she said. "I was born to be an audience."

Jessica looked at her sister quickly. "You're the *tableau vivant*, darlin'," she said warmly. "They ought to pay admission just to look at you!"

"Ha!" said Julie, who was at that instant looking into her mirror without pleasure or interest at the reflected loveliness there. "Put some powder on my back, will you, Jess?"

"Not that it needs it," said Jessica. "There. Well, bring me home a balloon, darlin'."

JULIE was prepared for her hostess' disappointment:

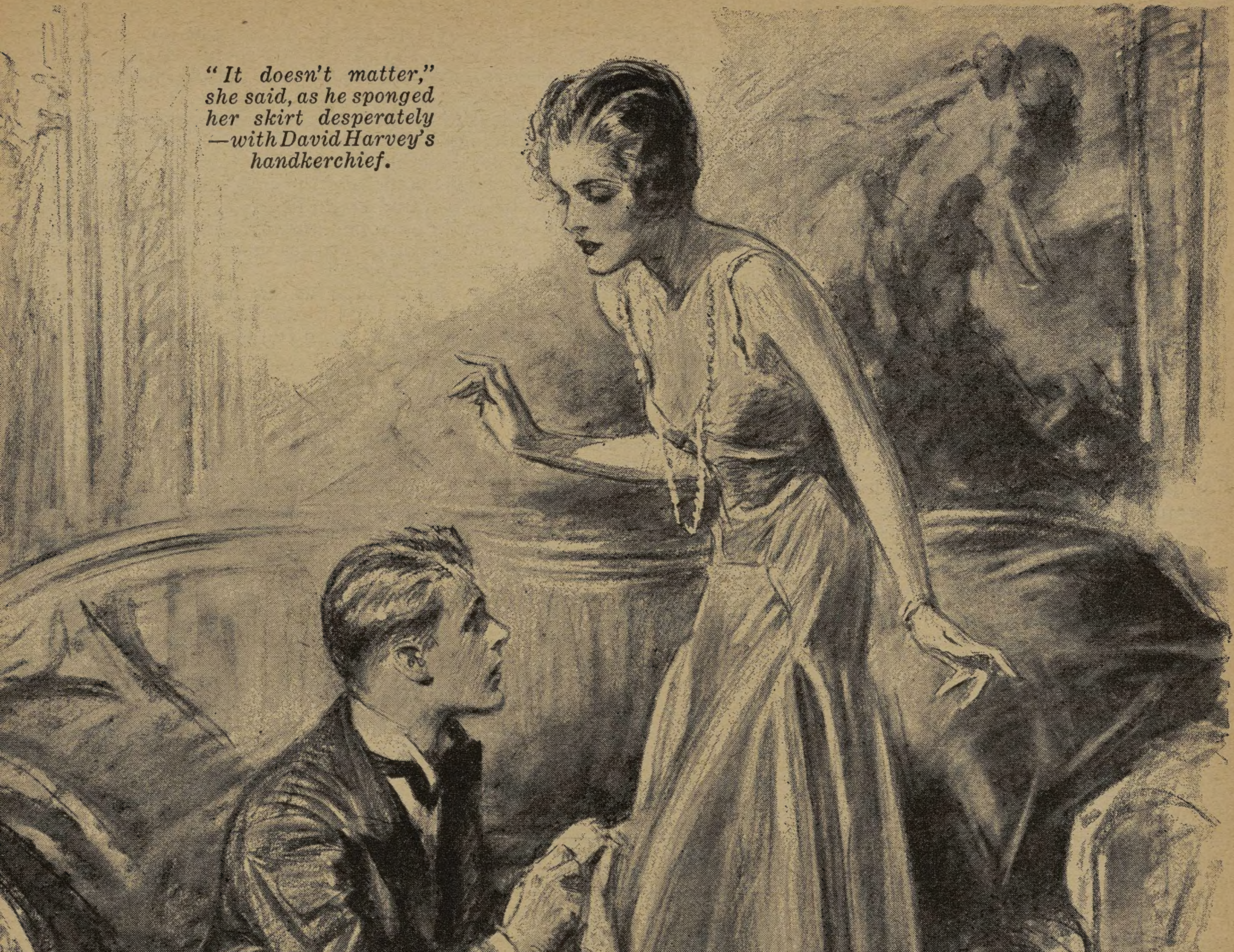
"What—no Jessica? You go straight back and get her, Juliet Temple!"

"She said to tell you she'd gone to the laundry."

Eyes were upon Julie, admiring eyes. Fay turned. "D'you know Hugh Lathrop?" she murmured, and moved off vaguely, leaving Julie beside a tall young man who looked at her and blinked his eyes and said nothing rather eloquently.

Julie smiled encouragingly. "My name's Temple," she said. "Did Fay say Lathrop?"

He was built after the general model of Abraham Lincoln, lean and angular and awkward, but his eyes were blue and clear like a boy's eyes, and the straight mouth in his brown face was very boyish.



"It doesn't matter," she said, as he sponged her skirt desperately —with David Harvey's handkerchief.

"W-w-would you like a cocktail?" he stammered.

"Thank you," said Julie, and he went after it rather like a Great Dane puppy after a stick, knocking against chairs and people.

A voice at her elbow addressed her:

"Won't you take this drink?" Another young man, this one slender and dark as herself, was holding out a glass.

"Why, Mr. Lathrop's just gone to get me one," she said.

"He may get lost in the crowd. Better take this." He watched as she lifted the glass to her lips. "Maybe you're real, after all," he murmured. "Do you eat, too, just like an ordinary mortal?"

Julie smiled vaguely. Compliments . . .

Hugh Lathrop was fighting his way back across the crowded room; his face fell when he saw the glass in Julie's hand.

"Oh," he said, "you have one."

"They're very little," Julie answered gently. "I'll drink them both. And thank you." She turned to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BEAUTIFUL AND DUMB
Continued from page nine]

dark young man. “This is Mr. Lathrop and I'm Miss Temple—I don't know your name.”

“David Harvey.” He had a pleasant voice, and Julie liked him.

Hugh Lathrop stood, shifting his weight uncertainly. Awkward, the poor dear, thought Julie sympathetically. A butler paused before them with a tray of cocktails, and Julie, suddenly remembering a line of Jessica's, took one and twisted the glass in her white fingers.

“You know, I'd never drink a third cocktail if I hadn't had two before it!” she plagiarized her younger sister shamelessly.

David Harvey chuckled appreciatively; Hugh Lathrop started—and, for no good reason that anyone could see, the rug upon which he stood slipped from under his feet and he reached out a long arm, jostling against Julie as he caught at a table.

“Oh, Lord, I'm sorry!” he cried, looking with agonized eyes at the streak of cocktail on her white dress. “Oh—gee—”

“It doesn't matter,” she said, as he sponged her skirt desperately—with David Harvey's handkerchief.

“I'm—oh, gee—” He was kneeling, and Julie put her hand on his head for an instant, as one would pat a puppy.

“It doesn't matter in the least,” she repeated, smiling. “See, it's quite dry now!”

He stood up. “I'll get you another,” he offered.

David Harvey grinned. “Oaf,” he murmured.

Fay's voice cut across the murmur of conversation. “Miss d'Alvarez is going to sing for us,” she announced.

The first ring, reflected Julie, was arranged. She found herself on a divan beside David Harvey.

Miss d'Alvarez sang. Then conversation rose hopefully, only to be cut short by Fay's pleased announcement that Maurice Lombard had consented to play for them.

BUY NOW!

Julie decided to pirate Jessica's line again.

“Will you get me some pop corn when the boy comes around?” she whispered to David Harvey.

He grinned.

From across the room, Julie suddenly caught a pair of blue eyes fastened upon her, blue eyes burning with apology and misery. She smiled, and Hugh Lathrop flushed and looked away. Poor kid! she thought, and resolved to seek him out and talk with him as soon as she could. The fact that she had mastered her own shyness and sense of awkwardness at parties had never made them any less.

THE piano stilled, and, a bit precipitately, the sound of a phonograph playing dance music cut, like a cool breeze on an August day, through the room. Voices rose instantly, and before Julie's eyes had discovered Hugh Lathrop, David Harvey had his arm about her and they were dancing.

“This is not merely the first time I've danced with you,” he said, as the record ended. “It's the first time I've *danced!*”

“You ought to dance with my sister,” said Julie. Water, as Jessica had once said, was practically cemented to ducks' backs, in comparison with Juliet Temple's reception of compliments.

He shook his head. “No, there aren't any more like you at home. There couldn't be!”

“Oh, Jessica isn't a *bit* like me!” said Julie. “She—”

“Then I have no interest in her,” he interrupted flatly. “I read advertisements. Beware of imitations.”

They were standing beside a pair of glass doors leading into a conservatory; a suffused light, glowing through the panes, fell over Julie, and Hugh Lathrop, who had come in search of her, stopped and stared.

“Oh, but you don't understand!” she protested. One of the few subjects upon which she became animated was Jessica. “We're not in the least alike. Jess is little and fair and probably the cleverest, most amusing—”

“Sorry, she's dancing this with me,” said David to Hugh Lathrop, and swept Julie back to the floor. “You don't mind, do you?” he asked. “I can't let you go yet.”

“Of course not,” she said, but she felt a little sad. She hated to hurt people, and young Lathrop looked awfully—*hurtable.*

Later she looked for him, but he had disappeared; she did not see him again all evening.

David Harvey took her home.

“Tell me,” he demanded, in the cab, “are you as good as you are beautiful and clever?”

Julie's soft smile gave her answer. If only, she was thinking, she could carry Jessica about in her pocket to whisper answers to her!

She liked him, she decided, as she held out her hand to say good night. And his liking for her was patent. She shrugged as she rode up in the elevator. Oh, well, wait until he met Jessica!

IT was not by design that David Harvey did not set eyes on Jessica for nearly two months. Luncheon, the opera—he and Julie saw one another frequently—but Jessica was always somewhere else.

“I don't believe you have a sister!” he told Julie.

They were having tea at her home before an open fire; Julie had not yet lighted the lamps, and shadows flickered across her face, made dancing patterns on the clear green of her full dress.

“She's so popular that sometimes *I* don't,” Julie answered. “I'll show you her picture.”

Little of the younger girl's fascination was caught by a camera. Jessica's eyes were not large or, as eyes, in any way remarkable; it was the light that danced in them, the life that shone there, which made them so lovely to watch. Her mouth was merely a mouth—in a picture. In reality, it was a changing, vibrant thing, a mouth—David Harvey could not be expected to see in a photograph—which many men wanted dreadfully to kiss.

“It doesn't do her justice,” Julie murmured.

“Some people don't photograph well,” he answered carelessly, dismissing Jessica. “Oh, Julie—”

She looked up from Jessica's picture and her breath caught with a little hitch.

“Oh, Julie—Julie—” he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her. “Julie, you're so beautiful!”

She slipped away from him. “Don't, David, please.”

“I'm mad about you,” he told her. “Oh, you lovely—”

“No, *don't!*” she cried. She stood facing him, her lips a little parted, her soft dark eyes opened wide.

“Julie—”

“Not—not yet, anyway,” she pleaded, and she looked so frightened and troubled that he yielded.

After he had gone, she sat at her dressing table and looked deeply at her reflection. Beautiful and dumb. *So* dumb, she thought, savagely. She had always been stupid with men. There was probably no other girl in the world who understood so little about them. The very thing which attracted them to her held them off, kept them from approaching too closely. She hadn't, she realized, much of that coveted quality called sex appeal.

She thought of David Harvey and again her throat seemed to close tightly. She hadn't expected him to kiss her, dumb fool that she was. And—her breath was released jerkily—she had liked him to. Was she in love with him?

Doors slammed as Jessica arrived home. Julie listened to the staccato patter of French heels along the hall, and looked up at her sister dreamily. Very smart and trim, in a black dress and hat, with a spray of speckled brownish orchids pinned to her black coat, and her gloves and stockings and bag—and freckles—perfectly matching their tone.

“And who was the dark man who floated into the elevator as I stepped out?” she demanded. “Come clean, Temple, or things may go ill with you!”

“That was David Harvey,” said Julie. “If you were ever at home you might meet him.”

“If I were ever at home, indeed!” retorted Jessica. “Does the rude fellow live here?” She grinned at her sister's confusion. “How now, Juliet?” she intoned. “Not Mrs. Montague's little boy?”

Julie dusted powder over her pink cheeks and said nothing.

"Father has a captain of industry comin' for dinner," Jessica continued. "You goin' to be here?"

Julie nodded.

"What a coincidence! So'm I. 'The Misses Juliet and Jessica Temple dined at home last evenin'. Mr. and Mrs. Temple recognized their daughters almost at once. "Your manners," Temple is alleged to have told them, "are damned familiar, though your faces escape me."' And *what* do you suppose Bunny Bear did then?"

Julie continued to smile for a moment after Jessica left her; then her face sobered. Gosh, why hadn't she had sense enough to realize that David was falling in love with her?

When she entered the drawing-room, in a long white satin dress, they were all there; her father's guest looked at her incredulously and rose to his feet.

"My son has talked so much about you that your name has become a family phrase," he said. "If any one of us remarks that a sunset—or a painting—or a bunch of flowers—is lovely, the rest all say in chorus, 'Yes, but you ought to see Juliet Temple!'" He bowed over her hand. "I see that the boy was quite right."

"Thank you," said Julie.

"Many men have sons," said Jessica. "So perhaps Julie hasn't been holding out on me. Who is this son of yours, Mr. Lathrop? Do I know him?"

"His name is Hugh," answered his father, "and, at the moment, he's in Bolivia, doing an excellent job on a difficult engineering stunt—that bridge I told you about, Temple—and eating his heart out with loneliness."

Julie's face softened. Hugh Lathrop! She smiled as she remembered his lanky awkwardness, ceased smiling as she recalled that she never had had the chance to talk with him. David had come in . . . . David.

"One could make a sentimental ballad out of that," Jessica commented. "When you're lonely in Bolivia . . . and yearning to golivia . . . in New York or—" The swift smile that was one of her greatest charms curved her mouth. "Odd, isn't it, how few words *do* rhyme with Bolivia?"

Hugh's father smiled. "He's terribly homesick. Long, lonely evenings, you know. His mother writes pretty regularly, but she's no Sévigné. Says the effort involved in spelling so that people can recognize her words sidetracks her ideas."

Mary Temple spoke: "Why don't *you* write the boy a letter, Jess?"

"A daily—or even a weekly—letter from Jessica," said her father, "could almost make *me* go to Bolivia." Abruptly he chuckled. "I have it! Send the boy Julie's picture and let her sign the letters, but have Jess write them!"

"Splendid!" said Hugh Lathrop's father.

"Swell!" said Jessica, and her blue eyes grew bright with amusement.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Julie said nothing. She sat, like a lovely waxen image. Beautiful and dumb. Perhaps, she thought, with sudden fierceness, if she could be in a dreadful accident which scarred her face, removing completely the surface of meaningless beauty which surrounded her, someone would think of her as a human being. *Someone* . . . she caught her breath. David Harvey thought of her as a person, didn't he? *Oh, Julie, Julie, you're so beautiful!* She shook her head impatiently.

HUGH'S father looked at her admiringly as they went into the dining room, and suddenly Juliet Temple wanted to scream. Anyone would think she was a vase, to be brought out for people to stare at!

"What's the matter, Julie?" Jessica asked her.

"Nothing!" said Julie. "What would be the matter?"

What *could* be the matter with an *objet d'art?*

David telephoned after dinner.

"Julie—you sent me away. Mayn't I come back?"

She smiled at the transmitter. "Of course," she answered.

She returned to the drawing-room, where her father and Jessica and Mr. Lathrop were holding a lively three-cornered discussion of South American politics. Her resentment against them had vanished with the first sound of David Harvey's warm voice over the telephone; she leaned back in her chair and listened contentedly.

"You have a damned intelligent daughter, Temple," Mr. Lathrop said. He patted Jessica's hand, looked at Julie, and chuckled. "I should think you'd feel like old papa Jupiter himself, with Venus and Minerva growing up about the house!"

Jessica snapped her fingers and then put a hand to her head. "Lordy, where's that owl gone?" she demanded. "Venie, have your doves been pecking my owl again?"

Julie smiled. Why did she so suddenly resent the intimations of her lack of wit? She had never used to be so sensitive. All of a sudden, it hurt dreadfully.

Then David appeared, and her face lighted happily.

"You know mother and father. And Mr. Lathrop—Mr. Harvey. And my sister Jessica."

"I've heard a lot about you," David told Jessica, smiling.

"That's a darn shame!" she retorted. "I've heard so little about you that I'm downright curious!"

He sat down beside Julie.

"You take Ecuador, now," Mr. Lathrop resumed.

"Oh, now, *you* take it!" said Jessica, grinning at him. "I spent a couple of years for two weeks once in Guayaquil, and—"

DAVID'S dark head inclined toward Julie's. "Can't we duck out after a bit and go somewhere alone?"

She nodded.

"Beautiful!" whispered David. "Beautiful Julie!"

"Well, what do *you* think, Harvey?" Jessica was demanding. "After all, as rear admiral of the Swiss navy, you ought to have *some* slant!"

David looked up, startled and amused. "I didn't hear," he answered; "but if you don't object, I should prefer to be interviewed in my capacity of forest-fire warden of lower Manhattan."

"Oke," agreed Jessica, unsmiling. "Mr. Lathrop here was just saying—"

Juliet went on listening.

It was eleven o'clock when Jessica said, "Well, that's that! I guess we have South America all arranged. And won't they be surprised? I bet they never even suspected that we *cared!*"

"I'm going to write down Hugh's address for you," Mr. Lathrop told her. "The boy and I will both be eternally grateful to you girls."

"Of course you realize it's puttin' the lad in a difficult position," said Jessica. "If he's an honorable young man, the only course open to him will be to turn Mormon an' marry us both!"

David's eyes left Jessica's face, where they had been fastened in frank fascination. "What's all this?" he asked Julie.

"Oh—" she said. "Oh, you see—"

"It's a Machiavellian scheme," Frederick Temple explained. "Mr. Lathrop's son is in the wilds of Bolivia—"

"Oh, there it goes again!" interrupted Jessica. "Of course, you could mention the rich green of the folivia . . ."

"—but send him Julie's photograph, you see," her father was explaining to David.

"Are you good at rhyming, Harvey?" Jessica asked. "I shan't close my eyes all night if I can't get at least a quatrain! Come on, everybody, and push! When you're lonely in Bolivia . . . and weary of folivia . . ."

Julie listened for a few minutes after the clock struck twelve. Then she whispered to her mother: "—Don't want to disturb anyone—top of my head just going to come off—aspirin—lie down—"

"Poor darling," her mother whispered back. "I thought you looked miserable, honey. They won't mind, dear."

No, they wouldn't mind. She heard David's laughter

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BEAUTIFUL AND DUMB
Cont'd from p. 11

as she went down the hall. They wouldn't mind at all! She slumped down in the chair before her dressing table and buried her face on her arm. Well, crying didn't do any good. She lifted her head, and her reflection, her white face with its great dark eyes and glistening tears caught on the thick lashes, stared back at her miserably. She remembered a line from a book she had read: Beauty without brains is a torture to its possessor.

"O God," whispered Julie. "O God, can't you *do* something about it?"

She snapped off her lights fiercely, and went to bed in the dark.

. . .

JESSICA slept late the next morning, because she and David Harvey had danced until after three. Julie was putting on her hat to go out when her sister called her.

"C'mon in an' talk to me while I have *déjeuner*, darlin'!" She was sitting up in bed, her slender arms thrust through a Persian jacket, her sandy hair tousled. Her bright eyes met Julie's sympathetically. "How you feelin'? It was beastly that you had a headache."

"It's gone now," said Julie, sitting down at the foot of the bed.

"We had a most amusin' time," Jessica told her. "Bright lad, Harvey."

"I thought you two would get on," Julie answered evenly.

"He certainly admires you! He said—you know, I think this is rather sweet—that if the historians who try to find some economic reason for the Trojan War could look at you, they'd accept the Helen story unequivocably!"

BUY NOW!

"Dear me!" said Julie, rather dryly. "I must give the boy my photograph!"

Her sister looked up quickly. "Julie—you aren't keen on the man, are you?"

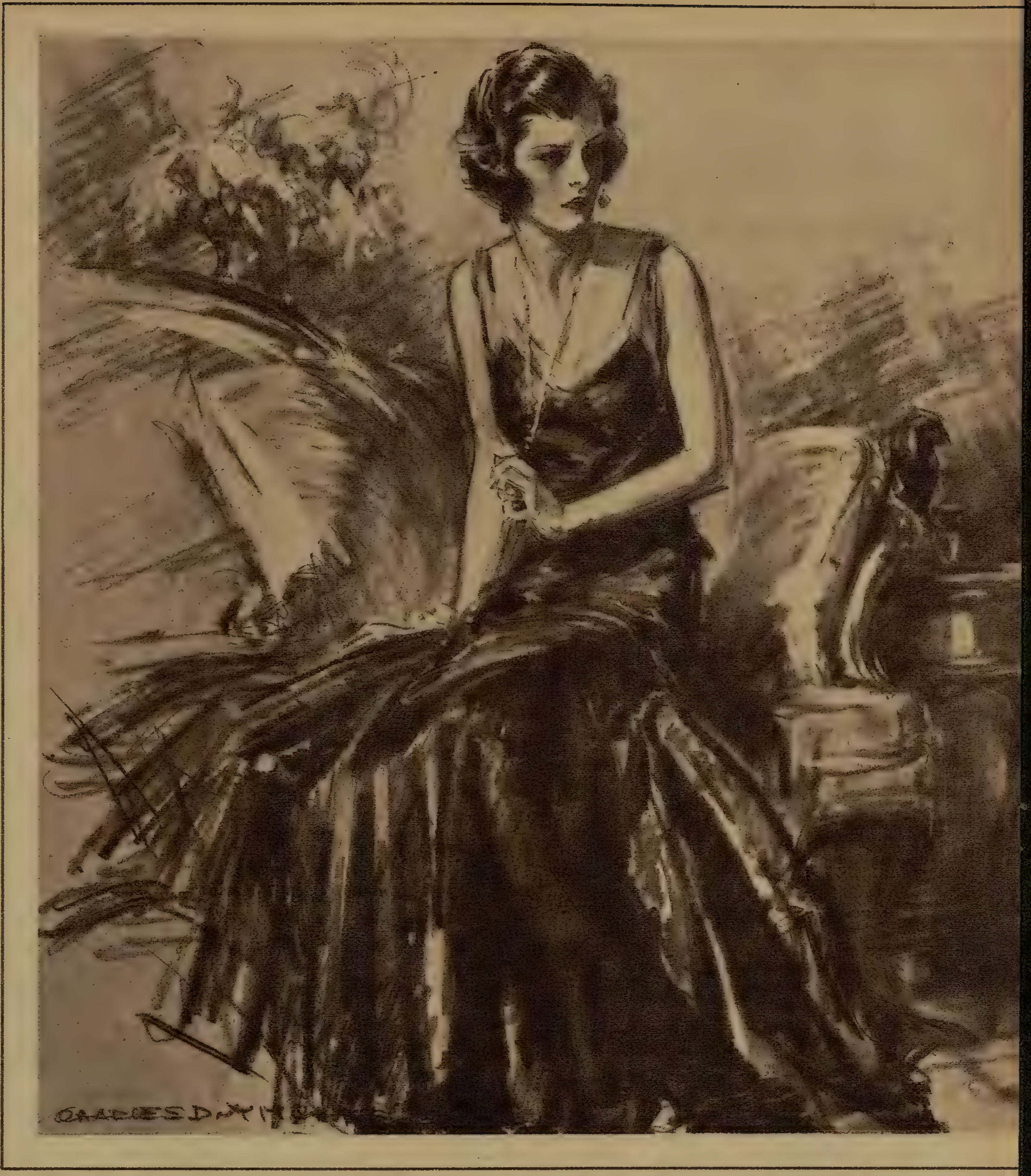
Julie smiled. "I think he's a dear," she said. "But you wouldn't say he was my type, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't," Jessica agreed. "He's not—fine enough." She lifted her breakfast tray to the table. "Well, up an' about! Shall we indite a letter to our Bolivian beau?"

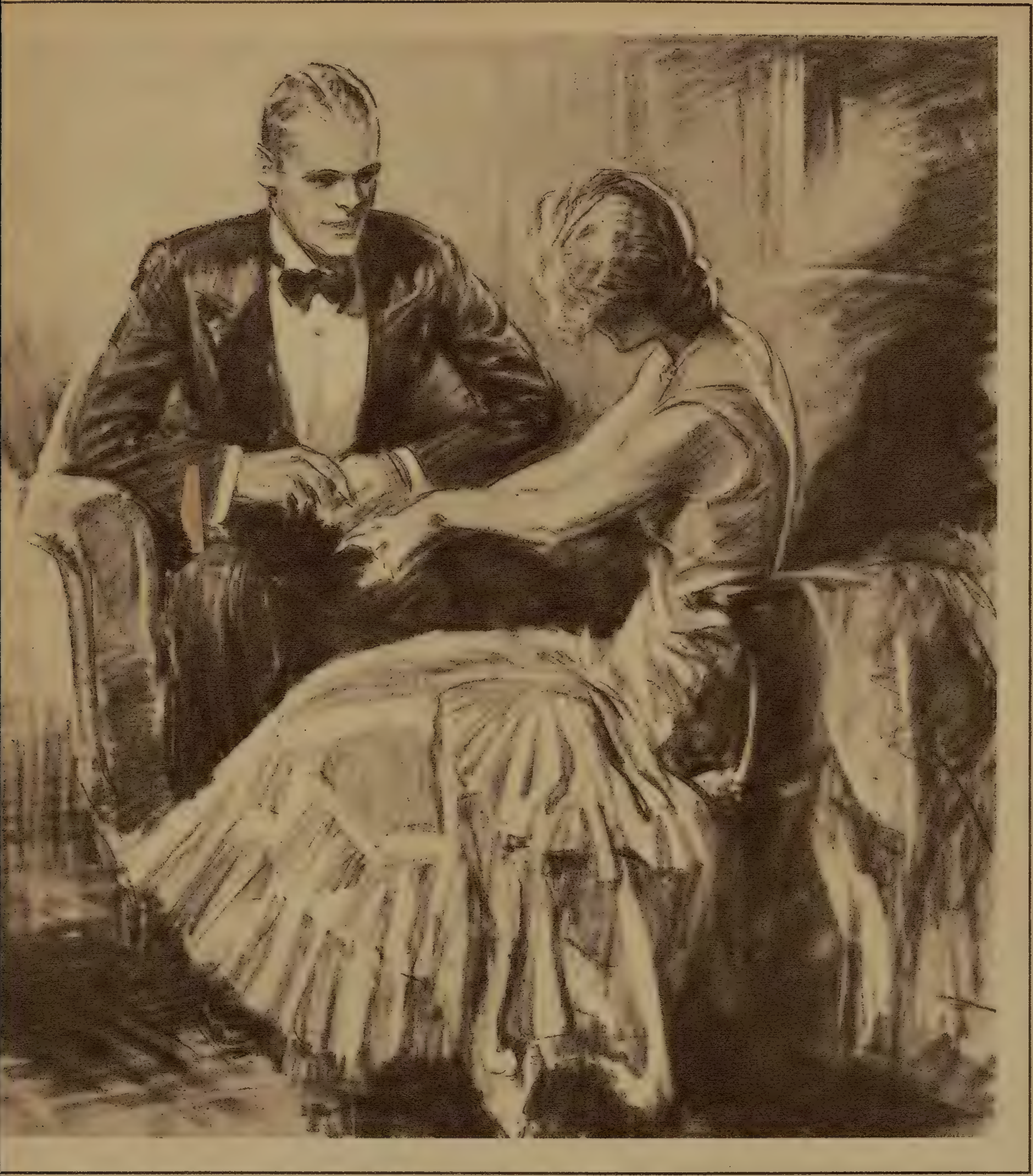
"WE?" repeated Julie, lifting an eyebrow. "I'm about to do an errand for mother. See you at lunch."

It was the same old story, thought Julie to herself as she went out. When she was eighteen and Jessica fifteen, a blundering boy had crystallized it. "Gee, it's swell to sit and look at Julie and talk to Jess!" he had said. And now David Harvey had found that out. He had discovered that her only witticisms were stolen from her sister, that without Jessica she was nothing but an empty canvas. Beautiful and dumb.

She felt sorry for David; he was going to be embarrassed. As he found Jessica more and more amusing, he would find her increasingly dull. It had always been so. Sometimes it seemed strange that Jess, with all her intelligence, never realized it. But Jess, like everyone else,



Couldn't she tell them that she was ill? Couldn't she do



something to get away? Laughter, Jessica's and Hugh's, mingling.

thought that beauty was sufficient compensation for anything. Or thought that she thought it. It amounted to the same thing.

This business of the letters to Bolivia was almost an allegory. Hugh Lathrop, too, would return to look at her and listen to her sister.

Jessica had the letter finished when Julie returned. "You copy it, darlin', in your fine Spencerian hand, and don't forget the photograph."

It was an inexplicable fact that while Jessica's writing was almost without character, Julie wrote in a firm and exceedingly individual hand. She sat down at her desk and read the scrawled pages:

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

DEAR MR. LATHROP (if I may call you such): Your parent has told me that you are in the market for letters. While I am an amateur correspondent (my, a girl must certainly mind her Rs and double-Rs!), my clients tell me that I have a fairly varied selection. If you will just look through the inclosed catalogue, you can order by number. There is, for example, the chatty letter. (We usually recommend dashes for punctuation in those; they wear better.) Then there is—

Julie smiled. Could anything, she wondered, be less like herself than this? Young Hugh Lathrop certainly had a surprise awaiting him if he returned expecting her to talk like Jessica. She copied faithfully.

I am sending you my photograph—a lock of my hair will be along later—

"Oh, no, I'm not!" said Julie decidedly.

IT was a silly business. Still, the boy undoubtedly was lonely, and Jessica's letters were gay. And if it pleased him more to think that she was the author . . .

Then she forgot all about Hugh Lathrop. David came to the apartment again — and looked at her and talked with Jessica. Julie watched them quietly and listened.

Probably it was just as well. She couldn't talk as they did; she wasn't their sort of person. Perhaps she had been saved just in time from real unhappiness. She had been so nearly in love with David. A few days more . . .

Jessica went into her room to find a book she had been discussing and David's eyes moved restlessly and a little nervously about until they met Julie's.

She smiled. "I didn't exaggerate Jess, did I?" she asked.

He looked almost frightened. "I've never met anyone like her," he said, after a pause.

"There isn't anyone like her," Julie said simply. Her brown eyes were soft and very kind.

Later, when he suggested that they all go to the Garden to watch a hockey match, she said that she had letters to write. It didn't hurt much; only a little. . . .

Hugh Lathrop's answer reached them as quickly as a letter could come. "Heavens!" said Jessica, as she finished reading it. "I bet that lad is good to his mother!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BEAUTIFUL AND DUMB
Continued from page thirteen

Julie looked at her almost irritably. "I think it's a sweet letter, Jess," she said.

"Sweet is pre-cise-ly the word to describe it," her sister answered, grinning impishly. But she wrote an answer to it—a bright, impersonal accounting of New York gossip and events.

Julie reread Hugh's three pages slowly:

> —can't know how much I appreciate your kindness in writing to me. Would you think I was awfully silly or fresh or anything if I asked you to send me your photograph? I'll take good care of it—I mean I wouldn't let any of the fellows here get hold of it. I don't need it to remember how you look, though. You were so darned nice to me that night at Mrs. Carter's when I spilled cocktail all over you. It's funny how you keep remembering things down here. There isn't much to do in the evenings except remember. The nights are so still—

She arranged Jessica's scrawled sheets. *Dear Lathrop*—Jess always called men by their last names. Her pen moved on the paper. *Dear—Hugh* . . . After all, it was her name that was signed to these letters! She copied swiftly, and then frowned. It seemed so impersonal. Her pen scratched on:

> Of course I'll send you my picture. I know what it's like to be lonely. I wish you'd write me about what you're doing and where you live and what you have to eat. No matter how homesick you are, it really must be awfully strange and thrilling. And after you're at home again, all the lonely part will fade and you'll just remember the adventure—and the accomplishment. I think being an engineer is almost the most exciting job a man can have. Is this the first foreign work you've had, or—

She wrote on, an entire page beyond Jessica's final word. Not a smile in a pageful, she reflected, as she reread her own composition. Still, it seemed as though a letter ought to have something personal in it! She did not show it to her sister.

BUY NOW!

Hugh's second letter arrived when Julie was out; Jessica tossed it to her, slightly crumpled, when she came in. "Prob'ly a dam' fine engineer, Lathrop," she commented.

Color rose in Julie's cheeks. By what right did Jessica open her mail? She swallowed her rush of anger. After all, it was Jessica's mail as much as it was hers.

"Why, Jess, I think he writes a splendid letter," she said, when she had finished reading it. "All this about the men in the camp is awfully interesting." Her brown eyes were wide. "And that description of the natives—"

She paused, because her sister was grinning at her. "I bet his home-town paper would just eat it up!" she said. "'Local boy makes good. Young Hugh Lathrop—'"

Julie looked at Jessica levelly. "Do clever people always have to be unkind?" she interrupted in a brittle voice.

Jessica stared at her. "Why—Julie—" Julie never once had spoken to her so.

And Julie continued to look at Jess until the younger girl's eyes dropped.

"Why—I didn't mean anything unkind," she said.

Julie went into her own room and sat down and answered Hugh Lathrop's letter. She was trembling with an excitement that seemed partly exhilaration.

DAVID HARVEY called that evening.

"Well, well!" Jessica greeted him. "Did the stork bring you?"

"The stork?" he repeated vaguely. He was a little confused as to which sister he had come to see, confused and embarrassed.

Julie's eyes flickered. "She means that you're a little stranger," she drawled. "Jess is like code; it's ever so simple to read once you have the key."

Four startled faces turned toward her.

"Why, Juliet!" her mother protested.

"That's Roman numeral twelve, subdivision seven," Julie said calmly. "Jess and I were discussing cleverness this afternoon, and I suggested that a large proportion of wit was based on unkindness." She smiled suddenly at her sister. "I was just trying it out, darling. Didn't mean to be personal."

There was an instant's silence.

"I wonder if that's true," Frederick Temple said thoughtfully. "I wonder—"

"One of the funniest things in the world is the man who slips on a banana peel," Julie reminded him. "D'you remember at Fay Carter's, last fall, David, when Hugh slipped on the rug? Wasn't your first instinct to laugh?"

He nodded soberly, looking at her with a puzzled expression. Before he left, he asked her to have tea with him the next day. Her smile had a little of Jessica's impish quality as she looked at him.

"Going to give me another chance, David?" she inquired.

He flushed. "I don't know what you mean."

"I'm just being smarty-cat," she answered.

But she didn't have tea with him. And he *did* know what she meant.

IT wasn't entirely in apology that Julie asked Jessica to prepare another letter for Hugh.

"I've begun one," she told her, "but my letters are like—oh, like punch without a stick in it."

"Your letters are sweet," said Jessica stoutly.

"Uh-*huh?*" asked Julie with a grin, and her sister flushed.

Their combined letters, she reflected, made a very satisfactory article and Hugh appreciated them.

"I feel as though I knew you awfully well," he wrote. "Probably better than as though I'd been in New York and seeing you. People frighten me a little, especially New York people. I was afraid of you that night at Mrs. Carter's. Does that seem silly to you?"

She knew him well, too, through his letters, knew him and liked him. She thought of him a good deal, and whenever she and Jessica heard or saw something that was particularly amusing, she'd say, "Oh, Hugh'll enjoy that! We mustn't forget to write him."

She came into the apartment one bright March afternoon, and Jessica, curled on the couch reading a book, jerked her thumb toward the table.

"Letters for you, Julie."

Hugh Lathrop's letter was unopened; Julie looked at her sister quickly, but Jess was reading. She opened the envelope.

> Julie! I'm sailing next week! The bridge is finished. I'm coming home! Julie, you can't imagine what it means to me. Or maybe you can. You're good at imagining things. Do you know that the only thing which makes me regret coming back is that I won't be getting your letters? It will seem strange to see you, after seeing your face every day for so long. I went up to La Paz last month and bought a silver frame for it. You know you were right about the romance of a thing being retroactive. Already, now that I know I'm sailing, the tedium and loneliness seem unreal, like something dreamt, and I feel that this has all been a great adventure. I wonder if you . . .

She was sorry, too, that he was coming home, sorry that there would be no more letters between them. It was like the stroke of midnight in the fairy tale; he'd come and find her golden coach of eloquence a pumpkin and her liveried footmen of wit just scuttling mice. . . .

She looked across at Jessica.

"Hugh's sailing for home," she said dully.

"I bet he's glad," Jessica answered.

"Yes." Julie handed her the letter; she didn't know why she disliked doing so. Somehow Hugh's letters seemed written to *her*. And of course they weren't, really.

Jessica laughed. "Won't he have the odd time getting us straightened out?" she inquired.

Julie didn't smile. It wouldn't be so odd. He'd learn quickly the conventional procedure. He'd look at her, and talk with Jess.

Mrs. Lathrop telephoned Julie the day before Hugh's arrival.

"It's most unflattering," she said, "but I think it's true that he's far more interested in seeing you than us, Julie. Will you and Jessica come for dinner to greet him?"

Julie Temple didn't want to go. She was almost frightened. What if he were angry with them for the trick they had played on him? He hadn't known that he was corresponding with two girls!

"Look here, Julie," Jessica said as they were dressing the night of the dinner. "Why do we tell him at all? It's you he's been thinking about—you *really* wrote the letters—"

"But I didn't, really," answered Julie. She had thought of that, too, thought of it and abandoned it quickly. She slipped into her dress, a new dress that was the color of moonlight, a glimmering material that was neither blue nor gray nor silver. The coldness of its color made her white flesh seem very warm.

"Oh, darlin', I don't want to be a bore—but *do* you know how beautiful you are?" Jessica asked suddenly.

Julie looked into the mirror. Same old face, same eyes and nose and mouth. Why did her particular arrangement of features strike people as beauty? She shrugged.

"Beautiful and dumb," she muttered, half to herself.

Jessica caught her arms. "Don't *say* that!" she cried fiercely. "No one but you ever did say it! It's not true!"

Julie shrugged. "I get so tired of the way I look," she said. "I get so tired of the way I *am*."

"Who doesn't?" her sister retorted. "Think if you looked like me. D'you think anyone would *choose* to look like me?"

Julie kissed her swiftly. "You're a darling, Jess. I'm in a rotten mood. I don't know what's the matter with me." She didn't want to know, either—not until she had to!

The Lathrop household radiated excitement. Even when their cab stopped beside the curb they could feel it. Lights glowed from every window of the old brownstone house; the open door sent a wave of voices and laughter out to greet them.

"Why, it's like Mardi Gras!" said Jessica, in her clear, bright voice.

"It's like Christmas," Julie said softly. "Christmas when you're a child."

"It *is* like Christmas." Hugh Lathrop's voice was tense with excitement. He had come out to greet them and he walked swiftly to Julie. "I'm going to kiss you before I lose my nerve," he said, and his lips, hard and eager, suddenly pressed upon her mouth.

Julie trembled. "This is my sister Jessica, Hugh."

She looked up at him as he shook Jessica's hand. How fiercely blue his eyes were against his dark tan! His hair was tawny, streaked by the sun; unruly, young sort of hair.

"I never saw so many smiling faces in all my life," said Jessica as they went into the living room. "You seem to be a popular article, young Lathrop!"

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Mr. Lathrop joined Julie. "My dear, you *are* a delight to the eye!" he told her.

TO the eye. . . . Julie wondered whether they had told Hugh already. The clever Temple girl wrote the letters, and the pretty one signed them.

He was talking with Jessica, talking and laughing.

"Don't you think the boy looks well?" Mr. Lathrop asked.

Julie nodded.

"He's grown up quite a bit. Less awkward." His father was beaming. He looked across at Hugh and Jessica. "Lord, he couldn't have chatted with a girl like that six months ago!" He chuckled. "Still, anyone can talk with that sister of yours!"

"Yes," said Julie.

Mr. Lathrop moved across to Jessica. "Well, young woman—"

Julie stood alone. Then Hugh came, bringing her a cocktail.

"I'll try not to spill this one," he told her.

She looked at him silently. What little wit she had was gone; she felt that she couldn't have spoken had her life depended on it.

"Don't you want to sit down?" he asked.

It was something to do. She sat down silently.

"Hugh, what was the name of that lake you were telling us about?" called his father.

Julie shut her eyes. Couldn't she tell them that she was ill? Couldn't she do something to get away? Laughter, Jessica's and Hugh's, mingling. . . . Hugh was placed, at dinner, between herself and Jessica.

"I almost wish they'd put you opposite me," he whispered to Julie.

She said nothing to that—and then Jessica's voice broke in and he turned away.

The dinner was like a nightmare; whenever Hugh spoke to her, she seemed to be struck dumb, really dumb.

Somehow, at last, it was ended.

As they went into the living room for their coffee, Hugh took her arm.

"You're going to come over to that couch in the corner and talk to me now!" he told her. He arranged a pillow at her back, stood for an instant, looking down at her. "You look as if you were afraid of me," he said, and laughed. "Did you know how afraid of you I was at Fay's?"

SHE shook her head. Sweet, blue eyes, set so deep in his brown face.

"You seemed so sure of yourself and—oh, sort of *smart*," he went on. "It didn't go with your looks, and yet—" He laughed again, happily. "Lord, it's wonderful to be able to *talk* with you!" Suddenly his eyes became very serious. "Julie—you feel it, too, don't you?"

She looked away. Feel what? She didn't dare analyze the thing that she felt. She drew a long breath. "Hugh! Did your family tell you about the letters?"

"What about them?" And as she was silent, he caught her hand. "What, Julie? Tell me. I have a particular reason for wondering."

Her brown eyes looked straight into his. "You see, my sister is the clever one," she said. "She wrote the letters. I just—"

Hugh was nodding his head. "I *knew* it!" he cried, and began to laugh excitedly. "At least, I didn't know you had a sister, but I knew all those wise cracks weren't *you!* Anyone would. I thought you just copied them from somewhere."

Julie stared at him.

"Doesn't that prove how well I know you, Julie?" he asked softly. He leaned toward her and took both her hands. "Oh, Julie, tell me that you know! Tell me that you feel the way I do!"

She caught her breath. "You mean—you *knew* I wasn't clever?" she faltered.

"I knew you weren't—smartycat!" he said triumphantly. "I knew—I tell you I *know* you, Julie! That you're sweet and good and kind and understanding—" He paused, to stare at her, because her smile was coming like a flower opening.

"Go on," said Julie.

"And fine and true and sensitive," said Hugh.

"Go on!" Julie insisted.

He laughed at her. "Oh, you darling—you greedy darling—"

Her hands were still in his; they sat, leaning toward one another, unaware of the others, at the end of the room.

"Don't you think I'm—pretty?" asked Julie, for the first time in her life, her voice heavy with happiness and laughter.

He looked at her. "Oh—you'll pass in a crowd," he said, while his blue eyes almost burned her face.

Then they were laughing again, laughing together, helplessly, joyously, deliciously.

THE END

They Call Him

The World's Greatest Pilots Appraise a Brother Airman

By

RICHARD CARROLL

(Reading time: 27 min. 15 sec.)

WHEN Wing Commander Charles Kingsford-Smith landed his little 125-horsepower plane at Port Darwin, Australia, on October 20 last, to break by five days the record for the 10,000-mile stretch from London, he announced he would keep his promise to his fiancée and give up all long-distance flying.

He had, in so far as the public was concerned, established himself as a great pilot; just how great was not known. Nor was it known what his fellow pilots thought of him and his achievements. Airmen are notoriously critical of their kind.

With this thought in mind, and to give Smith his rightful place in history, Liberty asked some two dozen of the world's best known pilots what they thought of the little Australian.

The inquiry was sent out by radio, cable, and telegram and the answers were received the same way.

Underwood & Underwood

Richard L. R. Atcherley

One of England's greatest pilots. In the last Schneider Cup race he flew the fastest closed lap ever flown—332 miles an hour.

Cabling from far-off Palestine (where he now styles himself Atcherley Bey), Flight Lieutenant Richard L. R. Atcherley, England's great racing and Schneider Cup pilot, regretfully reminded me that Air Force rules forbade his speaking for publication but recalled that we had discussed Smith when Atcherley was here for the National Air Races. Even then, before the Australian flight, the racing pilot thought Smith a great flyer. He said:

"I consider Kingsford-Smith to be the finest long-distance flyer in the world today. His navigation across the Pacific especially was unique. He takes no unnecessary risks in attaining his goal and owing to a very carefully planned organization beforehand, a clever selection of crew, and a very practical use of wireless telegraphy, he invariably gets there. His past successes justify all the confidence placed in him. It would be impertinent as well as impossible for me to judge him as a pilot as in any case I have never flown with him. As a man I have the greatest admiration for him. He is as stout as they make them."

All of which is high praise, coming from one pilot to another.

The rest of the answers I give in alphabetical order.

BUY NOW!

William Avery Bishop

called Bishop of the Eagle Eye. Ace of all Allied war birds. Officially brought down seventy-two German planes. At twenty-three he had won every decoration Britain could give. Fought more than 200 battles in the air, most of them against odds. Leader of Canada's Great Four, Bishop, Barker, Collishaw, McLaren, who among them accounted for 230 enemy planes—a greater total than the four leaders of any other nation in the war.

I thank you for giving me this opportunity to pay a well deserved tribute to that great pilot, Captain Kingsford-Smith. I feel that possibly due to his extreme modesty full credit has not yet been given him for his succession of wonderful feats each of which he has carried out to a completely successful conclusion. He is well known to me personally and I am proud to be a friend of his. His numerous epic flights have in all cases been flights which were hazardous to a degree, but he has always approached them with such cleverly conceived and well organized plans that, although undertaking tasks which involved the maximum of risks, all elements of foolhardiness and display were carefully eliminated. His record—and it ranks second to none—is the result of his ability to plan, organize, and then carry out these plans to their perfect conclusion through his unique skill as a pilot and navigator combined with a daring and cool fearlessness in the face of danger which his companions on these flights claim has always carried them through. I feel that if all his exploits were known the public would agree with me that he and his record are unsurpassed in the annals of aviation. LIEUT. COL. W. A. BISHOP

Harold J. Brow

outstanding naval pilot. Competing with Lieutenant Alford J. Williams in 1923, Brow helped break the world's speed record five times in two days. The finish was Brow 265.7—Williams 266.6. The navy halted the contest, fearing the pilots would dive the wings off their ships in their efforts for greater speed.

I consider Kingsford-Smith's flights collectively the greatest demonstration of common sense applied to aviation that the world has yet witnessed. They prove that his admittedly exceptional ability as a pilot was secondary to his ability as a good organizer able to plan a series of flights along logical lines and to pick the men best fitted to insure success. He did not rush blindly off depending only on his own ability but took advantage of the best scientific equipment for navigation and communications operated by men who had no other duties to distract their minds. The success of his flights in the Southern Cross prove conclusively that this is the proper way to succeed and that the desire for individual glory must be kept secondary to the success of the mission. HAROLD J. BROW

A. Roy Brown

famous Canadian aviator and writer. As a member of the R. F. C. in France he shot down the great German ace, Baron von Richthofen, in a battle near Arras in 1917.

For three years now, since 1928 when he made a clockwork crossing of the Pacific from Oakland to Sydney—7,788 miles in 82½ hours' flying—Kingsford-Smith has been piling up an unparalleled series of sure-fire records. His latest from England to Australia—10,000 miles in less than ten days in a light single-seater, one-engine plane—set the seal on him as the world's greatest trail-blazing pilot. For honest-to-goodness taking off on long-distance jobs and winning his objectives I don't think anyone can touch the sum total of Kingsford-Smith's. He has flown the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian oceans, the Tasman Sea

DADDY

P. & A. photo

Wing Commander Charles Kingsford-Smith, whose peers of the air salute him. They not only pay tribute to his skill in skippering a trimotored plane across the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, but to his small-plane triumph in the England-to-Australia journey.

twice, and the Timor Sea. Counting the three Pacific jumps individually, he has made eight over-water hops of two thousand or more miles. No other man has such an aggregate. He has no peer as a crasher of great open spaces. A. ROY BROWN

Richard Evelyn Byrd

navigator and explorer. He is the only man who has flown to both poles—north and south. He has also flown the Atlantic.

Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith's recent great flight to Australia confirms the excellence of the man himself. In spite of the scientific development of aircraft, the personal element is still the largest factor in the ultimate success of a long and hazardous flight.

We are too prone to overlook the fact that one man's consistent success tempts us to take him for granted. Kingsford-Smith's latest achievement is superb, yet only the most skillful navigation, the most competent piloting, the most careful and prudent considerations of intricate problems enabled him to make the grade. One of the great feats in all aviation history was the hitting of the tiny islands in the Pacific in his first flight to Australia.

Kingsford-Smith is undoubtedly one of the greatest living navigators and pilots. BYRD

Clarence D. Chamberlin

who, with Charles S. Levine as passenger, flew the famous Columbia nonstop from New York to Germany. He is considered among the great long-distance flyers.

In my opinion the flying achievements of Wing Commander Charles E. Kingsford-Smith stand alone in their field. His flight across the Pacific from California to Australia has yet to be matched as a feat of aërial navigation and for sheer piloting skill; the use of radio as exemplified on the long water jumps has not even been approached by any similar expedition.

This voyage and the rest of the Southern Cross' jaunt around the world undoubtedly constitute the greatest flight ever made by an airplane. Kingsford-Smith's most recent triumph, the 10,000-mile flight from England to Australia in less than ten days, in some ways is a more amazing accomplishment than anything he has done before. CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN

Sir Alan Cobham

organizer of transport lines in England, Europe, and Africa. He was knighted for his flight from London to Cape Town. Considered leader of civilian pilots in England.

Reviewing career Kingsford-Smith outstanding feature is courage and sheer pluck because he was fully aware of the dangers he undertook. Consider Pacific flight undoubtedly his greatest. He is certainly good pilot with great ability and powers of endurance. Not too fastidious, knowing exactly what he can reasonably leave to chance on such expeditions. He must have good judgment of his own ability and other people's.

His knowledge of navigation exceptional. To my mind it is not that he is a good pilot, good navigator, courageous, or organizer, but the fact is that he is a combination of all these qualities. In addition he has great physical endurance which has helped him through. COBHAM

Mario di Bernardi

Italian racing ace. He won the Schneider Cup Trophy at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1926 at 247 miles an hour. Won world's seaplane record same year at 258 miles per hour. The following year he established a new record of 318 miles an hour

(Translated from the Italian)

A great step forward has been made this year in the field of aviation for tourists. In fact, after the spectacular race recently completed by Kingsford-Smith, who has beaten the record of Hinkler on the route between London and Australia, there can be no more doubt of the practical application of aërial touring. It has been proven that today with small airplanes nations and continents can be traversed. It is possible to conquer difficulties caused by inaccessibility, over steppes, mountains, lakes, and seas. I am a sincere admirer of Kingsford-Smith, who has demonstrated the possession of superlative qualities as an aviator. His exploit will remain in history as a most wonderful feat of aviation, and constitutes by its characteristics, as I have said, a gigantic step toward the triumph of aviation all over the world. COM. MARIO DI BERNARDI

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

James H. Doolittle

former crack army acrobatic and distance pilot. Won Schneider Trophy in 1925 at 245 miles an hour. Once flew 1,000 miles across South America with two broken legs in plaster casts. One of few great pilots who is also an engineer.

The successful transpacific flight of Captain Kingsford-Smith and his companions was one of the most outstanding long-distance airplane flights. It was marked by careful preparation, skillful piloting, and superb navigation. Striking the small island of Guam entitles the navigator and pilot to credit for the most difficult piece of navigating yet successfully attempted. Subsequent flights continue to prove Kingsford-Smith's skill. JIM DOOLITTLE

Ira C. Eaker

famous army pilot. He piloted The Question Mark, first of the refueling and endurance ships, which made a record of over 150 hours in the air. He made a long and fast flight from Panama to Tampico in March, 1929, attempting a dawn-to-dusk flight and got as far as Texas. He is a permanent army pilot.

Kingsford-Smith's flight from the United States to Australia was, in my opinion, the outstanding pilot accomplishment since the Wrights' first flight. The flying skill required, the hazard involved, the chances of failures, obstacles overcome; the fitness of equipment used; the manner of performance—by any of these standards, Kingsford-Smith's flight stands out. He took greater risks than any of his predecessors among the ocean flyers. The over-water distance was greater; there was less shipping over his route and therefore less chance of rescue after landing at sea; there was less reliable weather data; and his plane carried three motors. No two of his three motors would keep his plane afloat with the load he carried. Hence his chances of motor failure forcing him down were three times as great as in a single-engined plane. Kingsford-Smith's later air jaunts, his round-the-world flight, and his trek from England to Australia were ably executed, remarkable air ventures, but I pick his transpacific flight as the greatest pilot achievement of our day. CAPTAIN IRA C. EAKER, A.C.

BUY NOW!

James C. Fitzmaurice

the Irish pilot who accompanied Captain Herman Koehl and Baron von Huenefeld in the flight of the Bremen from Ireland to Greenely Island, Labrador, the first east-to-west flight.

I consider Kingsford-Smith one of the world's best organizers of difficult long-distance flights. He introduced into long-distance flying the captain and crew idea of responsibility, for each particular operation being delegated to an expert on the subject who in his turn is responsible to the skipper who commands the ship. Regarding his ability as an air pilot and navigator, his last remarkable achievement in piloting a small light craft from London to Sydney in such a record-breaking time speaks for itself. He is second to none. COLONEL JAMES C. FITZMAURICE

M. B. Gardner

United States Navy Squadron Commander and leader of the three navy Sea Hawks, the fineness of whose acrobatics has so often amazed spectators at the country's air meets.

You know it is ordinarily most difficult to generalize as to the ability of pilots. They fall naturally into categories. Kingsford-Smith is one of the few exceptions. His series of successful and spectacular flights cannot be attributed to luck. The exact piloting of the Southern Cross through a combination of darkness and adverse weather conditions, with ever an eye to gasoline conservation, on both the Atlantic and Pacific flights demonstrated superlative airmanship. The perfect landing of the Southern Cross in an improvised and restricted field at Suva under the extreme fatigue of the flight from Honolulu leaves little to be desired in the way of technique. This latest accomplishment, the flight from England to Australia, is what we would expect from such a pilot. His attainments naturally place him in the very front rank of the world's aviators. LT. M. B. GARDNER

Arthur Goebel

who first flew into fame when he piloted his way to victory in the famous Dole race to Hawaii. Since then he has made cross-country records and demonstrated that he is well up among the best distance flyers in America.

Kingsford-Smith certainly deserves the utmost credit for his marked determination in completing a most remarkable flight. The many serious difficulties and obstacles confronting him on his trail-blazing flight around the world seemed too numerous to overcome. Not only having an old plane but the lack of financial backing gave him a more determined spirit to carry on. Utmost confidence in his carefully selected crew also aided him to start this history-making flight. Kingsford-Smith's great achievements have given invaluable information to the industry.

His airmanship is remarkable and outstanding and will live in the history of aviation as a great high light for other ambitious though hampered airmen to follow. ARTHUR C. GOEBEL

Frank M. Hawks

holder of the California-to-New York speed record, beating Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's time by more than two hours. He has made many city-to-city records.

I have the highest regard for Kingsford-Smith both as a gentleman and an aviator. He has proven exceptionally fine ability as a pilot as well as a navigator. He carefully plans all of his flights and executes them perfectly. He has contributed a great deal to the advancement of aviation.

His last flight from London to Australia in my estimation carries the greatest weight and real value towards aviation's advancement. FRANK M. HAWKS

Charles W. (Speed) Holman

who emerged definitely into the limelight when at the National Air Races at Chicago he flew a Laird racer, The Solution, to victory in the Thompson Trophy race with a speed of 202 miles an hour.

I believe the remarkable flight of Kingsford-Smith and his companions from the Pacific coast to Australia via Hawaii is the outstanding accomplishment to date in the history of aviation. His other flight around Australia westward across the treacherous Atlantic and his most recent world record-breaking flight from England to Australia concretely prove his ability is not of the flash-in-the-pan variety but of unswerving consistence. CHARLES W. HOLMAN

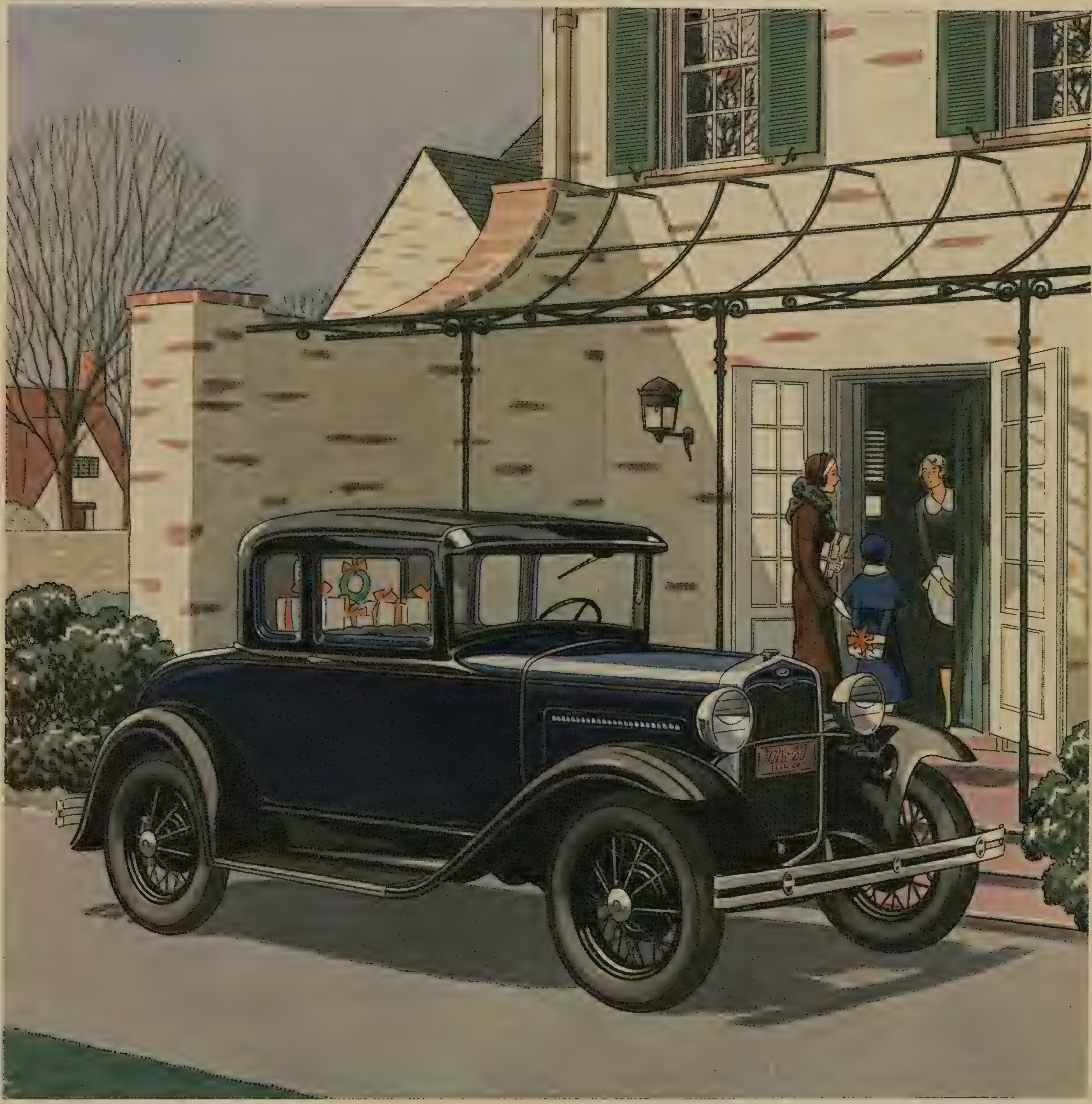
C. S. (Casey) Jones

one of the outstanding old-time racing pilots. He is probably the winner of more aviation trophies than any other man in America. One of the best known civilian pilots today.

I have always been of the opinion that Kingsford-Smith has never received sufficient credit for the marvelous flights which he has made and I am delighted to hear that Liberty is making an effort to see that these flights are recognized. Much has been written about various feats of navigation. I would not wish to detract from these, but as a test of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

A Treasured *Gift* at Christmas Time



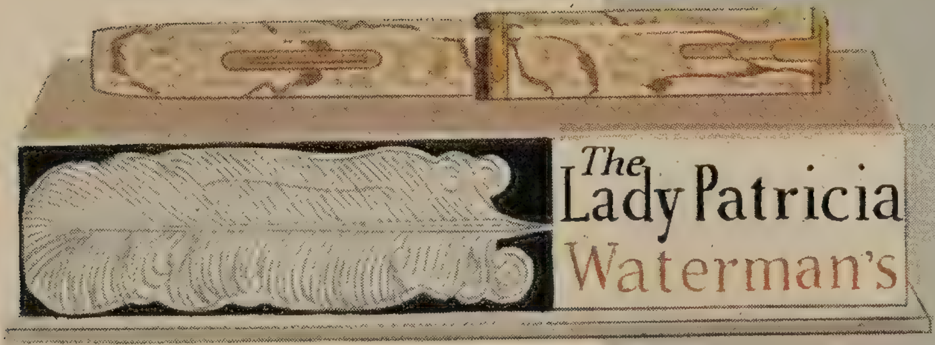
DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

Not a gift for the day only, but one that will be used and treasured throughout the year. A practical, lasting gift that will bring countless happy hours and shorten the miles to friends and distant places.

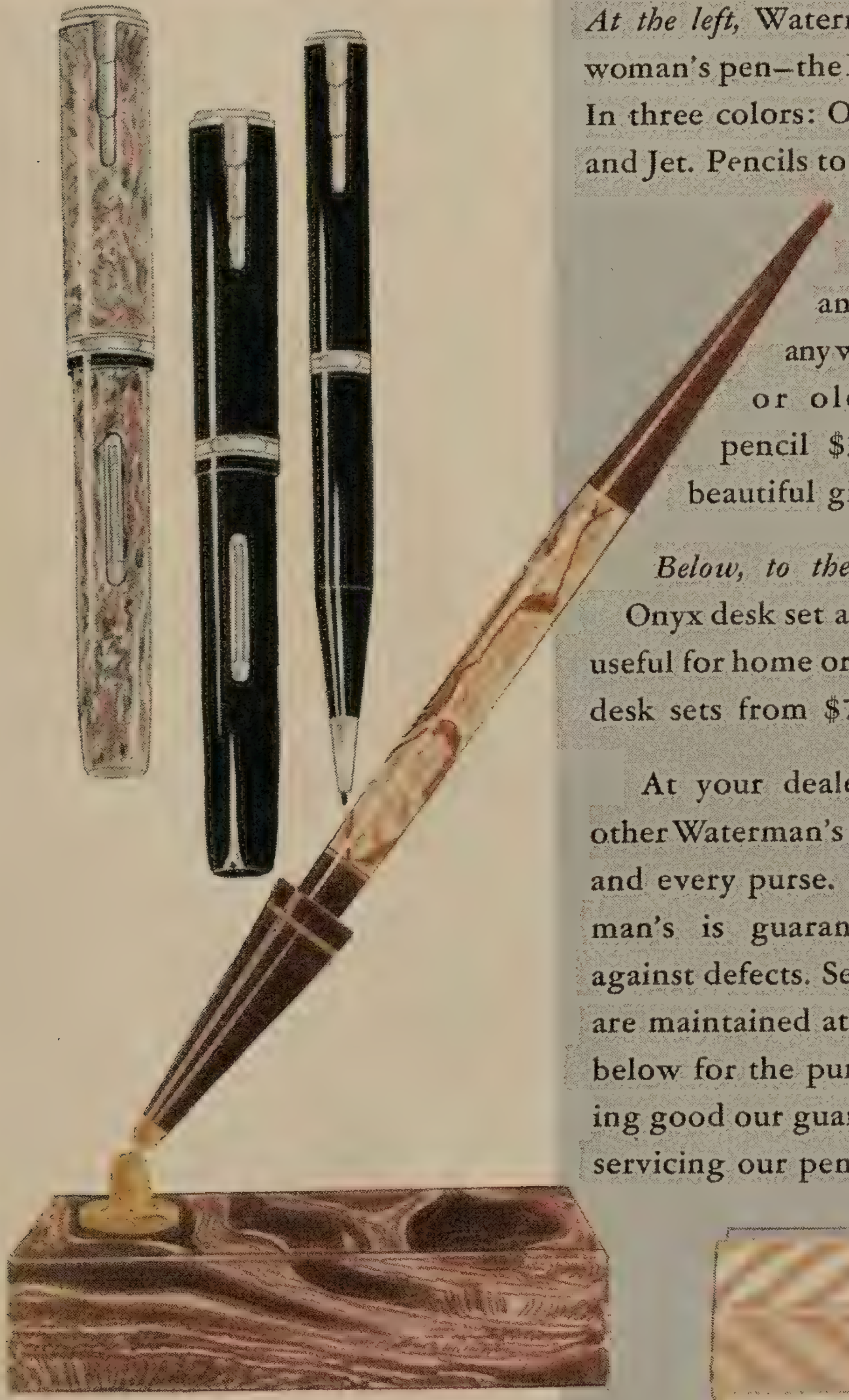
Illustrated above is the new Ford Coupe. There are many other body types to select from, in a changing variety of beautiful colors. A choice of soft, luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord upholstery is offered in the Town Sedan, the De Luxe Sedan, and the De Luxe Coupe.

Ford

For Christmas – it should be a **Waterman's**



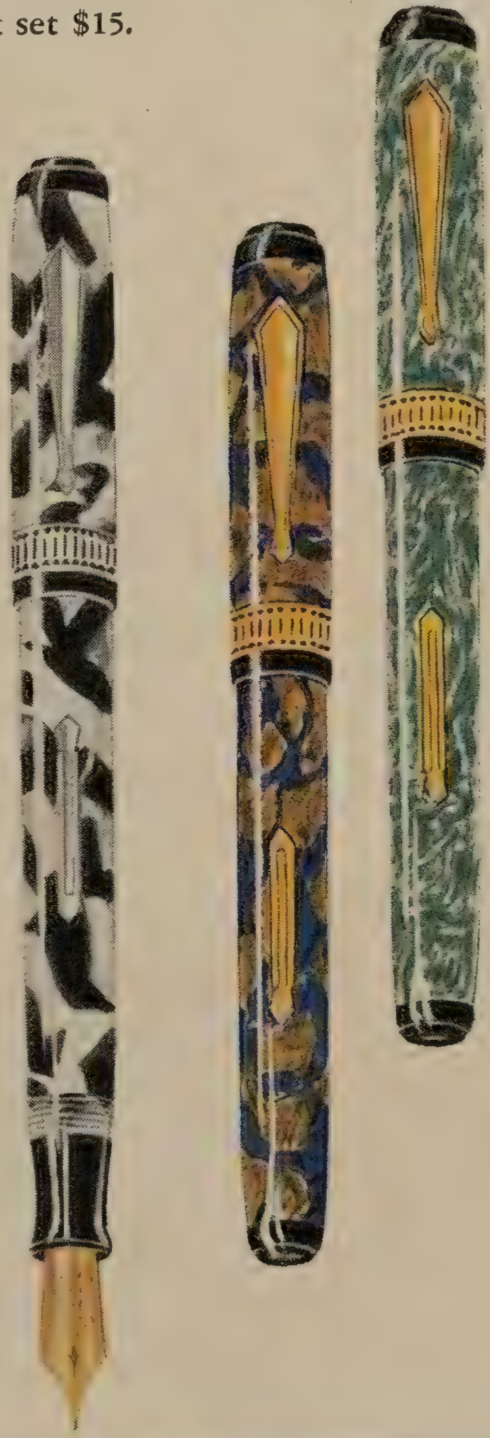
Below, Waterman's finest man's pen—the Patrician. Shown in Nacre, Turquoise, Emerald, and Onyx. Also made in Jet. A wonderful gift when you want the best. Pen $10, pencil $5; gift set $15.

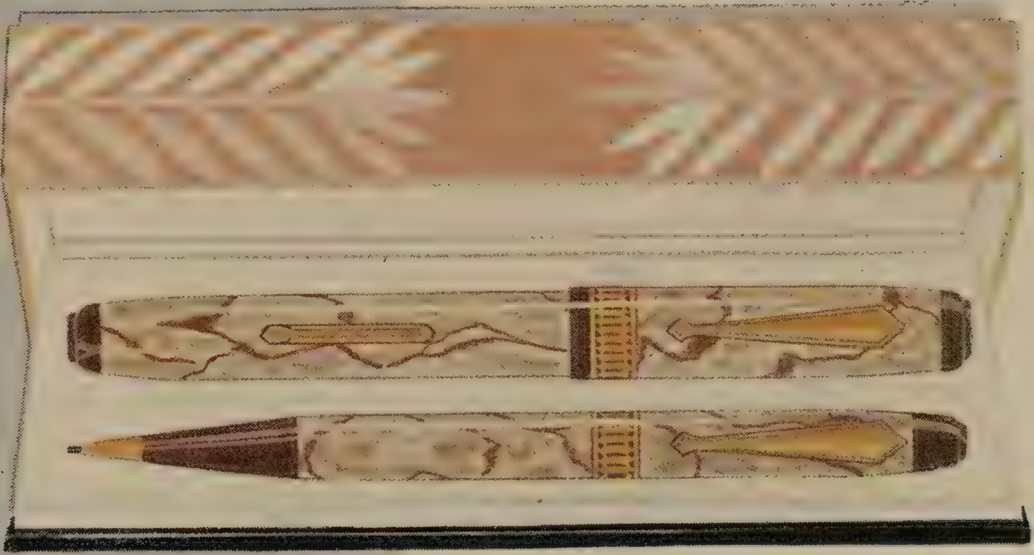


At the left, Waterman's newest woman's pen—the Lady Patricia. In three colors: Onyx, Persian, and Jet. Pencils to match. A gift that will be appreciated and enjoyed by any woman, young or old. Pen $5, pencil $3; both in a beautiful gift box, $8.

Below, to the left, French Onyx desk set at $8.50. Most useful for home or office. Other desk sets from $7.50 to $350.

At your dealers there are other Waterman's for every taste and every purse. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.





Waterman's

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York • 129 South State Street, Chicago • 40 School Street, Boston • 609 Market St., San Francisco
263 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

pure navigation nothing that I know of compares with the flight made by Kingsford-Smith and his three companions between the Hawaiian Islands and Suva. His latest accomplishment of beating Hinkler's record from London to Australia flying alone is a fitting climax to a series of splendid performances.

CASEY JONES, Vice President, Curtiss-Wright

Herman Koehl

famous German war ace who piloted the Bremen on its historic flight from Ireland to Greenely Island, the first successful east-to-west flight.

(Translated from the German)

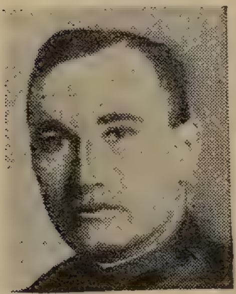
Thanks for your telegram. Am pleased to take this opportunity to say that Kingsford-Smith's flying achievements compel my greatest admiration. World and Pacific flight prove superior knowledge. First east-west Atlantic flight with three motors was difficult and dangerous exacting the utmost courage. That only enough fuel was left for one-half hour's flight when perfect landing in Harbor Grace was made in fog and difficult circumstances proves knowledge and courage, especially as this was the second east-west flight. Flyer Kingsford-Smith deserves greatest recognition.

CAPTAIN KOEHL

Charles A. Lindbergh

who made the only solo flight from New York to Paris. He also made a circle of the Caribbean in a land plane. He held the transcontinental record—Los Angeles to New York in 14 hours 45 minutes 32 seconds—until it was recaptured by Frank Hawks, who flew the same route in 12 hours 25 minutes 3 seconds. Lindbergh is the son-in-law of Senator Dwight Morrow.

No answer.



Russell Maughan

of the U. S. army air service. Pursuit pilot in France during the World War. Won the 1922 Pulitzer race at Detroit at 206 miles an hour. Made first dawn-to-dusk flight, from New York to California, in modified Curtiss Hawk.

One need not comment on Kingsford-Smith's ability as a pilot, or his airmanship, when Smith has already demonstrated that he has both in highest degree. The flight itself places Kingsford-Smith among the foremost pilots of the world. But the story of Kingsford-Smith's flight should also come under his achievements as a man—under a triple heading of ability, vision, and achievement. He started as an Australian—a stranger to the United States. He was admittedly without funds. Yet because he had vision and ability, he reached the goal. In less than a year he had achieved success and honor, and had carved his name as a leader among the notable pilots of the world.

MAUGHAN

William Mitchell

who commanded the United States air forces in France besides taking active part in aërial combat over the lines. He sacrificed his career in order to call the country's attention to the deplorable conditions in military aviation immediately following the war.

The conclusion of Kingsford-Smith's flight to Australia marks the culmination of a series of world flights that have no equal in aviation history. Purchasing an ordinary stock airplane, he equipped it for a flight across the Pacific, organized his crew of three men, and then made the flight with unerring accuracy from the North American continent to the Hawaiian Islands, thence to Fiji, in itself a distance of over 3,000 miles from Hawaii, then to Australia. He then flew to Europe and later across the Atlantic to North America and the United States, having circumnavigated the globe and done it on his own initiative without the great power and organization of a government behind him and without great funds to back his ventures.

These flights show what aviation is capable of doing. No part of the world is closed to the airplane. It is able to cover every part of the seas, every part of the continents, the north and south poles. Its military value is almost inconceivable, as it will completely control water areas, making naval forces practically useless as they can be destroyed with greatest ease by aircraft. Over land it will be the deciding factor in future wars.

The principal value of aircraft so far is military, their commercial value being entirely secondary. However, with the development of instruments for flying through fogs and storms and landing in fogs, and with improved devices for the safety of passengers, airplanes will carry all the mail, most of the precious merchandise of small bulk and all passengers for distances of 500 miles or more.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

The world has been circumnavigated before by airplanes. In 1923 our army airplanes flew around the world but they hugged the shores, their greatest distance across water being five or six hundred miles. The airship Graf Zeppelin also flew around the world and proved the feasibility of airship navigation.

So that we stand today on the eve of greater aircraft development than we have ever had in the past and it behooves Americans to organize their means for devising, manning, and using their aircraft so that we shall lead the world in this most important development. We must have a separate department for aviation in our government and not let the tail wag for the dog in the form of an army and navy and other government departments which now completely smother our aviation.

All hail to the great aërial achievements of Kingsford-Smith.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, Former Commander
Air Forces A. E. F., and Director
Military Aëronautics U. S. Army

Erik Henning Nelson

former army flying ace. One of the famous army round-the-world flight in 1923. To his knowledge and skill, much of the success of that great venture was due.

I feel honored to record something about Charles Edward Kingsford-Smith, certainly one of the world's outstanding aviators. Not alone was his great flight with the Southern Cross transpacific to Australia an all time outstanding and remarkable achievement but the subsequent flight with the same plane with Smith still in command from Australia to Ireland and then westward transatlantic nonstop to North America marvelous. His rank as premier pilot now merely confirmed by his determined and efficient flight in small plane shortly after illness, home to Australia from England. Can only add I have highest esteem and regard for Smithy and his outstanding achievements.

ERIK H. NELSON

E. V. Rickenbacker

greatest of American aces in the war. His daring and flying skill accounted for twenty-six enemy planes shot down in battle. Considering his term of service, his exploits place him in equal rank with the greatest aces of foreign countries—living or dead. He has just received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Kingsford-Smith's record-breaking flight from London to Sydney, Australia, simply verifies the public's claim on him as one of their outstanding heroes and foremost aviators of today. Few men have the knowledge, ability, and tenacity to carry on in the face of adverse circumstances as he has so well qualified himself to do. Little doubt is left in the minds of the airminded throughout the world that his flight around the world will go down in history as the most daring feat of the day. His genius as an organizer ranks among the foremost. Only time can award him his full measure of reward through

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THEY CALL HIM DADDY
Continued from page twenty-one

the broadened knowledge of the air by the peoples of the world and their appreciation of the spirit which has prompted his achievements and made him the man of the hour in the science of aëronautics. E. V. RICKENBACKER

David Rittenhouse

United States naval flying ace and winner of the Schneider Trophy, when in 1923 he went to England to defeat the best pilots of that country. He is famous now as leader in military combat tactics.

Kingsford-Smith has proven himself to be one of the world's outstanding pilots. His marvelous achievement of encircling the globe by air must be recognized as one of the greatest accomplishments in the history of aviation. To those familiar with the problems of aërial navigation Kingsford-Smith's success in navigating the Pacific and Atlantic oceans is perhaps the outstanding feature of his entire world flight. He and his associates are worthy of the highest praise in this accomplishment alone. Kingsford-Smith is a man of untold courage and determination. He has proven himself a capable organizer and has shown rare judgment in his ability to choose capable subordinates. To those who are interested in and understand the problems of aviation Kingsford-Smith ranks well at the top of those great men who are so largely responsible for the successful development of aviation. DAVE RITTENHOUSE

Elliott White Springs

war ace, author, and humorist. As American member of the Royal Flying Corps, he shot down many planes. He won fame after the war with his stories on wars, women, and wings.

Any man who can take a four-year-old plane that has been crashed twice and fly it around the world must be a remarkable organizer and engineer as well as pilot. To do so without military or civil assistance or coöperation was a stupendous task and he not only accomplished it successfully but did it in record time. His flight across the Pacific was one of the most daring and thrilling of the ocean flights and his conquest of the east-west Atlantic scarcely less so. As I write this he has just broken the record from England to Australia. I understand this is because he is in a hurry to join his fiancée. If so he is only carrying on the traditions of the air. More power to him. ELLIOTT SPRINGS

Wolfgang von Gronau

German pilot and navigator who recently made a successful crossing of the Atlantic with his crew in a large flying boat, the first craft of its type to make the passage.

Believe that the flight of Kingsford-Smith from California over the Pacific to Australia was a remarkable achievement that not only showed a very high standard of airmanship, but remarkable courage and perseverance. The task of navigation was quite difficult as he had to twice locate small islands after long weary hours of flying. It is evident that his navigation and wireless were of very high standard. His flight to Europe and then the risk of the difficult east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic showed once more his courage and ability as a pilot.

That he hardly had finished his round-the-world trip and that he immediately completed such an excellent performance by his solo flight to Australia demands the admiration of the world and of every airman.

VON GRONAU, Warnemuende, Germany

Alford J. Williams

probably the most famous pilot the United States navy ever produced. Won Flying Cross for his contributions to aviation during naval career of 13 years. Once flew a plane to complete destruction to ascertain why the type killed so many pilots. Holder of American speed record, 266.6 M. P. H. Noted for his work on high-speed flying and Schneider Trophy efforts. Made famous such maneuvers as inverted spin, inverted roll, inverted falling leaf. Lawyer, lecturer, and engineer.

The achievements of Commander Kingsford-Smith mark him as the outstanding pilot of the age. There is too much continuity in his wonderful aviation record to permit a consideration of luck. He made his own luck. I have always considered his transpacific flight to be the greatest single flight in the history of aviation—marked as it was by detail preparation, precise navigation, and, last but by no means least, expert airmanship. Kingsford-Smith has always been appreciated by airmen. This man prepared so well before leaving the ground that his epoch-making flights appear simple. That is the mark of genius.

His mastery in handling the greatly diverse weather conditions encountered in his world-wide flights evidences study, judgment, and a keen power of observation. This gallant Britisher's simplicity, courage, and achievements exemplify the finest ideas of air transportation. And he is still Smitty to his associates. AL WILLIAMS

THE END

In Liberty Next Week

The only short story

Henry Kitchell Webster

has written in a number of years — a remarkable tale of a wife who erred and a husband who forgave.

Another revelation by

Konrad Bercovici

of what really happened to Carol of Roumania—a story even more strange than that in last week's Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for December?

2—What is the source of "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"?

3—What is sago?

4—What is a female fox called?

5—What is an anachronism?

6—What is the salary of a Representative in Congress?

7—What is a prince consort?

8—What is the capital of Tibet?

9—How much longer than a statute mile is a nautical mile?

10—What is a peccadillo?

11—What is a prototype?

12—What was once called the Ottoman Empire?

13—In what country is the Black Forest?

14—What is metamorphosis?

15—What form of government has Spain?

BUY NOW!

16—What is called a ship of the desert?

17—Who was the predecessor of the present King of England?

18—What South American countries border on the Pacific Ocean?

19—Whose portrait is on the half-cent United States stamp?

20—Who is the supreme deity in Greek mythology?

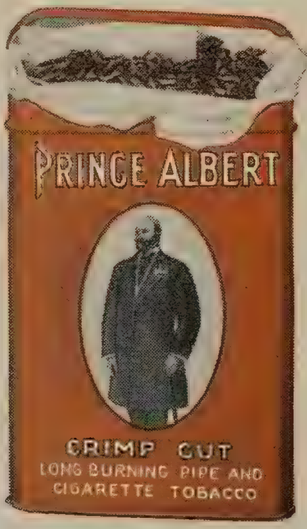
(Answers will be found on page thirty-six)

Pipes were *born* for tobacco like this!

A PIPE without P. A. is like a locomotive without a track; it's not going anywhere in particular. In fact, if I couldn't get P. A., I wouldn't have any use for a pipe. Open a tidy red tin and *smell* what I mean. Then . . . load-up and light-up.

Cool as a copper's "Is this your car?" Sweet as his let-off, "Don't park here again!" Mellow and mild and long-burning, down to the last sweet drag in the bowl. Thousands of men who thought they could never smoke a pipe changed their minds when they met P. A.

Try some Prince Albert this very day, either in a pipe or rolled in the makin's papers. Then you will understand why I am so hidebound on the subject of smoking-tobacco. You can't be too particular about anything that means so much to a man's peace-of-mind.



No other tobacco is like it

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

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GLYCERINE

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

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AAA
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CONTEST BOARD AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION
19 30

One filling lasts all winter

One filling now... and G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine will end your freeze-up worries for the entire winter. Think what this means.

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers.

WORRIED

He's always worried because his anti-freeze evaporates. It gives him no peace of mind because it fades away.

SECURE

He always knows he's safe because glycerine won't evaporate. One filling protects his car all winter.

Why 1,600,000 *motorists used glycerine anti-freeze last year*

The American public is learning that *freedom from worry* is the real thing it wants in an anti-freeze. That, in a nutshell, is the reason 1,600,000 motorists used glycerine anti-freeze in their cars last year.

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine won't evaporate. Its protection won't fade away. You don't have to keep checking up on it, running for more, or wondering if it has boiled off.

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GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
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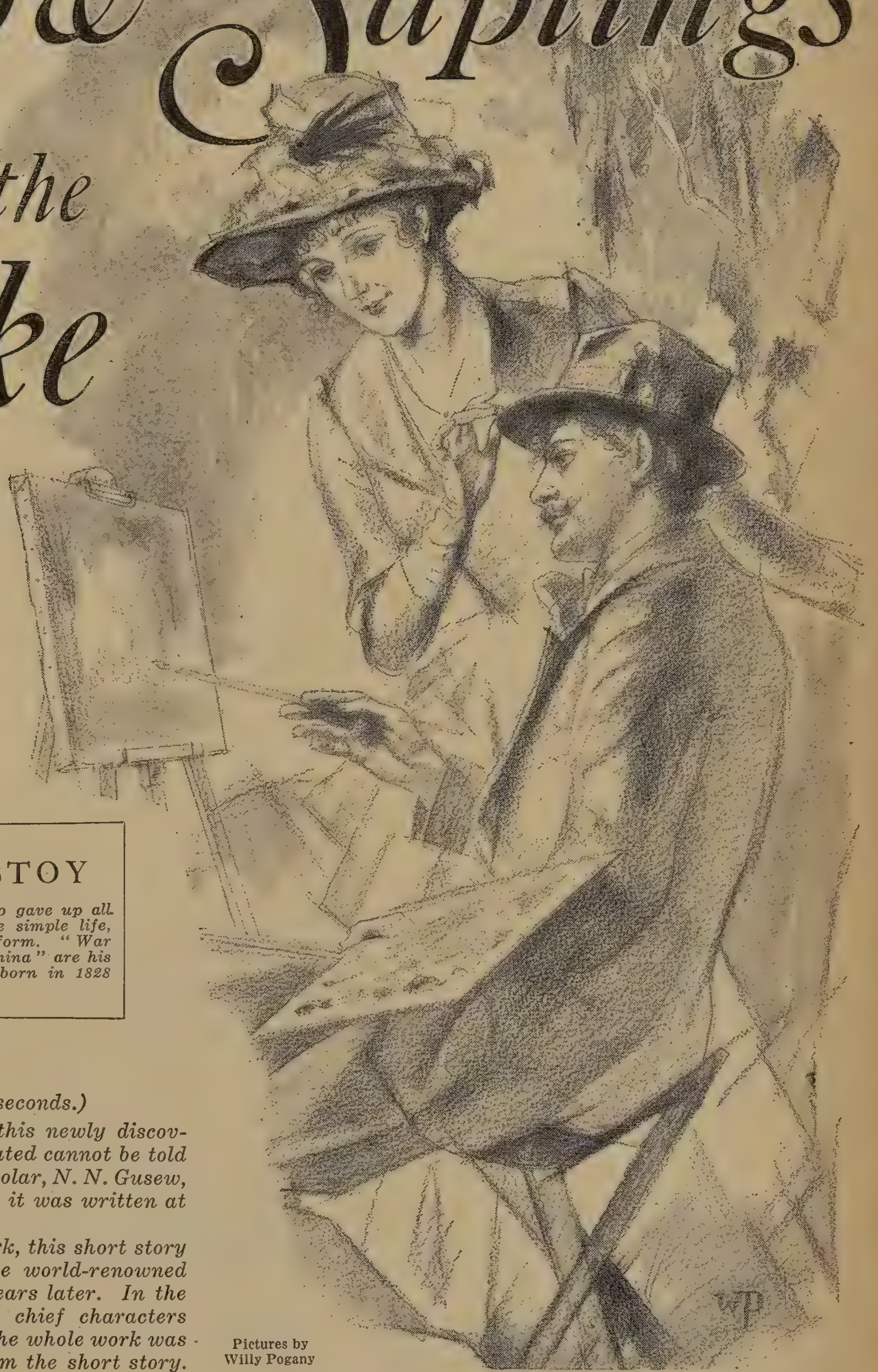
Yellow Saplings by the Lake



Pictures by Willy Pogany

To all appearances there is no other interest between them than high art.

A Hitherto Unknown Story, Written Forty Years Ago

By

LEO TOLSTOY

the famous Russian count who gave up all privileges of rank to live the simple life, write, and work for social reform. "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" are his best-known works. He was born in 1828 and died in 1910.

Translated by M. M. MARBLE

(Reading time: 19 minutes 45 seconds.)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: *Just when this newly discovered short story by Leo Tolstoy originated cannot be told with certainty. The well known Tolstoy scholar, N. N. Gusew, who placed it at my disposal, believes that it was written at the beginning of 1889.*

Although in itself a finished piece of work, this short story is doubtless the embryo out of which the world-renowned novel, The Kreutzer Sonata, grew some years later. In the novel, however, not only was one of the chief characters changed from an artist to a musician, but the whole work was written in an altogether different tone from the short story.

POSDNYSCHEW had married as men do. He had studied at the university; he had also gone to work after that, and he had arrived. Then the consciousness of love awoke in him. They met.

She was young, beautiful, really very beautiful, not without dowry; she had duly attended boarding school, although she did not graduate. She had curly hair and dressed modishly. She was dainty, somewhat artless, good-natured, but, above all, nice.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

"Well, what about it?" he thought: "I, too, am a human being, am I not? Outside of my chemistry there are still other joys in life: beauty, love. Why should I live only as an onlooker while others take everything they can? Also, the years are passing. I, too, have a right to live."

So he thought, and so he married. He saw the whole thing through, as is necessary; he went through the whole experience.

In earlier times, when you married only according to the will of your parents and didn't see the bride until the wedding and had had no experiences at all, everything was fine and honorable: the feather beds and the linen chest and the clothes and the wedding finery. But now,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YELLOW SAPLINGS BY THE LAKE
Continued from page twenty-five

when in the souls of all who get married the physical is the most important part actually, when no one believes any more in the sacrament—and Posdnyschew is a scholar, consequently he also does not believe—all of this trousseaux, linen, dressing gowns, clothes, negligees, chocolate, etc., is distasteful at least.

Well, he went through the whole business, was married, and learned that there are some very nice experiences to be had outside of chemistry. He was pleased with it, very.

He went to work and worked, came home and in his home found grace, taste, beauty, and amusement, instead of dust and ennui. What better could one want? "Why," he thought, "didn't I think about this long ago?" And so he imagined that nothing else would ever come beside these pleasures.

But something new and unexpected came, in the first few weeks. Tears came, and discontent, and her desires for something which didn't agree with what he himself needed.

Something happened as always happens; what you yourself would have experienced if you had introduced a certain convenience into your home—a fireside chair in which to rest, and suddenly the chair kicks up its legs and makes demands. What demands? Why, to play a little, and to rest.

BUY NOW and BRING
PROSPERITY BACK!

You may wonder how a chair could wish something for itself; after all, it is only—a chair. You turn the chair around, you try to sit down, and the chair does the same. So goes it among men.

Quarrels and wrangling began—and what wrangling! Such as always comes to pass among people who don't at all understand, and don't want to understand, that another's life can have its claims as well.

At first this wrangling seems surprising. How is it possible? Only six hours ago love was so strong, and suddenly nothing remains of it—the chair was so soft and comfortable, and suddenly its legs are sticking up. Love surely couldn't have been so strong when nothing remains of it now, not the slightest sign.

Be that as it may, there isn't any of it there, not even a trace. A totally strange and hateful person stands before you, and the wrangling begins. It is a secret which everyone conceals from all others, although everyone is aware of it. Quarrels and hate began just as among animals, and at that all the stronger as what was called love before was strong. Such a hate as leads frankly to the wish that she, and he himself as well, might die. And so it goes on until once again the illusion of passion overshadows everything.

IN this case, also, things went on just so. But, beside all this, there came still another unexpected situation: after he had created a pleasure for himself, he failed to take into consideration that there are many other lovers of the same pleasure, including some very clever people who know not only that it is very pleasant to live with a woman, but also that it isn't necessary to have at the same time the inconveniences and disagreeablenesses which are part and parcel of married life. They know also that it is decidedly pleasanter and freer from worry to skim the cream from the milk that others have had the trouble of milking from the cows.

His wife was very beautiful; she had, you know, such a provoking and arresting beauty! Others also, the cleverer ones, had noticed that. Furthermore, one of these cleverer ones advanced to the attack.

Oh, yes, then began for Posdnyschew all those questions: How to obtain the freedom that both desire? Why should a mutual understanding be destroyed when, if a strange gentleman feels the necessity of taking your arm, for example, it remains just a meaningless little circumstance? Why make difficulties? He can take my arm and then go on his way. He would have three arms and I only one. And I would gladly give him my arm.

Thus began what you think should have been so easy to solve. The chief hindrance to this simple solution, however, lies in the fact that the whole problem will never be clearly stated. The devil only knows if my wife is going to be unfaithful to me, or has she been so this long time? Or has she so planned things that just today she will be unfaithful? Nobody knows, neither the husband, nor the wife, nor he who lies in wait for the other's wife.

THIS latter says to himself: "Well, perhaps the affair can be arranged today." He always calls it "the affair." The wife says to herself: "I am in love; the feeling is strange and nice." Whom she loves, however, she herself doesn't know. But the husband thinks: "No, it only seems so to me." A minute later he thinks: "How strange that I have never noticed that they have found each other!" And another minute later: "Still . . . perhaps not. I won't think about it." And he makes a resolution not to recall this nightmare any more.

A pleasant occupation, nightmares! He who hasn't experienced them doesn't know how hideous they are.

And so it began, and so it went on, and on, and on. Two years passed by. It turned out that the pleasure—remained a pleasure; much that was beautiful and comfortable along with it, but also much that was difficult. And how difficult!

You might say she was no educated woman! She did have just that sort of an education which permits a woman to say of herself: "I am an educated woman." If a woman speaks English, she calls all people who do not speak English uneducated; and if she—God forbid!—has read about natural history, then all those about her are uneducated: *she* has read about it.

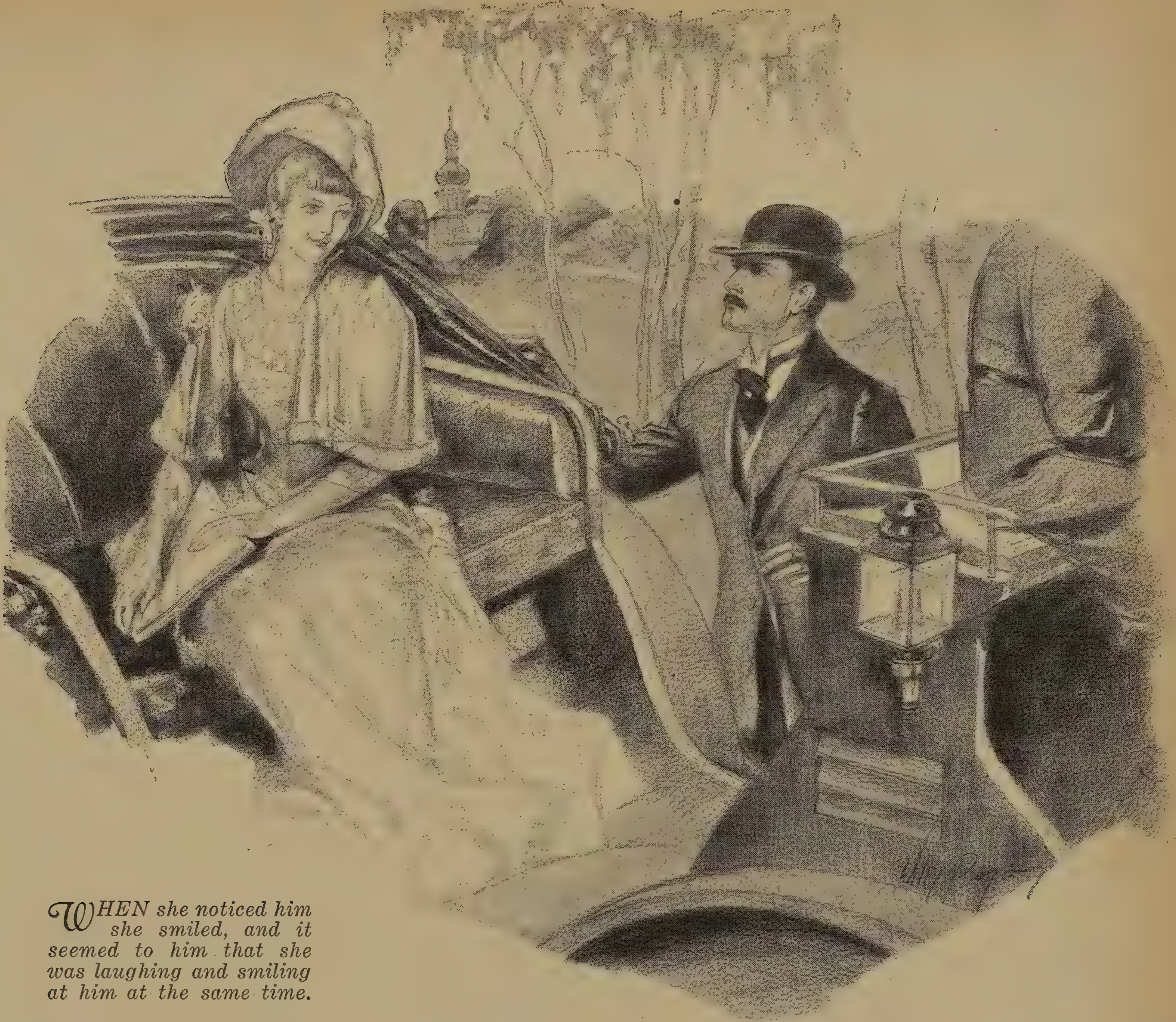
He had an eye for her development, gave her books to read, himself read with her. She read those books and loved to discuss them in detail, especially if that cleverer person who lay in wait for her were present.

Everything went on as usual, and everything was a sham. He knew why he had married her. Her development wasn't necessary to him, it was only custom; only superficially was he concerned with her development. She, too, knew what she was and why he needed her, and wherein her strength lay; but she only gave herself the air of being interested in still other things.

Interests she did have, poor thing, but only her face, her body, and the clothing of her body and of her children. There was a child. Well, you know, having a child, also, is so beautiful: a little crib, a bathtub, children's little clothes—these were always of interest, wherewith she could be so beautifully coquettish in the nursery. You could never decide: does she bathe the child in order to have the child clean, or to show her white elbows? Does she caress the child because she loves it, or merely to lay her beautiful head on the little head of the child?

So it went on and on; and then it seemed as though something had happened. But it happened in such fashion that no one could know if it had happened or not. Actually it was no secret for the husband. Were it a secret, it would be much easier for him; but it was that same nightmare about which no one should think if he would not tear his heart out.

You ask what happened. It was in the country; I was living there too. In Posdnyschew's neighborhood lived an artist: such a youthful, decorative person; one of those who are clever, one of those also who have their pleasure without getting married! He was twenty-eight, a handsome fellow with white skin and smoldering blue eyes, red lips, and a shimmering, reddish mustache. What more do you need? He was always painting trees with



WHEN she noticed him she smiled, and it seemed to him that she was laughing and smiling at him at the same time.

little yellow leaves, had his hat and rug, and with his palette was forever changing his location. He had made the acquaintance of the Posdnyschew family and often visited them.

Then the spider web began to be woven around him on all sides and he ensnared himself more and more in it. The web was fine, it would be a shame to tear it, why indeed should one? One fine thread after the other, one thread after the other; hardly had he looked around before he was snared, body and soul.

She loved painting; already in boarding school she had shown great ability, but had had no guidance. After awhile she began to paint, more and more: how could she let such a good opportunity go by? He is famous, and so generous and ready to help, and, besides, he has such a pure soul! To all appearances there is no other interest between them than high art. Oh, how beautiful this spot of color is! Ah, how green this leaf is! But should the husband show only a trace of jealousy, or begin to bare his claws, at once she is all injured innocence and asserts that she never once thought about the other one! "You, yourself, are suggesting bad thoughts to me!" The man draws in his claws, but jealousy remains.

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

HOW wonderful the attitude of these two to each other seems—their similarity of tastes, their joy of living, their joking!

The husband's presence doesn't change the simplicity of the atmosphere. He even begins to change in this atmosphere, but in his soul is hell. He can't explain all that he thinks without betraying himself. To seek an explanation from her only means unleashing all the animal instincts. To leave the question unexplained is still worse.

He had perceived the chief fact, which in all such cases is the saddest, that what she was to him—an object of pleasure for a few minutes of life—she must be in still greater degree for all other men. And what he was to her, other men offered to be in hundredfold greater degree, because of their variety and greater attractiveness. Truth to tell, then, she must prefer those others.

He, the husband, recognized no inner restraints in himself or in her. Everything pointed to the fact that if she isn't actually stupid, she must take the step. To be sure, there are hindrances: gossip, bad reputation, unpleasantnesses; hence it was obvious that she must take it so that no one should learn of it. And if she should take it, or had already done so, he, the husband, would not find it out.

No, indeed, she had not taken it! Actually, however, she had now been having an affair with the artist the whole summer long. Were he but willing to analyze his impressions exactly, he must know, know for a certainty—not as you know that of which you have visible proofs, but because of your inner impulses: a certainty, but without proofs.

I know of a characteristic episode in the life of the Posdnyschew family at that time. In order to under-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YELLOW SAPLINGS BY THE LAKE
Continued from page twenty-seven

stand it, you must try to realize their feelings as well.

One day she was going from the country into the city. She needed to get something—you know, as ladies are always needing something—very urgently. But he, the artist, was to finish painting some wonderful sapling or other by the lake. She was going into the city. She was in a hurry. She was particularly beautiful on that day, said her husband.

But she mentioned twice during the conversation that it was going to be a nuisance for her to do some sort of an errand in the city for the artist; she gave him thereby to understand that the artist was remaining in the country.

Suddenly Posdnyschew understood that everything was over. She had been unfaithful to him. He went to see the artist, but was told by a neighbor that he had gone into the city the evening before. Now he remembered her frequent trips to the city, in bad weather, and without sufficient reasons. So it had happened! She had already done it—done it just as she must have done it and remain true to her ordinary instincts.

He couldn't stay at home and decided to go to the city—not just simply to go to the city, though: he took his revolver with him to shoot his wife, and *him!*

BUY NOW!

This dreadful decision came about quite naturally; but what happened was quite otherwise. He met her on the way. He espied her from quite a distance. She was coming back home, sprightly, gay, contented. In the first moment of meeting he saw in her face that beaming happiness which was always for him the surest inner proof of her unfaithfulness. When she noticed him she smiled, and it seemed to him that she was laughing and smiling at him at the same time. But after that she became uneasy.

"What's the matter with you? Where are you going?"

He wanted to lie, but couldn't. He got into her carriage, and in so doing he crushed the pictures which she had brought from the city. She became annoyed. As though she had a right to be angry with him!

"What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"I can't go along so any further."

They got out of the carriage and went home on foot.

"It's torturing me!"

"Oh, you're thinking about Leonid Nikolaewitsch? Forget it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

NOW the game began. A happy smile played about her lips, which she could not repress. She laughed at him. She would not deny it; she would not lower herself to make denials.

"How could anyone think such a thing? How could such nonsense torture anyone? Everything is all so fine, why wreck your life? If it tortures you so, I won't meet him any more. Although it is stupid and humiliating for me. As you will. You and your peace of mind are dearer to me than anything else."

And yet she was already unfaithful to him and intended to be so again. But he believed her, and she never seemed so beautiful to him. He never loved her so passionately. When taking his revolver in his hand, he had opened the way for the first time to animal instinct, but by so doing another animal instinct was intensified—the same, but with a different objective.

This episode was ended. She certainly didn't see the artist any more—he went traveling. The family life seemed to run smoother. Still, each was watching the other warily.

A year passed quietly. There was no jealousy, nor any grounds for it. There was only wrangling, and off and on he was in despair about it. He regretted that he had taken this torturing load upon his shoulders. There were attempts to be freed from it, and there was the consciousness that life was played out, that one must drag along with the burden to the end. Then would follow peace and reconciliation, but no inner ties. Each regarded the other as something that he needed, over which he had a right, but which had no rights of its own.

This year passed by then. Another child came. Habits took deeper root, the agreeable feelings of married life increased, but still the tortures increased also; seemingly, however, not in proportion.

Had you seen him at that time you would not have said that he was unhappy, he would not have been able to say that about himself. So it is with a man in whom a fatal disease is developing: he first learns the dreadfulness of his situation after the disease has already made its appearance.

ABOUT that which tortured him most he dared not speak, certainly not to that being who was nearest him, to his wife.

He told me later that his tortures were increased by his not knowing whether or no the last child was his or that artist's, he with the pale complexion who painted saplings on the edge of the lake. Sometimes he was persuaded one way, sometimes the other. He suffered terribly.

Why did he suffer? For this reason: because his wife was for him a sweet and tasty morsel which he greatly desired, and the sweeter the morsel was, the clearer it was to him that, logically, other men also wanted to eat up this sweet morsel, or had eaten it up, or sooner or later would eat it up.

They went traveling abroad. Her mental development seemed to progress. Still, her feelings were just the same. She knew that she was a sweet morsel and that one must preserve, protect, and augment this sweetness. That is what she did. Had she a petty and reprehensible nature? No. She was a creature like all the rest—a nice little animal, generous, sly, beautiful, and clever.

So they continued to live as average married people. Then it so happened that they spent a summer upon the estate of his brother, in quite another countryside than that of earlier days.

He began to be interested in farming. At the height of summer he was very busy.

She had acquaintances among the neighbors, among them a woman physician, A good soul, she talked much about the freedom of women.

One day he came home to fetch the flower stalks he had forgotten, being busy in the garden, and saw his wife also coming toward home.

"Where have you been?"

"I've been out walking."

"Out walking?"

He saw her face beaming, such beaming as was caused only by love, by animal love. Later he was coming from his work and met the physician; he was talking with her, one thing led to another, and she told him that the artist had arrived the week before and was living at the priest's house.

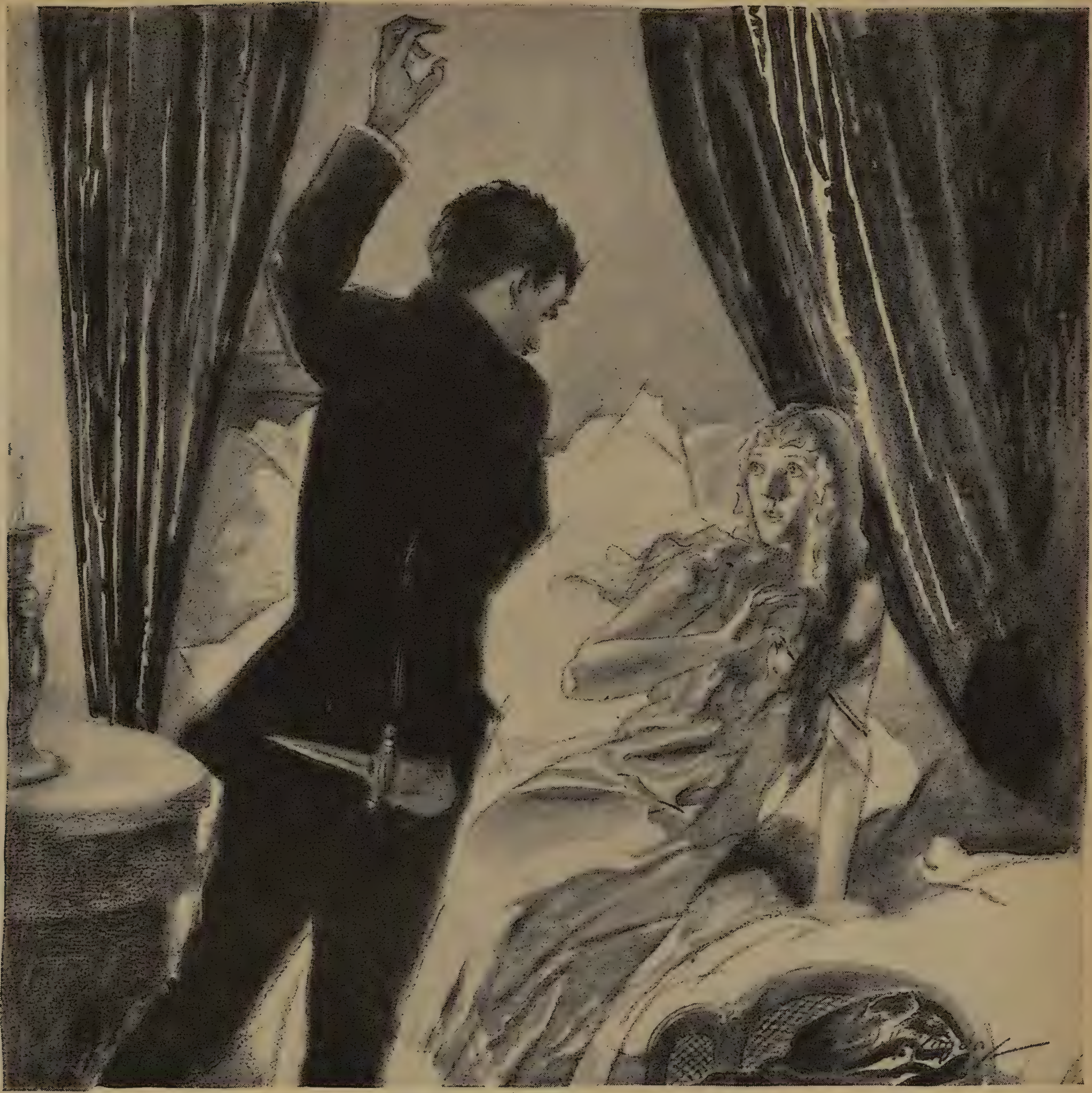
Then his wife came in to dinner, trying to conceal her expression, but she couldn't. In so doing, she seemed beautiful as never before. "She belongs to me," he thought, "yet I am not the cause of this beaming expression; but he is, the other fellow." Still he said nothing, concealed everything like a tiger; took pains to be only the more simple and natural. So he let everything remain unexplained.

"Mine, and still not mine," he thought, and she seemed still sweeter; "not mine, and yet mine!" The more he loved her, the more he hated her, and the hate began to be stronger than the love. He loved her and lay in wait for her.

The artist didn't appear. How he tortured himself! He knew nothing, but he saw that she felt that this other one was here, near by; and she was meeting him! He dared not mention his name.

In this way a week went by. He said he was going into the city, and took his departure. En route, he sent the carriage back, and late in the evening himself came home, and saw when the artist, cautiously and looking all around, came up to the balcony door, hesitated a moment, and went quickly in.

"'No,' I thought, 'I—I—I am Posdnyschew! A garden knife isn't good enough!' I ran to my room; there I had



"I ran to my room; there I had a dagger. I hardly remember how I got into her room."

a dagger. I hardly remember how I got into her room. Yes, mine, my wife, my wife!"

He jumped through the window. She was almost undressed; she lifted her bare arms and remained sitting on the bed. "No, what's mine I won't give away!"

"I ran to her, stabbed her with the dagger, and tore it upward. She fell, she clung to my arm, I pulled the dagger from her. The blood ran—it sickened me. 'Die, you snake!' I struck her with my fist in the face and went into the hall where the maid and the house boy were.

"'Quick! Notify the police! I've killed my wife.'

"I sat down in my room and smoked a cigarette. The neighbor physician came in.

"'Go to her,' she said.

"'What for?'

"'Go to her.'

"'Will she die?'

"'Yes,' said the physician.

"A shudder convulsed me. All the better! I went to the door. She lay in bed; her bruised face was swollen, her cheeks and eyes blue. For God's sake, what have I done? I wanted to fall on my knees, I don't know why, and beg for something. She motioned to me.

"'Forgive me! Forgive me!' she said.

"I was silent.

"'I couldn't help it. I didn't know. I'm bad, but I'm not to blame; believe me, I'm not to blame! Forgive me! Will I really die? Can't anyone help me? I'll be so good, I'll make up . . . for everything . . .'

"Where did she get those words? No one could do anything more for her. She died.

"I was put on trial. I am Posdnyschew. That stupid court acquitted me. They didn't know that I first began to love her really upon her deathbed. No, she wasn't to blame.

"Had she lived, I would have loved not only her face and her body, but herself, and have forgiven her everything. And had I always loved her for herself and not only for her body, it wouldn't have been necessary to forgive her anything, probably."

THE END

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

“Lafayette, We

A Headline Hunter Adventure

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Part of the Parisian throng that welcomed

(Reading time: 24 min. 15 sec.)

SHOWERS of flowers, kisses and bits of confetti, hurrahs, frenzied shouts of joy throughout two nations, ceremonies and speeches of undying brotherhood—that was the way Uncle Sam was received by our Allies.

There was no grousing then over inter-Allied debts or tariff. There were no press articles describing Americans as crude of manner or lacking in generosity.

For a moment America held the highest place in the hearts of our Allies. The things nations now bicker about seemed petty then. Yet only three years later pictures of President Wilson were burned in effigy in Italy, and Uncle Sam, once pictured as the savior of world democracy, was cartooned in the European press as a skinflint and a Shylock.

Lean, clean, keen—that's the way they looked, that first trim little band of American fighting men who made their historic landing on the shores of England on June 8, 1917.

I went down from London to meet them at the port of arrival. In my dispatches of that date neither I nor any of the other newspaper correspondents were permitted to mention the name of the port. This was supposed to be a secret to be religiously kept and the British censor was on the job religiously.

General Pershing disembarking at Boulogne on June 13, 1917.

The name of the port was excluded from all American dispatches, but the British censor saw no reason to withhold transmission of the following sentence: “Pershing landed today at an English port and was given a hearty welcome by the Mayor of Liverpool.” And, of course, as we all know at this late date, it was at Liverpool that General Pershing and his staff landed.

The sun was shining brightly on the Mersey when the liner Baltic came slowly up the harbor in the tow of numerous puffing tugs. The great gray vessel that had safely completed the crossing of the submarine zone was warped to the dockside.

On the quay were a full brass band and an honorary escort of British soldiers. While the ship was being moored, General Pershing, with his staff, appeared on the promenade deck on the shore side of the vessel.

Are Here"

Pershing as he arrived with Joffre at his headquarters, the Hôtel Crillon.

The American commander on the balcony at the Crillon in response to the clamor of the crowd.

His appearance was the signal for a crash of cymbals and drums as the band blared out The Star-Spangled Banner. The American commander, and the officers ranged in line on either side of him, stood stiffly at attention, with right hands raised in salute.

On shore the lines of British soldiery brought their arms to the present with a snap. Civilian witnesses of the ceremony bared their heads. The first anthem was followed by the playing of God Save the King. All present remained at salute.

As the gangplank was lashed in place, a delegation of British military and civilian officials boarded the ship to be presented to the general. Below, on the wharf, every newspaper correspondent and photographer in the British Isles, I think, stood waiting in a group that far outnumbered the other spectators.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

There was reason for this seeming lack of proportion. The fact was that but very few people had known that General Pershing was to land that day.

Few had known that he was on the water. The British Admiralty, then in complete control of the ocean lines between America and the British Isles, had guarded well the secret. England lost Kitchener on the sea, and now, with the sea peril increased a hundredfold, England took pains to guard well the passage of this standard bearer of the American millions that were to follow.

Pershing and his staff stepped ashore. Lean, clean, keen—those are the words that best describe their appearance. That was the way they impressed their critical brothers in arms, the all-observing military dignitaries that presented Britain's hearty, unreserved welcome. That was the way they appeared to the proud American citizens who gathered to meet them. They certainly looked good to me.

The British soldiers admired the height and shoulders of our first military samples. The British soldier approves of a greyhound trimness in the belt zone. He likes to look on carriage and poise. He appreciates a steady eye and a stiff jaw. He is attracted by a voice that rings sharp and firm. The British army man calls such a combination " a real soldier."

HE saw one, and more than one, that morning shortly after nine o'clock when Pershing and his staff committed the date to history by setting foot on British soil. Behind the American commander walked a staff of American officers whose soldierly bearing and general appearance brought forth sincere expressions of commendation from the assemblage on the quay.

At attention on the dock, facing the sea-stained flanks of the liner Baltic, a company of Royal Welsh Fusiliers stood like a frieze of clay models in stainless khaki, polished brass, and shining leather.

General Pershing inspected the guard of honor with keen interest. Walking beside the American commander was the considerably stouter and somewhat shorter Lieutenant General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell, K.C.B., chief of the Western Command of the British Home Forces.

Pershing's inspection of that guard was not the cursory one that these honorary affairs usually are. Not a detail

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE"
Continued from page thirty-one

of uniform or equipment on any of the men in the guard was overlooked. The American commander's attention was as keen to boots, rifles, and belts as though he had been a captain preparing the small command for a strenuous inspection at the hands of some exacting superior.

As he walked down the stiff-standing line, his keen blue eyes taking in each one of the men from head to foot, he stopped suddenly in front of one man in the ranks. That man was File Three in the second set of fours. He was a pale-faced Tommy and on one of his sleeves there were two slender gold bars, placed on the forearm.

The decoration was no larger than two matches in a row and on that day it had been in use hardly more than a year, yet neither its minuteness nor its meaning escaped the eyes of the American commander.

Pershing turned sharply and faced File Three.

"Where did you get your two wounds?" he asked.

"At Givenchy and Lavenze, sir," replied File Three, his face pointed stiffly ahead. File Three, under twenty-one years of age, had received his wounds in the early fighting that is called the battle of Loos.

"You are a man," was the sincere, all-meaning rejoinder of the American commander, who accompanied his remark with a straightforward look into the eyes of File Three.

General Pershing, with Sir William Pitcairn Campbell, inspecting the Welsh Fusiliers' guard of honor on his arrival at Liverpool.

Completing the inspection without further incident, General Pershing and his staff faced the honor guard and stood at salute, while once more the thunderous military band played the national anthems of America and Great Britain.

The ceremony was followed by a reception in the cabin of the Baltic, where General Pershing received the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the Lady Mayoress, and a delegation of civilian authorities. The reception ended when General Pershing spoke a few simple words to the assembled representatives of the British and American press.

After a reception on the dock, he was escorted to the quay-side station, where a special train of the type labeled semiroyal was ready to make the express run to London.

BUY NOW!

The reception had had none of the features of a demonstration by reason of the necessity for the ship's arrival being secret; but as soon as the Baltic had landed, the word of the American commander's arrival spread through Liverpool like wildfire.

THE railroad from the station lay through an industrial section of the city. Through the railroad warehouses the news had preceded the train. Warehousemen, porters, and draymen crowded the tops of the cotton bales and oil barrels on both sides of the track as the train passed through.

Beyond the sheds, the news had spread through the many floors of the flour mills, and when the Pershing train passed, handkerchiefs and caps fluttered from every crowded door and window in the whitened walls.

From his car window, General Pershing returned the greetings of the trousered girls and women who were making England's bread while their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts were away in the trenches in France.

In London, General Pershing and his staff occupied suites at the Savoy Hotel, and during the four or five days of the American commander's sojourn in the capital of the British Empire, a seemingly endless line of visitors of all the Allied nationalities called to present their compliments.

The enlisted men of the general's staff occupied quarters in the old stone barracks of the Tower of London, where they were the guests of the men of that artillery organization which prefixes an Honourable to its name and has had a place of honor for centuries.

OUR soldiers manifested naïve interest in some of England's most revered traditions and particularly in connection with historical events related to the Tower of London.

On the second day of their occupation of this old fortress, one of the warders, a Beefeater in full medieval regalia, was escorting a party of the Yanks through the dungeons.

He stopped in one dungeon and lined the party up in front of a stone block in the center of the floor. After a silence of a full minute to produce a proper degree of impressiveness for the occasion, the warder announced, in a respectful whisper:

"This is where Anne Bullen [Boleyn] was executed."

The lined-up Yanks took a long look at the stone block. A silence followed. And then one hard-boiled regular, desiring further information, but not wishing to be led into any traps of British kidding, said:

"All right, I'll bite; what did Annie do?"

Current with the arrival of our men and their reception by the honor guard of the Welsh Fusiliers there was a widespread revival of an old story which the Americans liked to tell in the barrack rooms at night.

When the Welsh Fusiliers received our men at the dock of Liverpool, they had with them their historical mascot, a large white goat with horns incased in inscribed silver. The animal wore suspended from its neck a large silver plate on which was inscribed a partial history of the Welsh Fusiliers.

Some of those fusiliers told our men the story.

"It was our regiment—the Welsh Fusiliers," one of them said, "that fought you Yanks at Bunker Hill. And it was at Bunker Hill that our regiment captured the great-great-granddaddy of this same white goat, and his descendants are ever destined to be the mascot of our regiment. You see, we've still got your goat."

"Yeah!" replied one of the Yanks. "Well, we've got the hill."

In the course of his four days in London, General Pershing was received by King George and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace. The American commander engaged in several long conferences at the British War Office, and then, with an exclusion of entertainment that was painful to the Europeans, he made arrangements to leave for his new post in France. A specially written permission from General Pershing made it possible for me to accompany him on that historic crossing between England and France. Secret orders for the departure were given on the afternoon and evening of June 12.

Before four o’clock of the next morning, June 13, I breakfasted in the otherwise deserted dining room of the Savoy with the general and his staff.

Only a few sleepy-eyed attendants were in the halls and lower rooms of the Savoy. In closed automobiles we were whisked away to Charing Cross Station. We boarded a special train whose destination was unknown. The entire party was again in the hands of the Intelligence Section of the British Admiralty, and every possible means was taken to suppress all definite information concerning the departure.

The special train containing General Pershing and his staff reached Folkestone about seven o’clock in the morning. We left the station at the dockside and boarded a swift Channel steamer. A small vociferous contingent of English Tommies returning to the front from Blighty was crowded on all decks in the stern.

BUY NOW! It’s Bargain Time!

With lifeboats swinging out over the side and everyone wearing life preservers, we steamed out of Folkestone Harbor to challenge the submarine dangers of the English Channel.

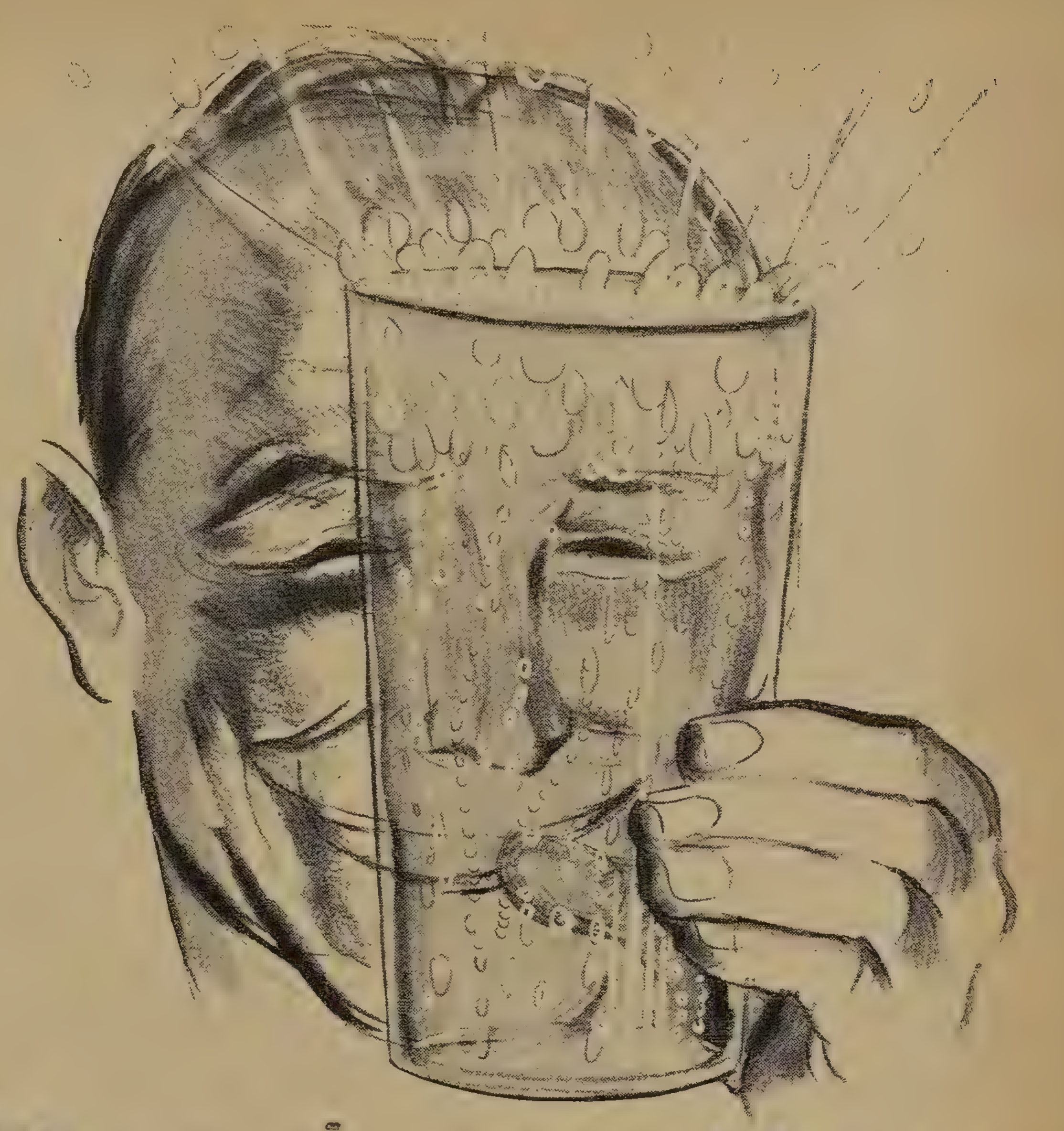
THE American commander occupied a forward cabin suite on the upper deck. His aides and secretaries had already transformed it into a businesslike apartment. In the general’s mind there was no place or time for any consideration of the dangers of the Channel crossing. Although the very waters through which we dashed were known to be infested with submarines which would have looked upon him as capital prey, I don’t believe the general ever gave them as much as a thought.

Every time I looked through the open door of his cabin, he was busy dictating or conferring with his chief of staff, General J. G. Harbord, who is now chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America. To the American commander, the hours necessary for the dash across the Channel simply represented a little more time which he could devote to plans for the great work which lay ahead of him.

Our ship was guarded on all sides and above. Swift torpedo destroyers dashed to and fro under our bow and stern and circled us continually. In the air above hydro-airplanes and dirigible balloons hovered over the waters surrounding us, keeping sharp watch for the appearance of the dark subsea hulks of destruction.

We did not learn until the next day that while we were making that journey German air forces had crossed the Channel in a daring daylight raid and were at that very hour dropping bombs on London around the very hotel which General Pershing had just vacated.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[“LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE”
Continued from page thirty-three]

It was a beautiful sunlight day. It was not long before the coast line of France began to push up through the distant Channel mists and make itself visible on the horizon. I stood in the bow of the ship looking toward the coast line and silent with thoughts concerning the momentousness of the approaching historic event.

It happened that I looked back amidships and saw a solitary figure standing on the bridge of the vessel. It was General Pershing. He seemed wrapped in deep thought. He wore his cap straight on his head, the visor shading his eyes. He stood tall and erect, his hands behind him, his feet planted slightly apart to meet the gentle roll of the ship.

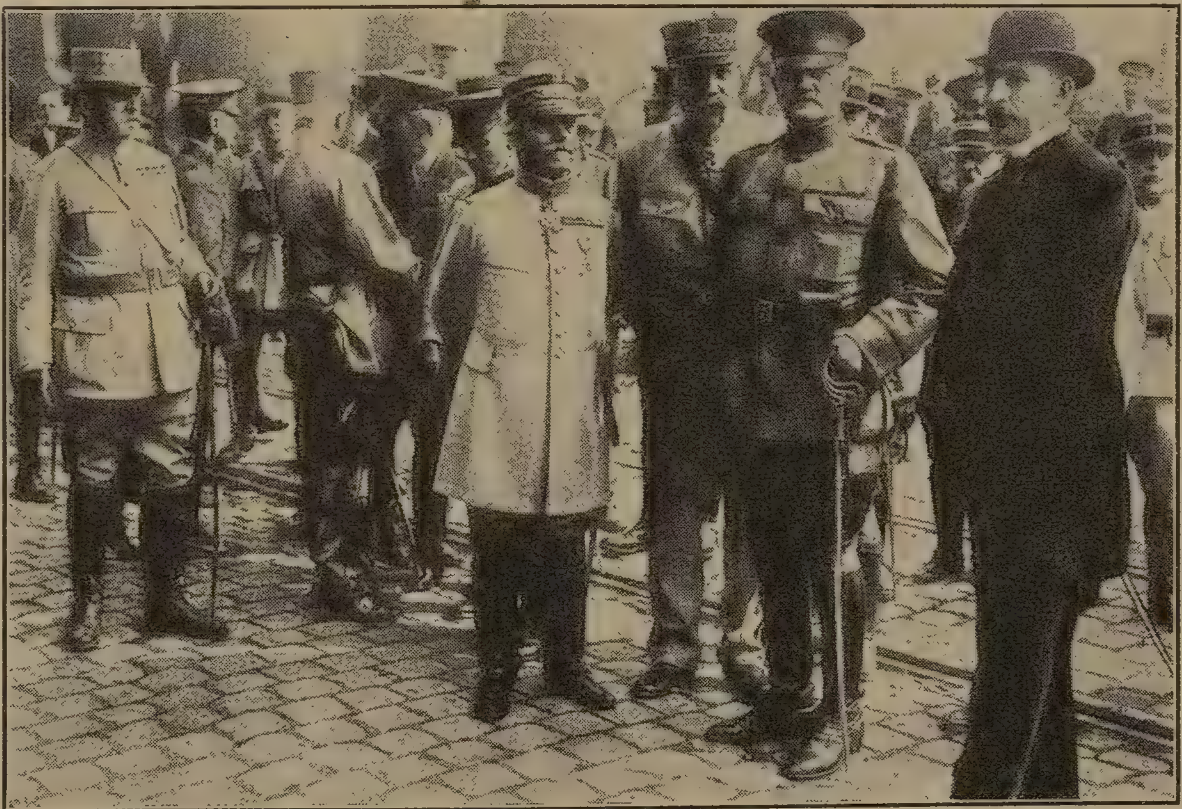
BUY NOW!

He faced due east and his eyes were directed toward the shores of that foreign land which we were approaching. It seemed to me as I watched him that his mind must have been traveling back more than a century to that day in history when another soldier had stood on the bridge of another vessel, crossing those same waters, but sailing westward.

It seemed to me that he must have been thinking of that historical character who made just such a journey more than a hundred years before—a great soldier who left his homeland to sail to other foreign shores halfway around the world and there to lend his sword in the fight for the sacred principles of democracy. It seemed to me that day that Pershing thought of Lafayette.

As we drew close to the shore, I noticed an enormous concrete breakwater extending out from the harbor entrance. It was surmounted by a wooden railing, and on the very end of it, straddling the rail, was a small French boy. His legs were bare and his feet were incased in heavy wooden shoes. On his head he wore a red stocking cap of the liberty type. As we came within hailing distance, he gave to us the first greeting that came from the shores of France to these first arriving American soldiers.

“VIVE l'Amérique!” he shouted, cupping his hands to his mouth and sending his shrill voice across the water to us. Pershing on the bridge heard the salutation. He smiled, touched his hand to his cap, and waved to the lad on the railing.



Pershing among the welcoming French officers at Boulogne.

We landed that day at Boulogne, June 13, 1917. Military bands massed on the quay played the American national anthem as the ship was warped alongside. Other ships in the busy harbor began blowing whistles and ringing bells. From troop and hospital ships lying near by came cheering. The news spread like contagion along the harbor front.

As the gangplank was lowered, French military dignitaries in dress uniforms resplendent with gold braid, buttons, and medals, advanced to that part of the deck amidships where the general stood. They saluted respectfully and pronounced elaborate addresses in their native tongue. They were followed by numerous French government officials in civilian dress. The city, the department, and the nation were represented in the numerous delegations that presented their compliments and conveyed to the American commander the unstinted and heartfelt welcome of the entire people of France.

Under the train sheds on the wharf, long, stiff ranks of French *poilus*, wearing helmets and light blue overcoats pinned back at the knees, presented arms as the general walked down the lines inspecting them. At one end of the wharf rank upon rank of French marines and sailors, with their flat blue hats with red tassels, stood at attention awaiting inspection.

The docks and train sheds were decorated with French and American flags and yards and yards of the mutually owned red, white, and blue. Thousands of spectators began to gather in the streets, and their continuous cheers sufficed to augment rapidly their own numbers.

Accompanied by a veteran French colonel, one of whose uniform sleeves was empty, General Pershing, as a guest of the city of Boulogne, took a motor ride through the streets of this busy port city. He was quickly returned to the station, where he and his staff boarded a special train for Paris. I went with them.

THAT train to Paris was, of necessity, slow. It proceeded slowly under orders and with a purpose. No one in France, with the exception of a select official circle, had been aware that General Pershing was arriving that day until about thirty minutes before his ship was warped into the dock at Boulogne. It has always been a mystery to me how the French managed to decorate the station at Boulogne upon such short notice.

Thus it was that the train crawled slowly toward Paris for the purpose of giving the French capital time to throw off the coat of war weariness that it had worn for nearly three years and to don gala attire for this occasion. Paris made full use of every minute of that time, as we found when the train arrived at the French capital late in the afternoon. The evening papers in Paris had carried the news of the American commander's landing on the shores of France, and Paris was ready to receive him as Paris had never before received a world's notable.

The sooty girders of the Gare du Nord shook with cheers when the special train pulled in. The aisles of the great terminal were carpeted with red plush. A battalion of bearded *poilus* of the Two Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Colonial Regiment was lined up on the platform like a wall of silent gray, bristling with bayonets and shining trench helmets.

General Pershing stepped from his private car. Flashlights boomed and batteries of cameramen maneuvered into positions for the lens barrage. The band of the Garde Républicaine blared forth the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner, bringing all the military to a halt and a long standing salute. It was followed by the Marseillaise.

At the conclusion of the trainside greetings and introductions, Marshal Joffre and General Pershing walked down the platform together. The tops of the cars of every train in the station were crowded with workmen. As the tall, slender American commander stepped into view, the privileged observers on the car tops began to cheer.

A minute later there was a terrific roar from beyond the walls of the station. The crowds outside had heard the cheering within. They took it up with thousands of throats. They made their welcome a ringing one. Paris took Pershing by storm.

The general was ushered into a specially decorated reception chamber, which was hung and carpeted with brilliant red velvet and draped with the Allied flags. After a brief formal exchange of greetings, he and his staff were escorted to the line of waiting automobiles.

Pershing's appearance in the open was the cue for wild applause from the crowds which packed the streets and jammed the windows of the tall buildings opposite.

General Pershing and M. Painlevé, Minister of War at that time, took seats in a large automobile. They were preceded by a motor containing United States Ambassador Sharp and former Premier Viviani. The procession started to the accompaniment of martial music by massed military bands in the courtyard of the station.

There were some fifty automobiles in the line, the rear of which was brought up by an enormous motor-bus load of the first American soldiers from the ranks to pass through the streets of Paris.

The crowds overflowed the sidewalks. They extended from the building walls out beyond the curbs and into the streets, leaving but a narrow lane through which the motors pressed their way slowly. From the crowded balconies and windows overlooking the route, women and children tossed down showers of flowers and bits of colored paper.

The crowds were so dense that other street traffic became marooned in the dense sea of joyously excited and gesticulating French people. Vehicles thus marooned immediately became islands of vantage. They were soon covered with men and women and children, who climbed on top of them and clung to the sides to get a better look at the khaki-clad occupants of the autos.

OLD gray-haired fathers of French fighting men bared their heads and with tears streaming down their cheeks shouted greetings to the tall, thin, gray-mustached American commander who was leading new armies to the support of their sons. Women heaped armfuls of roses into the general's car and into the cars of other American officers that followed him. Paris street gamins climbed the lamp-posts and waved their caps and wooden shoes and shouted shrilly.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

American flags and red, white, and blue bunting waved wherever the eye rested. English-speaking Frenchmen proudly explained to the uninformed that "Pershing" was pronounced more like "Peur-chigne" than "Pairshang."

Paris was not backward in displaying its knowledge of English. Gay Parisiennes were eager to make use of all the English at their command, that they might welcome the new arrivals in their native tongue.

Some of these women shouted, "Hello!" "Heep, heep, hourrah!" "Good morning." "How are you, keed?" and "Cocktails for two." Some of the expressions were not so inappropriate as they sounded.

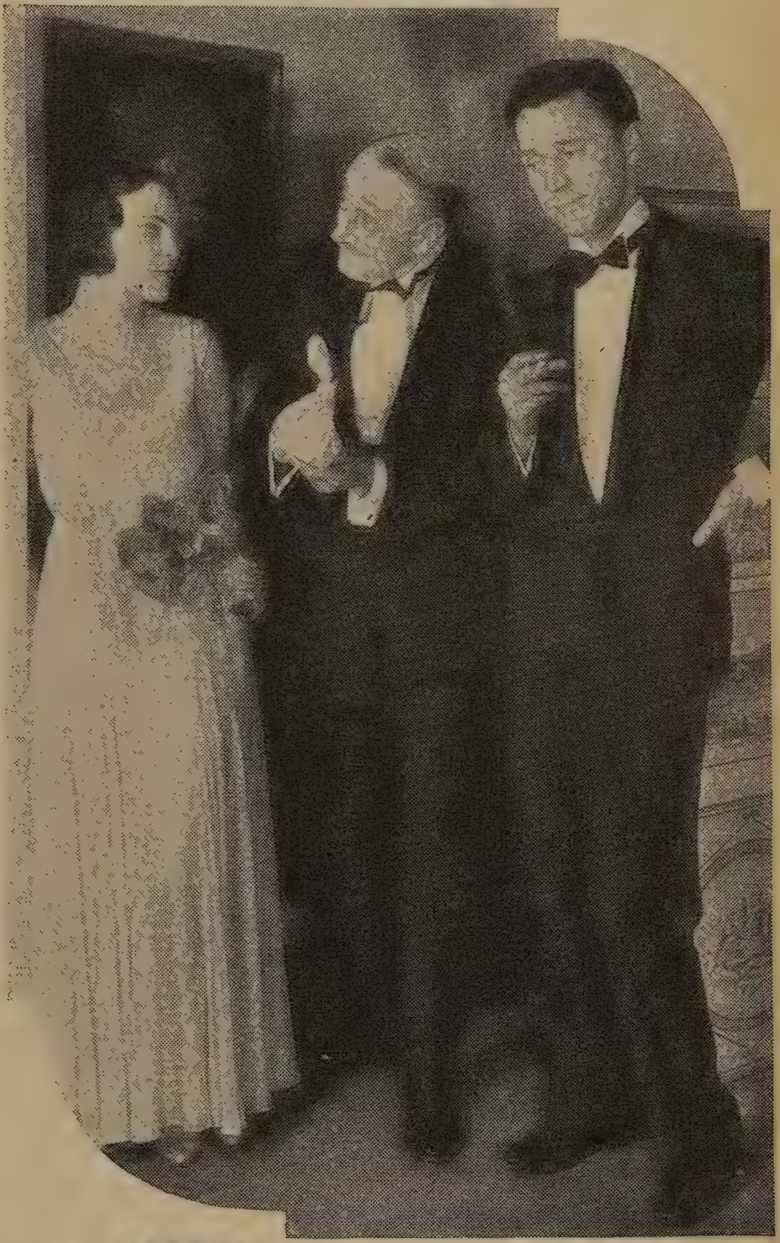
Occasionally there came from the crowds a good old genuine American whoop-'em-up yell. This happened when the procession passed groups of American aviators and ambulance workers and other sons of Uncle Sam wearing the uniforms of the French, Canadian, and English corps.

They joined with Australians and South African soldiers on leave to cheer on the new-coming Americans with such spontaneous expressions as "Come on, you Yanks!" "Now let's get 'em!" and "Eat 'em up, Uncle Sam!"

The frequent stopping of the procession by the crowds resulted in the automobiles being completely surrounded by enthusiasts, who reached up and tried to shake hands

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do you SMOKE STEADILY WHEN BORED STIFF?



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MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

[“LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE”
Continued from page thirty-five]

with the occupants. Pretty girls kissed their hands and blew the invisible confection toward the men in khaki. Every 200 feet the French would organize a rousing shout, “Vive l'Amérique!” for them. Being the passive recipients of this unusual adulation produced only embarrassment on the part of the regulars, who simply had to sit there smiling and take it. Just to break the one-sided nature of the demonstrations, one of the enlisted men stood up in his seat and shouted:

“Come on, fellows, let's give 'em a veever ourselves. Now, all together!”

The bus load rose to its feet as one man and shouted, “Veever for France!” Their “France” rhymed with “pants,” consequently none of the French understood it, but they did understand the sentiment behind the husky American lungs.

Through such scenes as these the procession reached the great Place de la Concorde. In this wide-paved open space an enormous crowd had assembled. As the autos appeared the cheering, the flower-throwing, the tumultuous kiss-blowing were resumed. They increased in intensity as the motors stopped in front of the Hôtel Crillon, into which General Pershing disappeared, followed by his staff.

Immediately the cheering changed to a tremendous clamorous demand for the general's appearance on the balcony in front of his apartments.

“Au balcon, au balcon,” were the cries that filled the Place. The crowd would not be denied.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

GENERAL PERSHING stepped forth on the balcony. He stood behind the low marble railing and between two great white stone columns. A cluster of the Allied flags was fixed to each column. The American commander surveyed the scene in front of him.

To the general's right, as he faced the Place, were the trees and greenery of the broad Champs Elysées. On his left were the fountains and the gardens of the Tuileries. At the farther end of the Place were the banks and the ornamental bridges of the Seine, beyond which could be seen the columned façade of the Chambre des Députés, and above and beyond that, against the blue sky of a late June afternoon, rose the majestic golden dome of Les Invalides, over the tomb of Napoleon.

General Pershing looked down upon the sea of faces turned up toward him, and then it seemed to me that nature desired to play a part in the ceremony of that great day. A soft, vagrant breeze from the Champs Elysées touched the cluster of flags on the general's right and from all the Allied emblems fastened there it selected one flag.

The breeze tenderly caught the folds of this flag and wafted them across the balcony on which the general bowed. He saw and recognized that symbol. He extended his hand, caught the emblem in his fingers and pressed it to his lips. All France and all America represented in that vast throng that day cheered to the mighty echo when Pershing kissed the tricolor of France. It was a tremendous, unforgettable incident. It was exceeded by no other incident during those days of receptions and ceremonies, except one. That was an incident that occurred not in the presence of thousands but in a lonely old burial ground on the outskirts of Paris. This happened several days after the demonstration in the Place de la Concorde.

ON that day of bright sunshine, General Pershing and a small party of officers, French and American, walked along the gravel paths of Picpus Cemetery in the suburbs of Paris, where the bodies of hundreds of those who made the history of France are buried.

Several Frenchwomen in deep mourning courtesied as General Pershing passed. His party stopped in front of two marble slabs that lay side by side at the foot of a granite monument.

General Pershing advanced to the tomb and placed upon the marble slab an enormous wreath of pink and white roses. Then he stepped back. He removed his cap. The bright sunlight shone down on his silvery gray hair. Looking down at the grave, he spoke in a quiet, impressive tone four simple, all-meaning words:

“Lafayette, we are here.”

Those four words hit the cable and went around the world. It was a slogan that shook America. It was taken up by the French and blazoned all over the Republic. It gave new strength to the bonds of Franco-American friendship. It was far-reaching and deep-reaching in the good it performed for the Allied cause.

The story as I have told it to you was true in every detail except one. Now for a surprise and a confession. General Pershing might have thought those four words as he stood before that tomb—he did not speak them, or at least if he did speak them I did not hear him, and I was standing close by. Furthermore, the general has always disclaimed authorship for the phrase. It was attributed to him without his consent or even his knowledge by reason of the fact that all American press messages leaving France at that time had to pass through the French military censor, and this censor permitted the sending of no names of American officers, except that of General Pershing himself.

The quotation was originally attributed to an American quartermaster colonel who created and spoke the phrase that same day in a speech delivered at another ceremony, but in the cable dispatches of the American correspondents his name was stricken out and the quotation was accredited to Pershing. That's the way it happened.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will tell how he witnessed the landing of the U. S. Army's First Division at St. Nazaire.

BUY NOW!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Turquoise.
2—Elegy in a Country Churchyard (Thomas Gray).
3—A granulated starch obtained from the sago palm used as an article of diet.
4—A vixen.
5—An error in chronology by which events are misplaced in regard to each other.
6—$10,000 a year.
7—The husband of a reigning queen.
8—Lhasa.
9—800 feet.
10—A petty fault.
11—A model after which anything is copied.
12—Turkey and its dominions.
13—Germany.
14—Change of form, structure, or substance.
15—Monarchy.
16—A camel.
17—Edward VII.
18—Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile.
19—Nathan Hale's.
20—Zeus.

A Box of Dahlias

A Short Short Story

By

BOGART ROGERS

who was born in Los Angeles, was educated at Stanford University, and emerged from the war as captain in the Royal Flying Corps. Since then he has written stories and movie publicity and done considerable flying. He lives in California and is a brother of Adela Rogers St. Johns.

(Reading time: 4 min. 45 sec.)

THEY were dahlias—more beautiful than Mary Mallern had ever seen. Jersey Lilies, she thought, with massive damask heads and three-foot stems thick as a child's wrist.

She searched eagerly for a card, but there was none. Little lines of perplexity creased her forehead, then deepened into furrows of apprehension. Only two people could have sent them. They might have been from Joe. He knew she loved dahlias, but Joe was one of that legion of husbands who never send their wives flowers except on their birthdays or Christmas, and this was neither. Despite the fact they came from the Waverly Shop, where Joe always bought his flowers, she was quite convinced they were not from him. She was terribly afraid they were from Tommy Bradley.

Surely Tommy wouldn't be so indiscreet. Just because she had, at luncheon yesterday, mentioned that the florists' windows were gardens of simply glorious dahlias was no reason for him to send an enormous box of them to her at her home. But, then, he was just impulsive enough to do a thing like that without stopping to think of the consequences. If they really were from Tommy she would have to get rid of them—right away—before Joe came home.

On second thought, she couldn't do that, either, because if Joe really had sent them, how could she explain where they had gone?

She went to the phone and called Tommy. He had left his office for the day. She called the florist and waited vainly for an answer. She looked at her watch. Of course! It was too late. His shop was closed. While she was wondering what next to do, Joe arrived.

"'Lo, baby," he said.

She steadied herself, tried not to look guilty, and kissed him rather more affectionately than usual.

"They're glorious, darling." She tried to be gay about it.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

He didn't know what she was talking about.

"What are glorious?" he asked.

That settled it. They were from Tommy Bradley. Well, she had to go through with it.

"The dahlias you sent me. They're simply beautiful."

Joe was distinctly startled. "Dahlias? Did I send you some dahlias?"

"Someone did, and I naturally imagined it was you." She laughed nervously and knew he was regarding her with suspicion. "After all, I can't imagine who else would be sending me dahlias."

"Was there"—he swallowed—"a card on them?"

She said: "No; that's why I thought they were from you."

Joe seemed vastly relieved to hear there was no card. He asked: "Where are they?"

Mary led him to the dining room. They were still in the box on the table. He pawed them over, busily looking for a card—or for evidence that there had been a card, a card which Mary had removed. He was certain there *had* been a card.

"I'll phone the florist," he said with attempted nonchalance.

Mary said: "I just phoned."

Joe paled slightly. "What did he say?"

"I couldn't get any answer."

The color returned to Joe's face. "I'll call him in the morning," he said. "He must have made a mistake."

Mary didn't like that idea at all.

"Don't bother, dear," she said. "I'll take care of it."

If she could only get in touch with Tommy and have him tell the florist to keep his mouth shut! She'd see Tommy later, too, and tell him she was afraid their clandestine luncheons together really weren't the discreet things to do. Tommy was too impulsive, therefore dangerous. This, Mary Mallern was convinced, would be a lesson to her. No more luncheons with young men that Joe didn't know about. No, ma'am. Never again!

JOE didn't argue the point. Too strenuous insistence, he felt, would surely arouse her suspicions. He would sneak out after dinner, call Paul Waverly and tell him to say the flowers had been sent to Mrs. Mallern by mistake. But that card he had written to Virginia Weston—the florist surely must have put it in.

Yes, Mary had the card. She had removed it and was toying with him, waiting to hear him try to lie out of it. Perhaps he had better come clean and attempt to explain Mrs. Weston was merely a client for whom he had recently secured a divorce—which she was. It would be more difficult explaining the saccharine sentiments of the card.

Well, it would be a lesson to him. After all, he was no philanderer. No more flowers to pretty young divorcees. No more flowers to anyone without Mary knowing about it. No, sir! Never again!

They fenced gingerly through dinner and discussed topics other than dahlias. Joe knew Mary would let him sweat a while and then produce the card. Mary wondered what Joe would have to say when he found out, as surely he must, that Tommy Bradley was the donor.

They had just settled down for what promised to be a tense and rather unpleasant evening when the doorbell rang. Mary answered it.

A huge man with a shock of tousled gray hair stepped across the sill and gathered her into his arms in a bear hug.

"Uncle Jimmy!" she exclaimed. "Why, I didn't even know you were in town!"

"You didn't, huh?" he boomed in a thundering voice. "Now who do you suppose but your old Uncle Jimmy would be sendin' you dahlias like those?"

They really had a very pleasant evening after that.

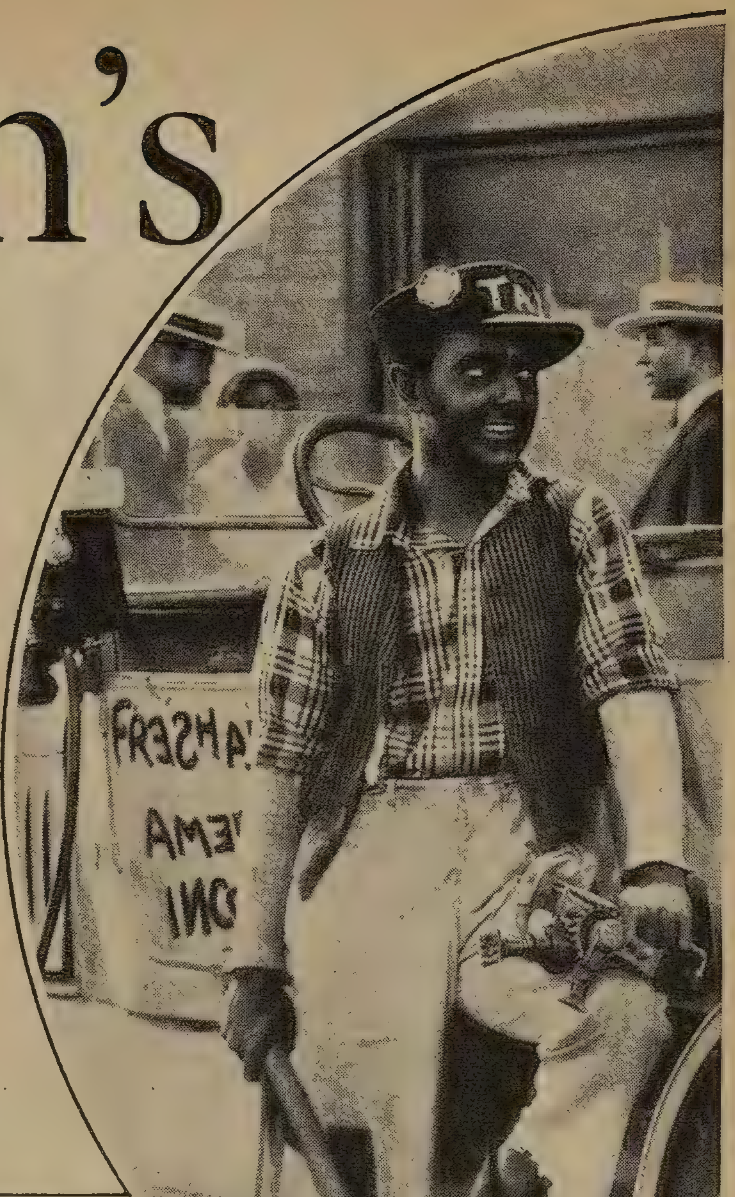
THE END

It's a Man's World—

For This Week Only, with Pictures Devoted Mostly to Messrs. Skinner, Amos, Andy, Chevalier, and Lloyd

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON



(Reading time: 7 minutes 15 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ KISMET

CAST

Hajj	Otis Skinner
Marsinah	Loretta Young
Caliph Abdallah	David Manners
Wazir Mansur	Sidney Blackmer
Zeleekha	Mary Duncan
Jawan	Edmund Breese

Produced by First National.
Directed by John Francis Dillon.

OTIS SKINNER and Kismet are an inseparable combination. When it was decided to film Edward Knoblock's play, no one but Skinner was thought of for the part of Hajj and probably the play never would have been done in the movies if the stage star who made it famous could not have been induced to go to Hollywood to play the part before the camera.

Those who saw Skinner in the rôle of Hajj on the stage will want to see him again on the screen, and those who didn't see him in the original oughtn't to miss seeing him in this Vitaphone production.

It is an interesting and amusing play about a beggar of Bagdad who gets himself out of some very tight corners in the course of twelve hours.

He attempts the life of the Caliph, kills the Wazir Mansur and his old enemy, Jawan, is condemned to torture and death, but escapes to see his daughter marry the Caliph.

Otis Skinner's performance is fine throughout and he is given creditable support by the cast.

Some of the harem scenes are a little overdone, but, on the whole, the production has been well handled.

Two who used to be merely audible are now visible also: Amos 'n' Andy in Check and Double Check.

Some fun in France: Dorothy Christy and Maurice Chevalier in Playboy of Paris.

Frank Albertson and Marjorie White (above), Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick (below) in Just Imagine.

★ ★ ★ CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK

CAST

Amos	Freeman F. Gosden
Andy	Charles J. Correll
Jean Blair	Sue Carol
Richard Williams	Charles Morton
Ralph Crawford	Ralf Harolde
John Blair	Edward Martindel
Mrs. Blair	Irene Rich
Elinor Crawford	Rita La Roy
Kingfish	Russell Powell

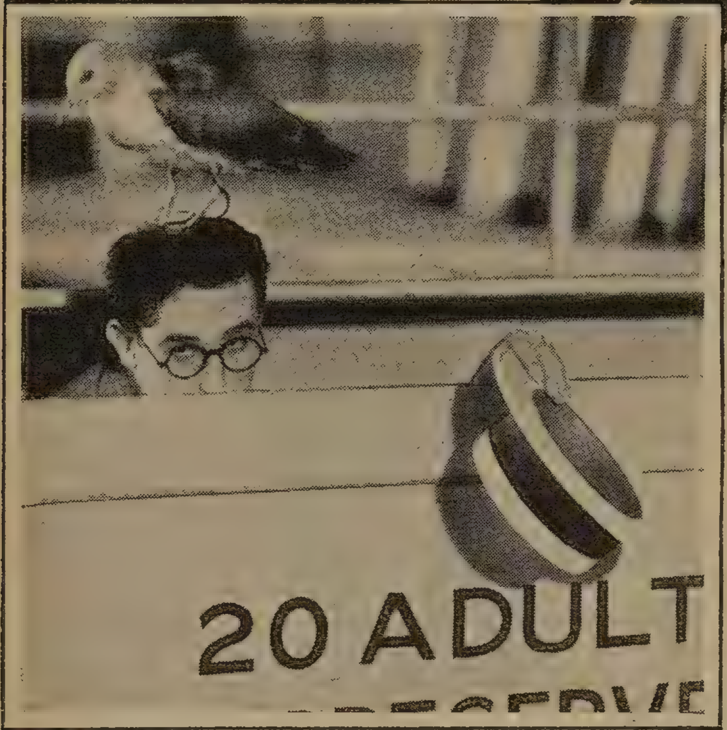
Produced by Radio.
Directed by Melville Brown.

Amos 'n' Andy in pictures will be no disappointment to their millions of radio admirers. They appear in blackface and with their radio dialects.

The greatest fault I could find with the picture is that there is not enough of Amos 'n' Andy in it. Their scenes are tacked on to a story that is nothing better than tripe, and there is much too much of the story and Duke Ellington's band. But the scenes which contain the radio favorites are worth sitting through the rest of the stuff to see.

All of the empty house episode is very well done.

Amos' telephone conversation with Ruby, in which Andrew gets him all messed up, is one of the high lights of the picture.



Yes, it's Harold Lloyd: This time he's in Feet First.

A famous play reaches the screen: Mary Duncan and Otis Skinner in Kismet.

★ ★ ★ PLAYBOY OF PARIS

CAST

Albert	Maurice Chevalier
Yvonne	Frances Dee
Philibert	O. P. Heggie
Paul	Stuart Erwin
Pierre	Eugene Pallette
Mlle. Berengere	Dorothy Christy
Cadeaux	Tyler Brooke

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Ludwig Berger.

The original of this piece was written by Tristan Bernard and was a popular comedy in France for several seasons under the title The Little Café.

Vincent Lawrence, a well known playwright, adapted this play to the screen. It is a good vehicle for Chevalier. He has three songs to sing, but his singing this time is the least part of the entertainment. He plays the part of a waiter who receives a legacy of a million francs after his crafty employer ties him up to a twenty-year contract. He keeps his job, but does his best to lose it.

★ ★ ★ JUST IMAGINE

CAST

LN-18	Maureen O'Sullivan
J-21	John Garrick
Single 0	El Brendel
D-6	Marjorie White
RT-42	Frank Albertson
Z-4	Hobart Bosworth
MT-3	Kenneth Thompson
Boko Loko	Ivan Linow
Booboo Looloo	Joyzelle

Produced by Fox.
Directed by David Butler.

Just imagine being known by a number instead of a name! Just imagine having the government say whether or not you may marry, and whom! Just imagine having to make a flight to Mars and back! De Sylva, Henderson, and Brown, who wrote the story, dialogue, and songs, present such a picture of life in 1980.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

★ ★ FEET FIRST

CAST

Harold Horne	Harold Lloyd
John Tanner	Robert McWade
Mrs. Tanner	Lillianne Leighton
Mary	Barbara Kent
Old Timer	Alec Francis

Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation.
Directed by Clyde Bruckman.

The stunt king of pictures repeats his breath-taking feats of Safety Last in Feet First, when he goes through some human-fly exhibitions on the face of a skyscraper.

Lloyd gives just as thrilling a performance as any he has given, but this picture is not the laugh-getter that some of his others were.

★ ★ DU BARRY, WOMAN OF PASSION

CAST

Jeannette (Madame Du Barry)	Norma Talmadge
The King of France, Louis XV	William Farnum
Cosse de Brissac	Conrad Nagel
Duc de Brissac	Hobart Bosworth
Jean du Barry	Ullrich Haupt
La Gourdan	Allison Skipworth

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Sam Taylor.

Du Barry will neither enhance Norma Talmadge's reputation as an actress, nor will it serve to bring her back to the spot she held with the fans when silence reigned in the Hollywood studios. The beautiful courtesan who became mistress of a degenerate king is not a character to command sympathy, and a part that will appeal strongly to the public's sympathy is what Norma Talmadge stands most in need of now.

Do you know that—

El Brendel, the comedian, is to be starred by Fox in a picture entitled Poor John?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

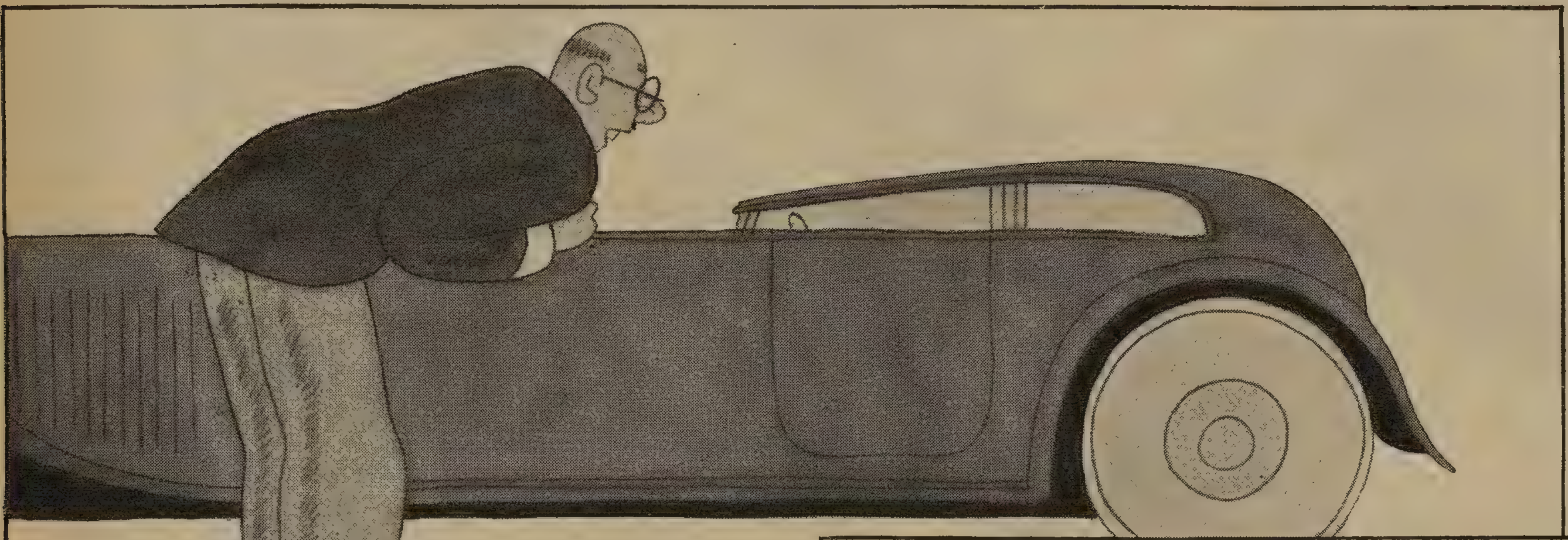
★★★★—The Big Trail, The White Hell of Pitz Palu.

★★★—Murder, Atlantic, Sinners' Holiday, Young Woodley, Once a Gentleman.

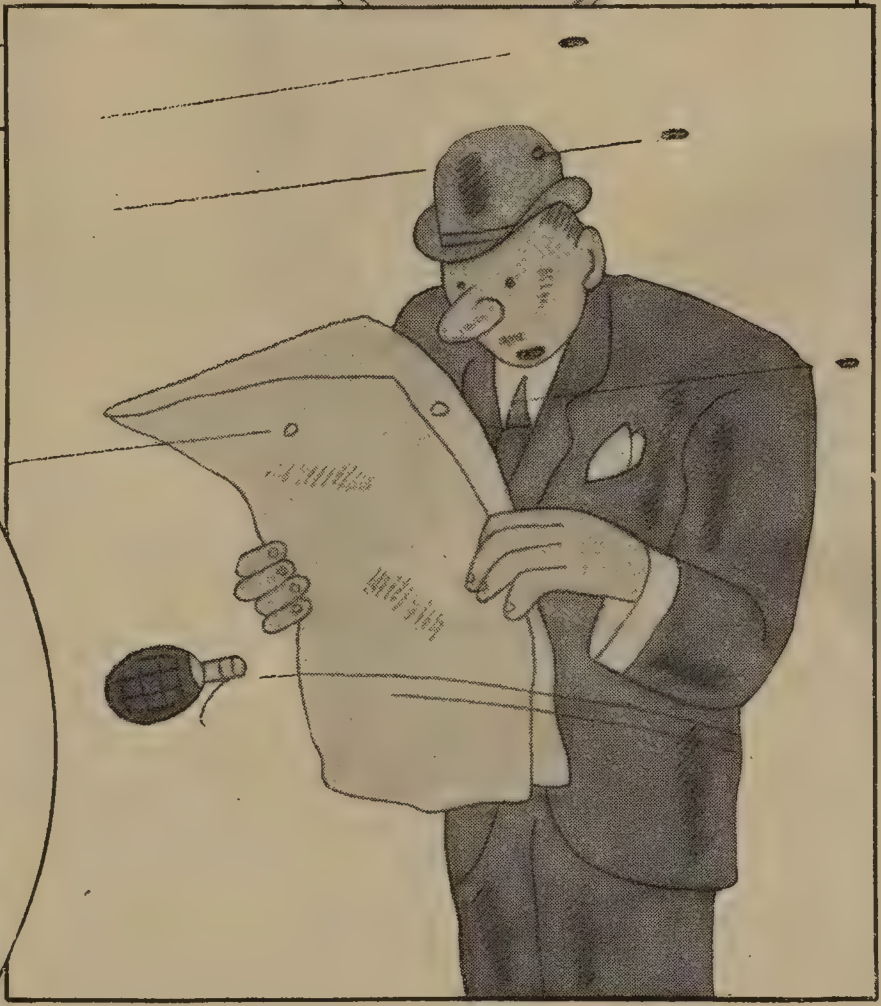
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

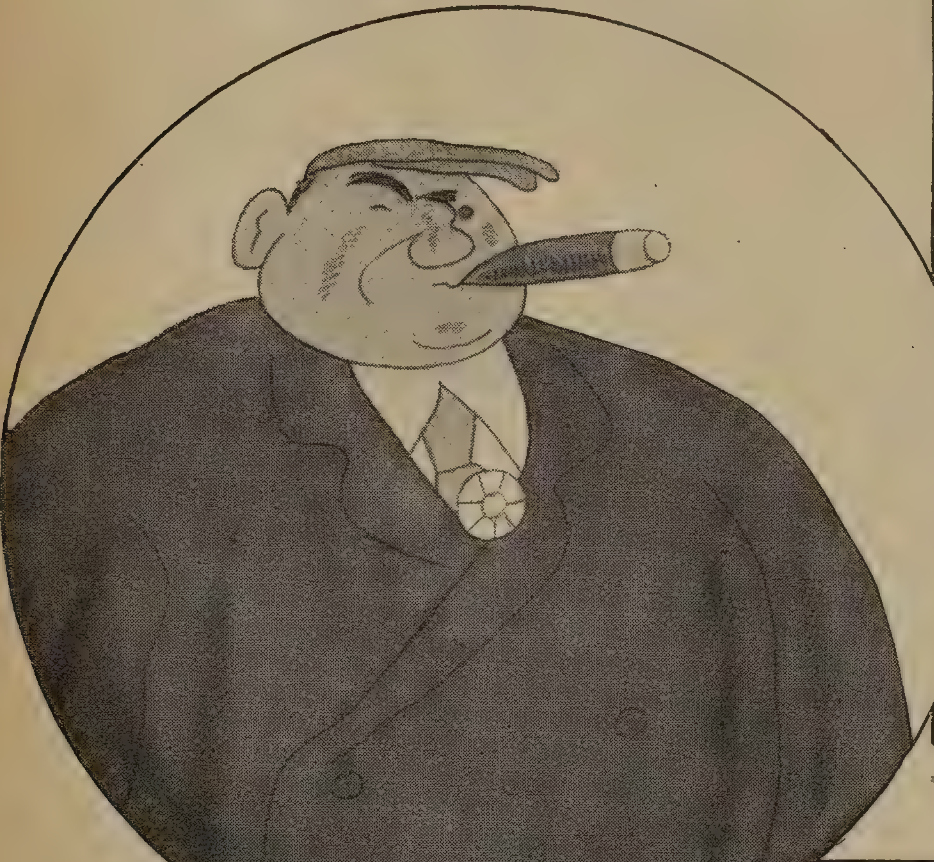
By RALPH BARTON



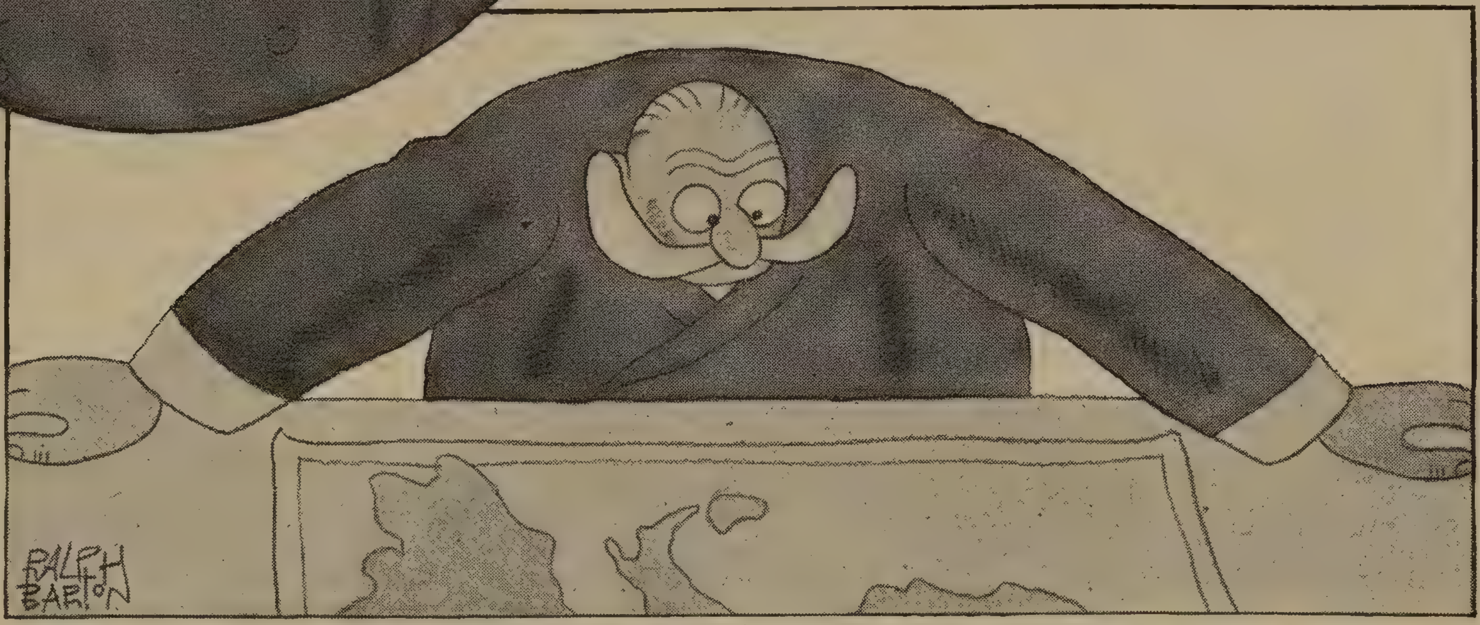
THE VERY LAST WORD in motor cars. Detroit manufacturer produces an automobile that is so low and smart that a human being can't get into it at all.



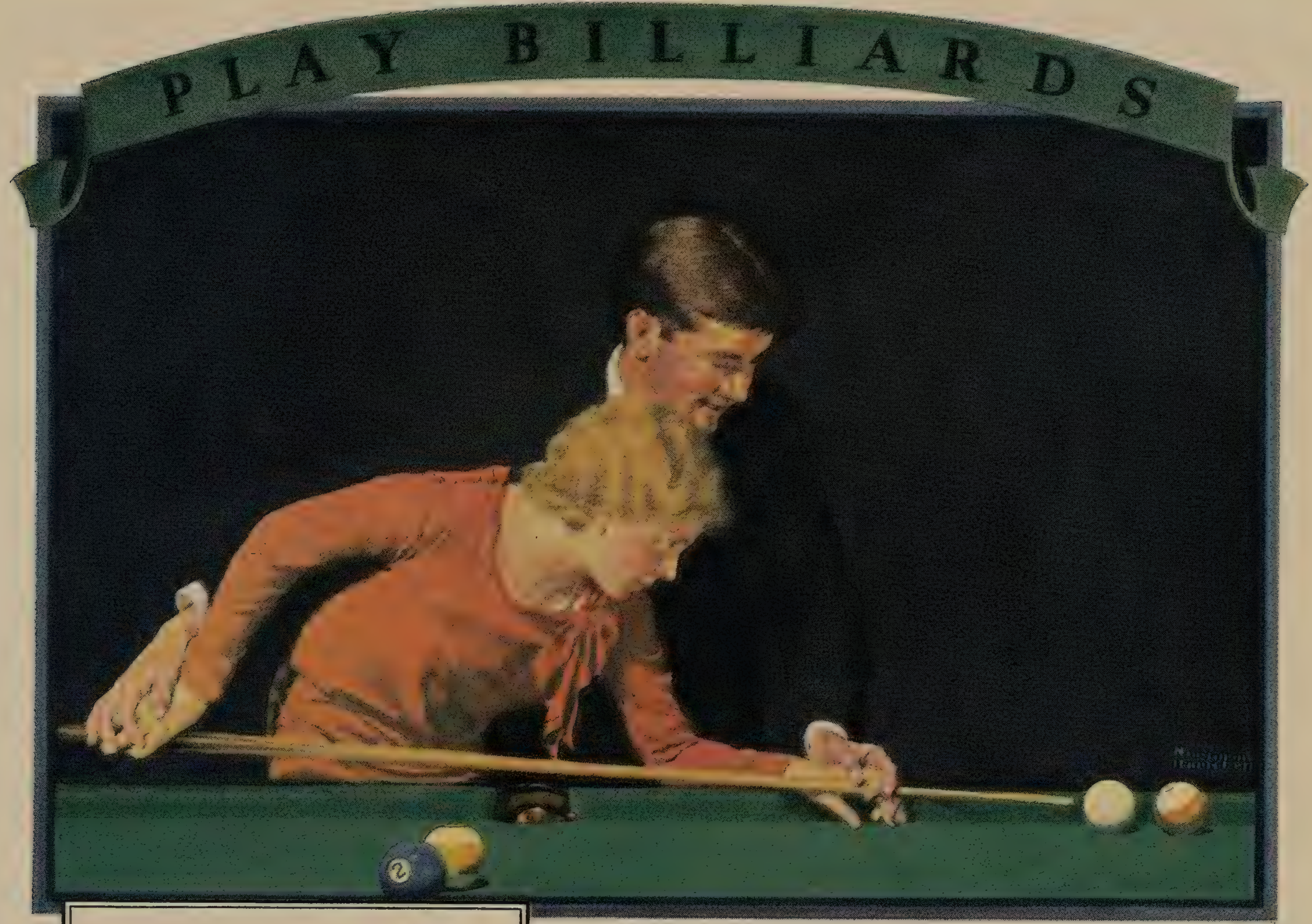
CHICAGOAN READS WITH dismay that Ludendorff predicts another war in 1932.

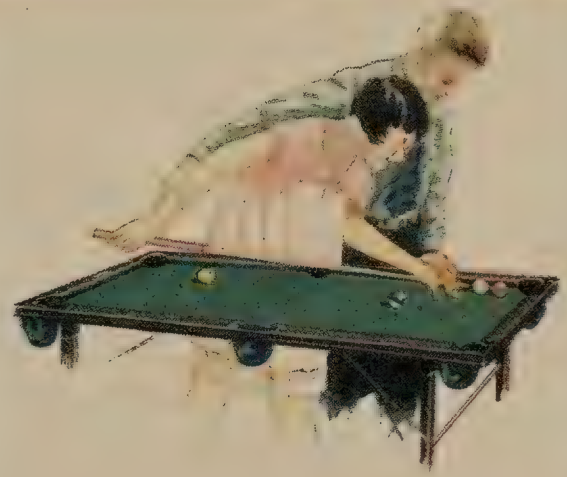


NO ONE LIKES TO ADMIT IT, but the real cause of the depression lies in the fact that all the money in the country has finally got into the hands of the racketeers.



BIG MISTAKE. One of the Master Minds among the post-war map makers finds a country in Europe that is actually self-supporting, prosperous, and happy.





A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters, $7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada) at leading department, hardware, and sporting goods stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Billiards Is Easy to Learn!

Young and old—man and boy—woman and girl—all find billiards thrilling and absorbing from the very beginning of play. It's easy to learn. Be convinced. Pick up a cue—and play *one* game.

Where there's a billiard table there's clean wholesome fun—health-building exercise—and a relationship between families and friends that is a revelation in the spirit of its companionship.

You'll find it quite inexpensive whether you play in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $7.50 up. Each model, regardless of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading department, hardware, and sporting goods stores everywhere.

The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon below for "The Home Magnet"—a booklet of complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables; also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer. There is no obligation implied.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 4D, 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet"—a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name...............................

Address...............................

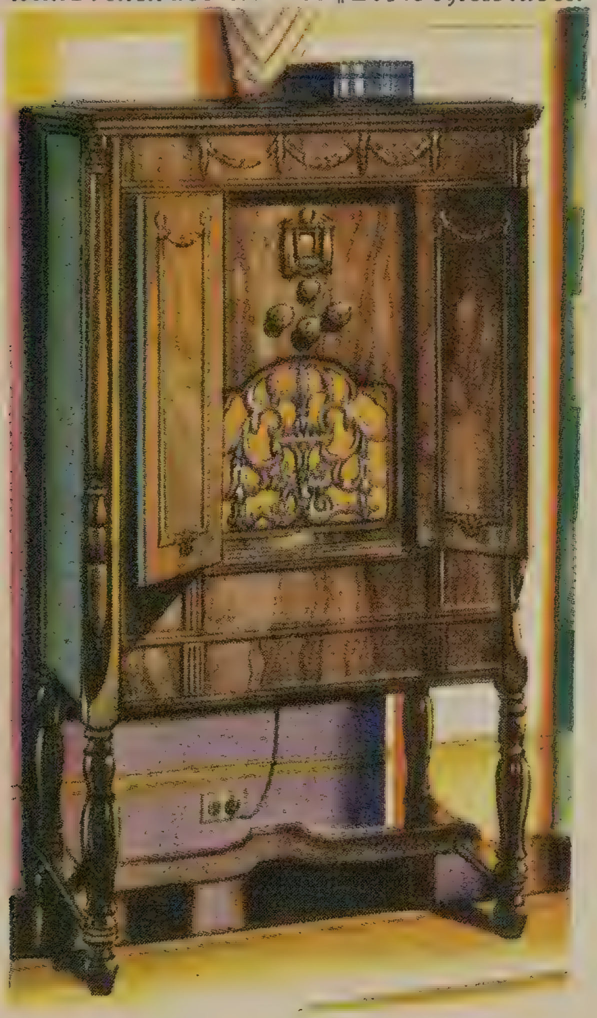
City..................*State*..........

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Toronto.

GATHER ALL THE WEALTH OF THE

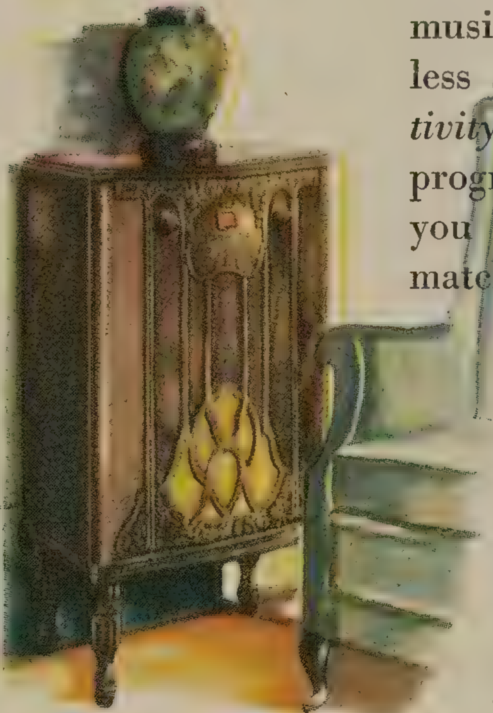
Yuletide
Christmas

THE HIGHBOY—*9-tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne, fitted with local-distant switch and tone control. Remote control available at additional cost. Brown walnut cabinet with French doors.* **Price $179.50,** *less tubes.*



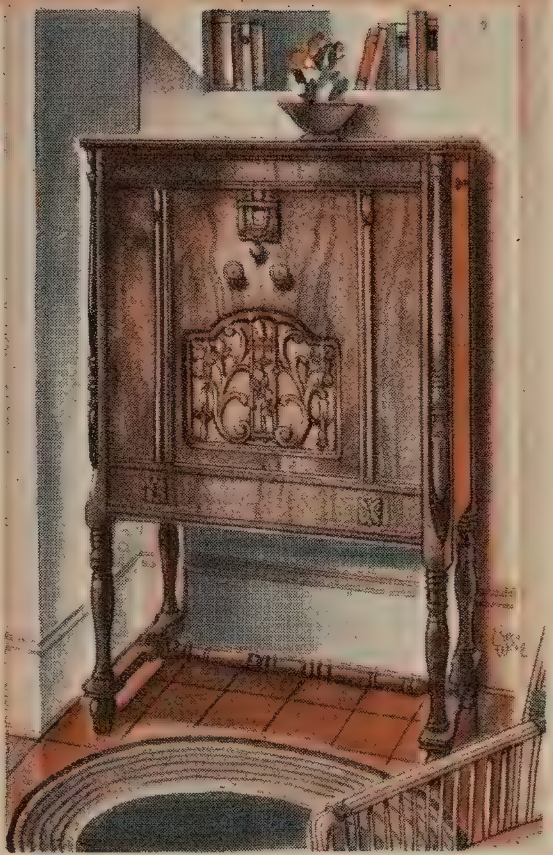
—the time of wonderful music, the familiar beauty of age-old carols, the chiming of great bells, famous choirs singing superb anthems—bring *all* this vast offering of Christmas music into your home with a new realism, a greater richness of musical tone—on a *G-E Full Range Radio.*

Let the *Full Range Sensitivity* reach out and bring you *your choice* of this Christmas music from stations beyond the reach of less sensitive sets. *The Full Range Selectivity* will prevent overlapping between two programs. *The Full Range Tone* will bring you *all* the richness of the music with matchless tone fidelity.



THE STUDIO LOWBOY—*7-tube, Screen-Grid Receiver, 4 tuned circuits, Power Screen-grid detector, push-pull audio, new type dynamic reproducer—compact in size. Handsome curved front cabinet—dimensions 34⅝" x 20½" x 12⅞".* **Price $112.50,** *less tubes.*

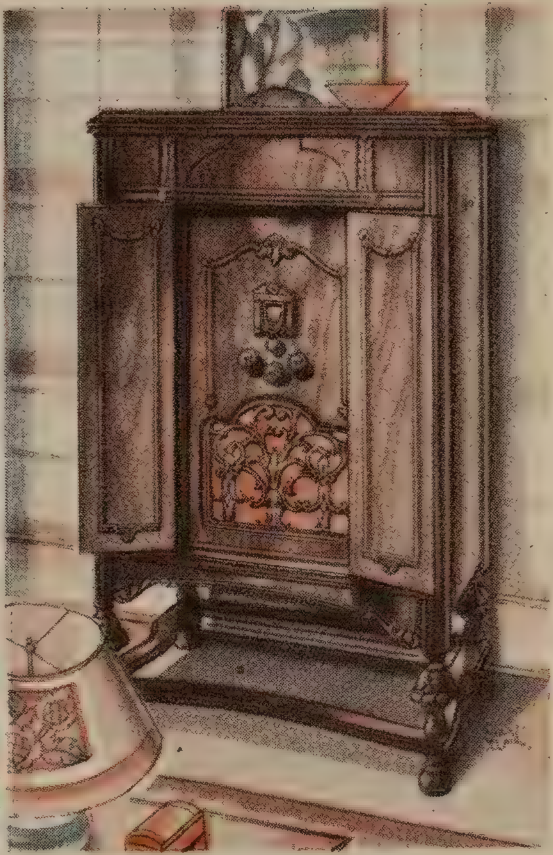
Music



THE LOWBOY—*9-tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne. Fitted with local-distant switch. Remote control available at additional cost. Brown walnut cabinet, satin finished. Early American design.* **Price $142.50,** *less tubes.*

Those whose Christmas Gift to the family or friends takes the form of a General Electric Full Range Radio will be giving a new joy for countless evenings to come. For this modern screen-grid super-heterodyne receiver marks a lasting advance in radio design.

Go to your nearest G-E Radio Dealer today and hear for yourself the wonderful performance of G-E Full Range Radio. Note the rare beauty of the handsome brown walnut cabinets. If you desire further information write Section R—4912A, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.



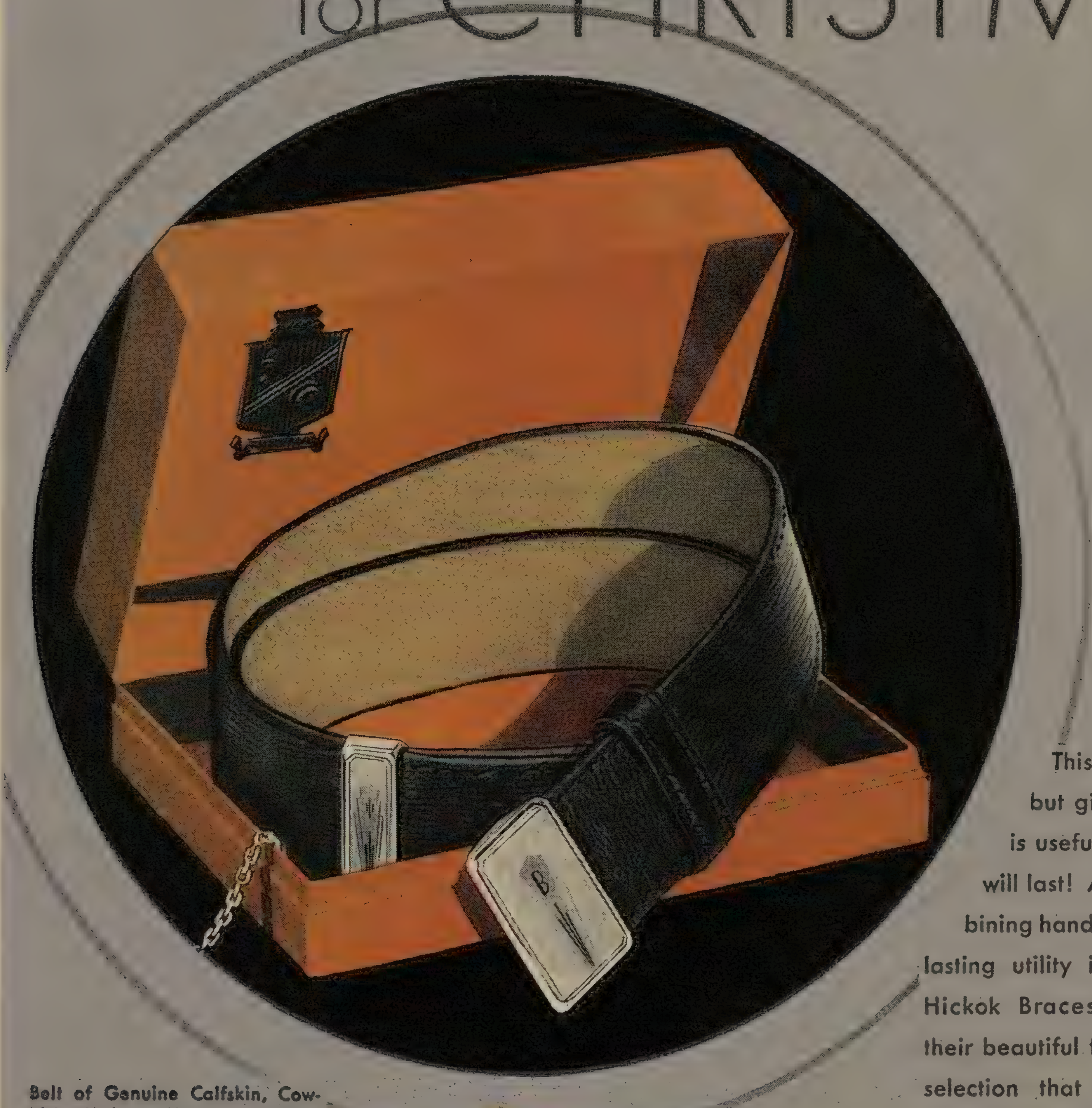
THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—*9-tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne. Local-distant switch, tone control and home recording equipment including attachable microphone, 4 blank records and 2 special needles. Brown walnut cabinet, satin finish.* **Price $285,** *less tubes. Remote control available at additional cost.*

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

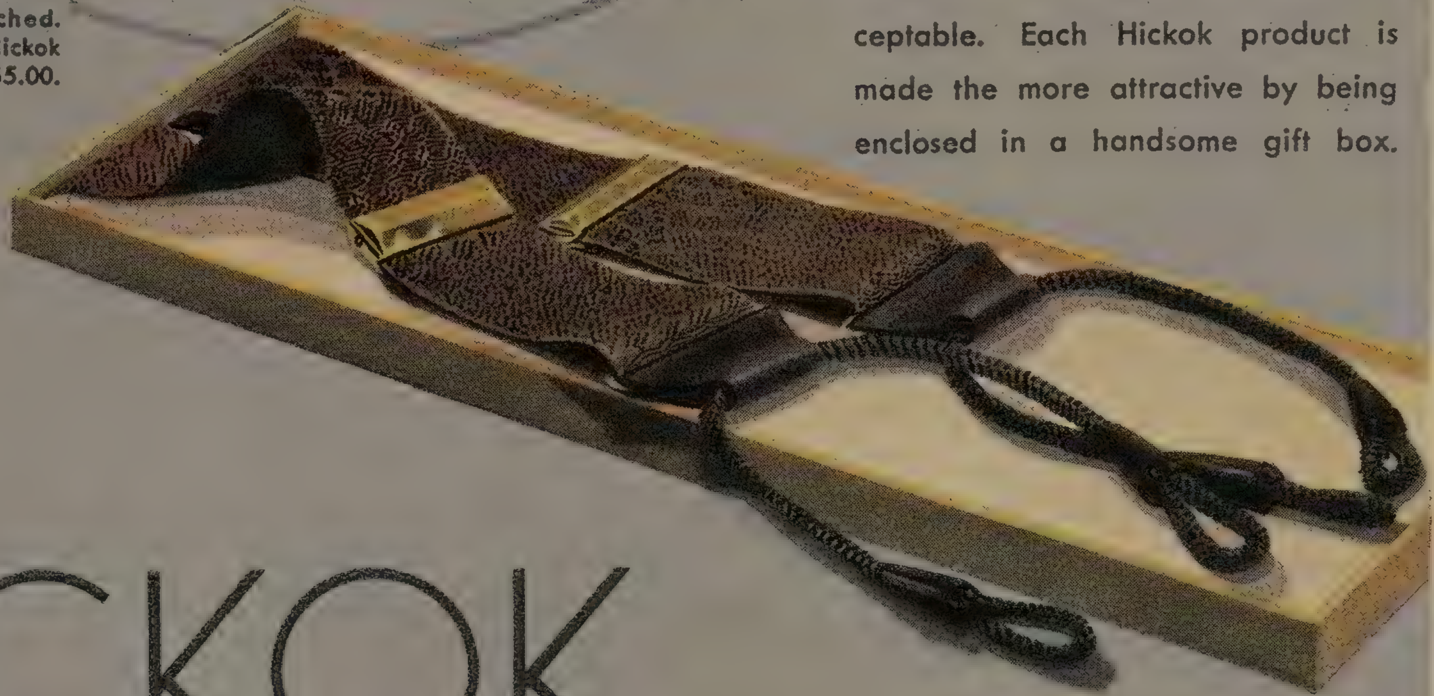
Give STYLE for CHRISTMAS



This year give him style, but give him something that is useful too—something that will last! A Hickok Belt Set, combining handsome appearance with lasting utility is sure to win favor. Hickok Braces and Garters, with their beautiful fabrics, afford another selection that would be most acceptable. Each Hickok product is made the more attractive by being enclosed in a handsome gift box.

Belt of Genuine Calfskin, Cowhide lining. Heavy stitched. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Master Plate. Set complete, $5.00. Belt and Buckle, $3.50

Hickok Braces for Christmas cover a wide range of materials, colors and patterns—all handsome examples of craftsmanship. The braces shown feature the Cambridge Cord Tips—one of the many exclusively Hickok creations.

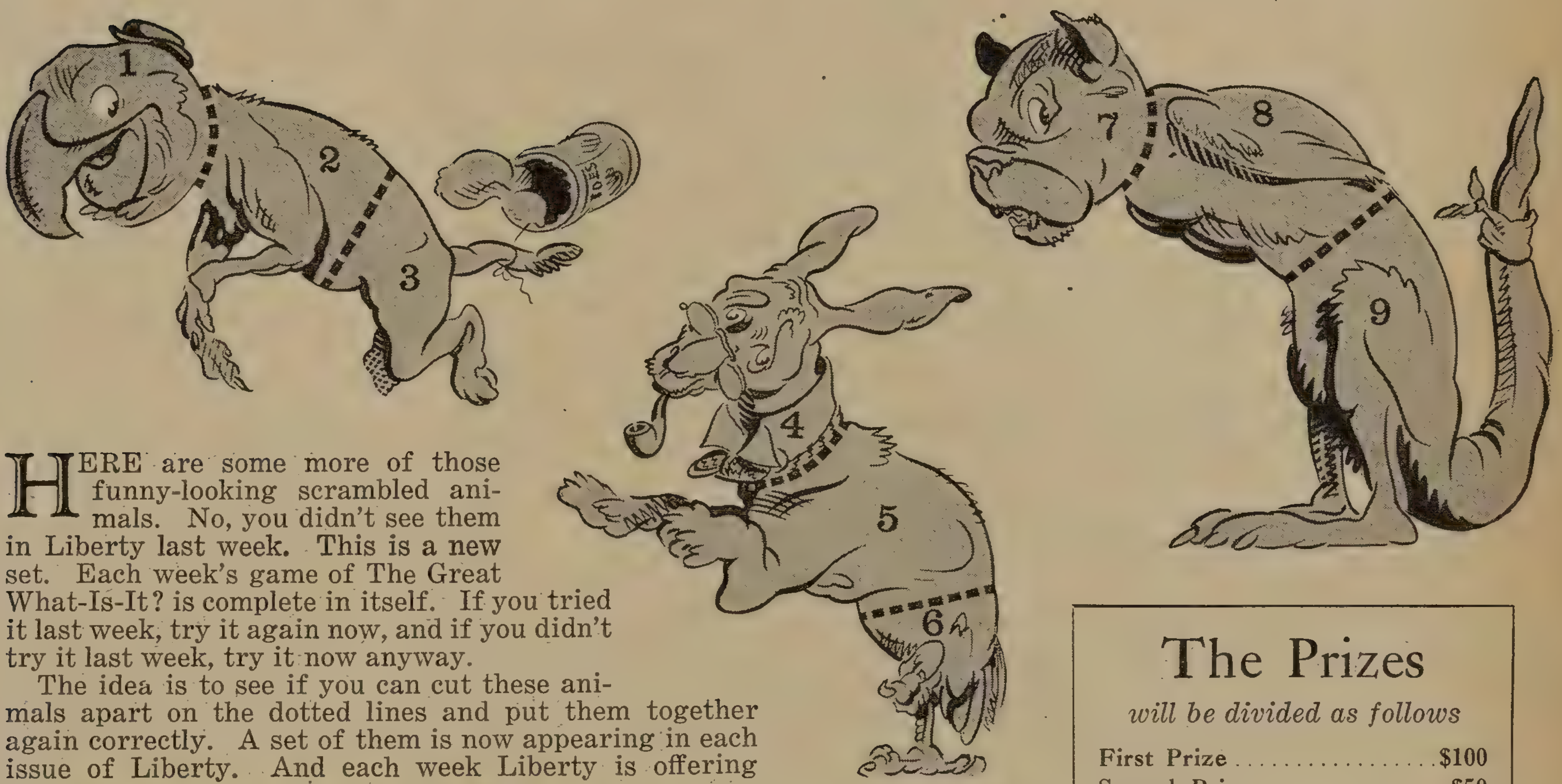


HICKOK

BELTS · BRACES · GARTERS

Well, Folks, How About Another Chance at the Game of

The Great What-is-it?



HERE are some more of those funny-looking scrambled animals. No, you didn't see them in Liberty last week. This is a new set. Each week's game of The Great What-Is-It? is complete in itself. If you tried it last week, try it again now, and if you didn't try it last week, try it now anyway.

The idea is to see if you can cut these animals apart on the dotted lines and put them together again correctly. A set of them is now appearing in each issue of Liberty. And each week Liberty is offering

$500 in Prizes

to those who do three things best—FIRST, cut out the animals and put them together as they should be; SECOND, name them; and, THIRD, write a rhyme of either two or four lines about any one of the animals that appear when the pieces are properly matched.

For instance, if you find a kangaroo among the pieces on this page, you might write:

KANGAROO

This thing's a gloomy kangaroo.
I never saw his like, did you?

No fair using this verse, because we wrote it. You must write one yourself. And you might not find a kangaroo anyway. Or you might. You can't tell. But this is the kind of rhyme we mean. It doesn't need to be serious; the funnier and more clever it is the better your chance for a prize will be.

Now read the rules on this page, get out the old scissors (or, if you prefer, make a tracing of the picture), and see what you can do.

The Prizes

will be divided as follows

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$50
Third Prize	$25
Twenty prizes of $10 each, making	$200
Twenty-five prizes of $5 each, making	$125
Total each week	$500

Entries for this week's prizes must reach us before midnight, December 20. The first announcement of prize winners will be made in Liberty for January 3.

The Rules

Every week until further notice Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures under the title, THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? The pieces of each set, when cut apart and put together correctly, will make a number of animals.

To play the game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? you must do three things—

First, cut the pictures apart on the dotted lines, put the pieces together so that they will make properly formed animals, and paste the animals on a sheet of paper.

Second, write the name of each animal under its picture.

Third, write a rhyme of two or four lines about any one of the animals you have made. The rhyme may be on the same sheet of paper with the picture, or on a separate sheet.

When you have finished, send your pictures and rhyme, with your name and full address, to WHAT-IS-IT, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the pictures which are most neatly and accurately put together and named, and accompanied by the cleverest rhymes, Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes each week, the prizes to be divided as indicated elsewhere on this page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

This game is open to everyone, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and their families. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and their decision will be final. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

Vox

Chance for Some Nice Home Girl

St. Paul, Minn.—At last it's come! I've been waiting a long time for it, and it's come. I mean, a short story in which the heroine is *not* a beauty.

Fred MacIsaac is responsible for it, and its name is "The Unscrupulous Young Lady."

I get so tired of reading magazine stories in which the heroine's nose is perfect, eyes are perfect, teeth are perfect, hair is perfect, arms are perfect, etc., that I sometimes think that, in sheer reaction, I'm likely to fall on my knees and propose to the first outrageously ugly girl I meet.—*Ted.*

All About the Present Educational Bugaboo, and Things

Miami, Ariz.—Congratulations on your editorial, "Is Yale a College or a University?" It hit a spot that is vital to many.

Not being a college or university graduate, perhaps I have peculiar notions. However, the fact remains that many complaints are made relative to colleges and universities loading students with teachings that will not help them to make a living after graduation.

The plaint is old and somewhat stereotyped. It can be summed up as follows: don't load students up with a lot of useless classics; teach them how to better their material condition; give them training that will enable them to make $10,000 a year where their fathers made $3,000; train them for business, for industry; make solid, prosperous citizens out of them and forget all unnecessary "frills."

At present the national thirst isn't for various prohibited liquors but for knowledge—preferably the brand that is predigested and may be inhaled, or absorbed through the pores.

Every kind of educational institution is now crowded to capacity with persons seeking knowledge. Most of the successful men of today received their education from the college of hard knocks and haven't even a diploma from a high school to frame. But, their sons must go through college, even if a private tutor has to push them all the way. The majority of college graduates are not worth ten dollars a week to any business concern. Their greatest handicap is an inflated idea of their own importance.

The present educational bugaboo has made cravens of many brave men. They are fearful of splitting an infinitive; they are obsessed with a fear of eating their salad with the meat fork, or wearing the wrong studs at a formal dinner, or expressing an honest opinion which may not be according to Hoyle, Mah Jongg, or Eliot's five-foot book shelf.

The present educational system is killing all originality, spontaneity, and individuality. It makes small minds smaller, and welds iron bands around superior intellects.

All honor to schools, universities, colleges, and correspondence schools. They are worth just as much as each individual student puts into them. But, they are far—very far—from being the whole red Edam cheese of life, liberty, and the pursuit of competency. —*Ed Labowitch.*

Sometimes We Think We're Too Ambitious

New York, N. Y.—They say stock market prices have not one bottom, but many bottoms. Well, Liberty is like that. It hits a new bottom every week. —*A Man of Discernment.*

Aw, You're Not So Simple

New York, N. Y.—I am only a simple foreigner who landed in this country several months ago. In the Old World I learned English, but when I came here I found that I couldn't speak much American. Slang had me tongue-tied.

But after reading your magazine (which is truly American) I have become as well versed in slang as any spitter on the corners of the Bowery. I can use the words "tight" and "half-shot" and so forth. Am most grateful to Liberty's lessons in the American language. I can even sign—*Greenhorn* —and know what I'm saying.

BUY NOW!

Life Is Just One Thing After Another, Isn't It?

Aberdeen, S. D.—I am like the Cross Word Puzzle Nut from Winnipeg. Why put the answers in the same issue?

Some birds get 'em hot off the news stands Friday, and when a nut like me gets one, and is pondering, some half smart guy comes along and says, "Try so and so." Then I know he has turned to the answer page.—*A Reader and Cross Word Nut.*

He-Men

Maspeth, N. Y.—Your editorial page is all wrong when it says that actors aren't associated in the public mind with the conception of a he-man.

Your choice of actors to back up your editorial is unfortunate. Rogers and Farrell seldom, if ever, present four-square characters.

They, and the Vallee group they belong to, play young men with but one trait: heart interest. The Dream Man high-school adolescents have in their imaginations is perfectly impersonated by these fellows. You are right: they earn their money by painting up and posing.

When you say that you don't think an actor is associated in the public mind with the conception of a big he-man you are overlooking Huston, Powell, Brook, Beery, the late Lon Chaney, Louis Wolheim, Harold Lloyd, and numerous others. Grease-paint covers their faces, but you are never aware of this or any other instrument of their trade because they are artists.—*Ed Degnan.*

Think So?

Marie, Ont., Can.—Ye Vox Pop Ed: Say, I bet if you were to put your picture in the Funny Faces contest, we would surely have a funny face without needing to muss it up.—*Nick A.*

5c Rhapsody

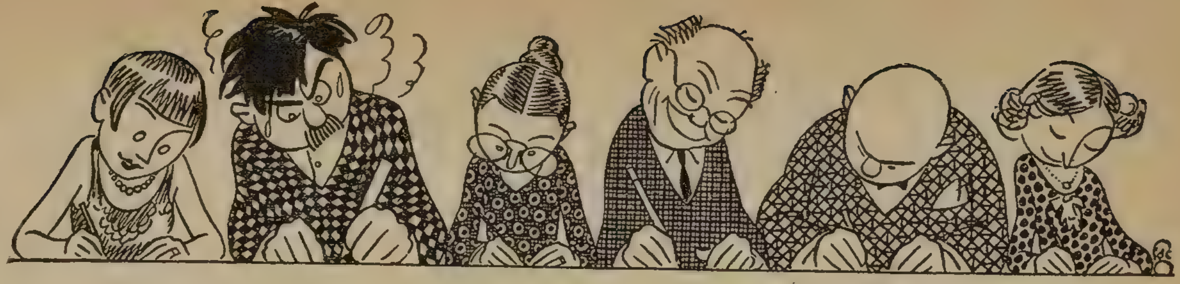
Rutland, Vt.—To me you are an invaluable little mag., Liberty. Your stories are just long enough to read while taking a rest and worth a good many nickels alone.

Then there are your departments, worth some more nickels, and the fun I get from spoiling the good-looking faces on the Funny Faces page—nickels can't buy it!

Then there is still something left of the little paper that is not of so much interest to me, but to others. And the sweet smile the little Liberty boy salesman gives me when I give him his nickel is worth another dollar. What more can I ask for five cents?—*Millie.*

MAIN ST
Liberty
Liberty

Pop



A Vote Against Prattlings

SOUTH BEND, IND. — "Episode in Paris," by John Monk Saunders, is my idea of an exceptionally excellent story. It's written like no other story I've ever read. It has about it such a personal air that I can actually hear the characters talk. It's a helluva good yarn.

May I compliment Mr. Saunders on his excellent style, his subtle humor, and his modernism? May I compliment Liberty for offering such a story? Far better, in my opinion, than the common or garden variety of prattlings that have a habit of taking up much space in Liberty.—*G. X.*

Don't Stop There, E. P.—What's the Other Commandment?

RED WING, MINN.—You can't please everybody all the time.

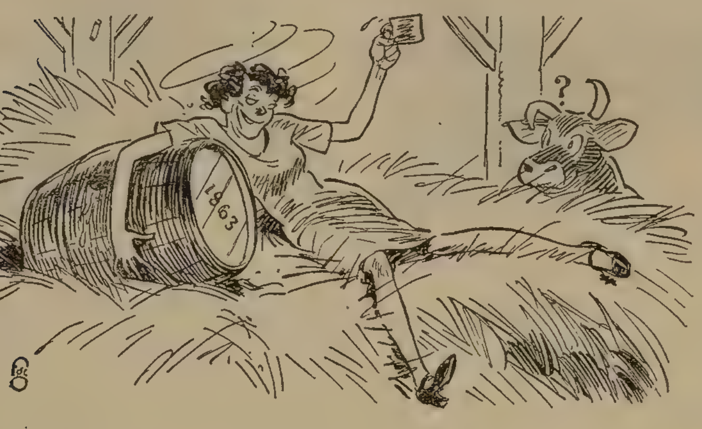
I was beginning to believe your "mag" couldn't please me any of the time. But the several articles of that marvelous word-painter, Floyd Gibbons—the Headline Hunter—have been worth more to me than all my nickels that Liberty ever got.

Behind that Irish thatch with the shade pulled down over one window—as I saw him last in Aberdeen (S. D.) during the later hectic war days—lies the punch, pep, and penetration that few journalists ever achieve.

Let's have lots of Floyd Gibbons and I'll forgive Liberty its fracture of nine of the ten commandments of magazine building.—*E. P. Neil.*

Foolish Question. But Why Do You Think Men Won't Marry You in the Vox Pop Dept.?

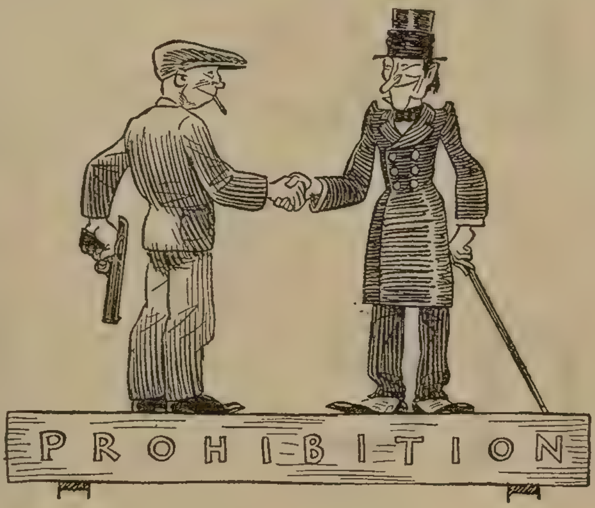
EL DORADO, ARK.—I'm afraid to send this to the Problems of Conduct Department because men have been known to marry girls for less than this. What would you do if—



While prowling around in an old plantation barn hunting a place to park your half pint of Christmas cheer, you stumbled upon a barrel of real Bourbon that had been hiding from the Yankees since the Civil War? Would you try to use it all at one sitting, or do the lawful thing—turn it in at the sheriff's office?—*An Arkansas Spinster.*

Strange Indeed

TRENTON, N. J.—Keep up your anti-prohibition stand, Liberty! When are the American people going to wake up to the fact that beer is better than home brew, that licensed distilled whisky is better than moonshine?



Prohibition was put over at the wrong time.

Boys of the A. E. F., who waded through mud and hell in France, returned home only to find they had been sold down the river.

Has the filthy Eighteenth Amendment helped the country? No. Has it taken beer and whisky from the lips of the manhood of the nation? It has. But those same lips drink the vilest stuff low-minded bootleggers can make or buy.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Yet, ministers, speakeasy proprietors, gangsters, and prohibitionists stand as one to keep it a law.

The longer we wait, the harder it will be to correct the mistake. The younger generation is fast acquiring a taste for the rotten fertilizer sold in cellars, abandoned grocery stores, and night clubs. A good glass of beer would taste like water to them.

Children are taught in schools to honor the name of George Washington. He drank whisky.

Yet, if a pint of the same brand he kept in his drawing-room is found in our homes, the government, which he founded, can put a padlock on our front door.

Strange!—*Dale Roberts.*

Probably, Unless We Accept One of Yours

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'm an uncomplaining kind of a guy, and don't demand much.

All I want, before I die, is to see one, just one, really good short story in Liberty. But I'll probably die unsatisfied. —*Wistful Reader.*

We Often Sit and Wonder

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In your "Nose Out of Joint" issue dated November 15, 1930, I notice that you have eleven features all combining to give the reader of that special edition of Liberty a reading power of forty-two minutes to each cent invested. Of course I am just taking this special Liberty as an average one.

Therefore, what in Yale are all those Vox Poppers kicking about?—*Albert Greenberg.*

For Mr. Thrasher

SIOUX CITY, IA.—In spite of all the criticisms and all the rot you receive against some of Leslie Thrasher's pictures, we'll have to give him credit for being able to picture human nature.

His picture entitled "Nose Out of Joint," in the November 15, 1930, issue, was certainly a "true to life" picture. Honestly, I almost cried with Ulysses when I saw that expression.

We've all been the same way, I guess.—*L. R. B.*

Letter Calculated to Please Very Much All the Married Women Who Are Working

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Your editorials are appealing. They strike the note of common sense without the dramatic effect.

I sincerely believe you can turn them with all force on the present unemployment situation and do untold good.

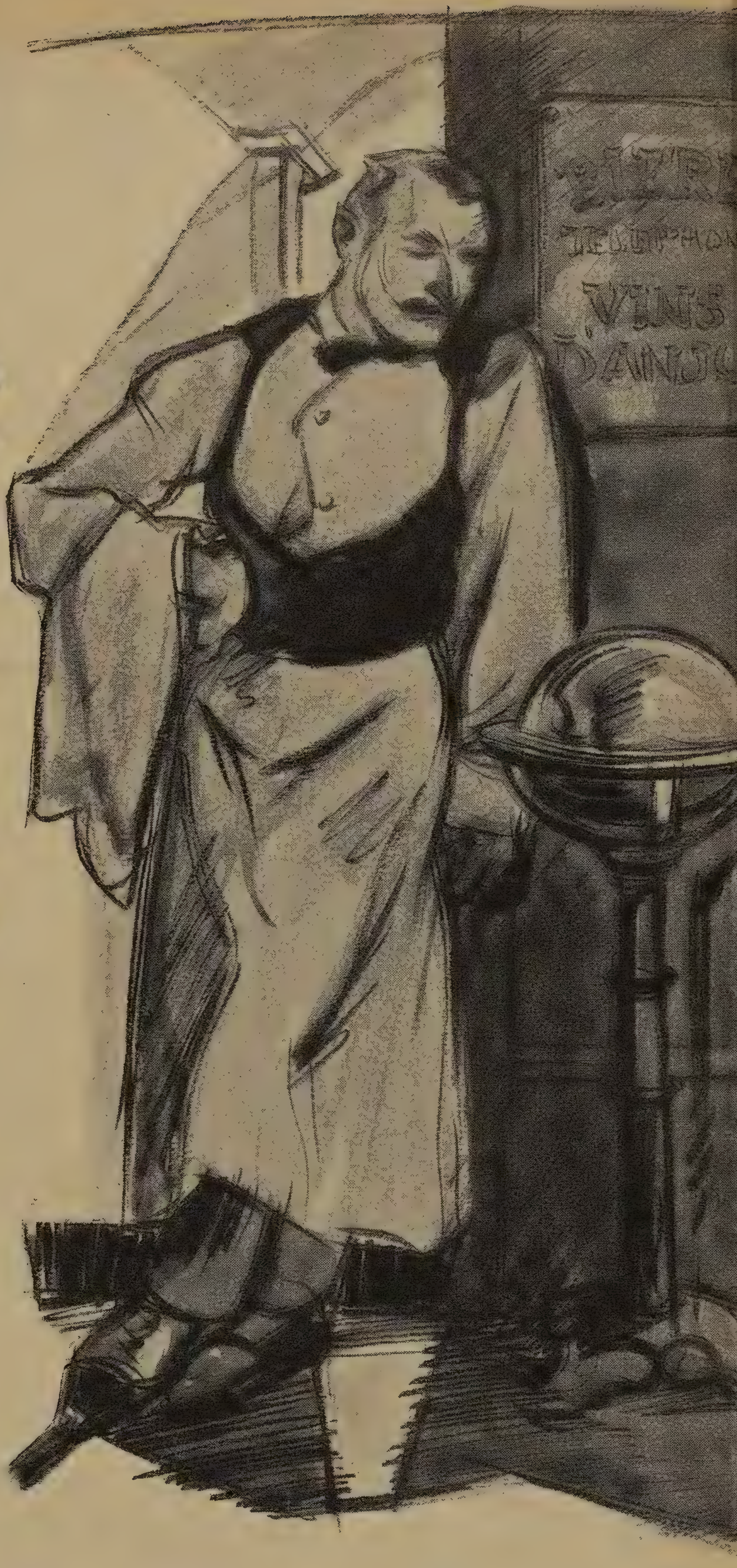
Let's just suppose that all the married women who are working were taken off the pay rolls to make room for men with families who are out of employment. Or let's suppose that part of these jobs were given to widows who were forced to work for a living or young girls who had younger brothers and sisters and mothers to support.

This alone would solve the unemployment problem if it were consistently adhered to.

Where a young couple are working and both making good wages, part of said wages as a rule go into the bank for a future home, auto, or what not. This is commendable in times of plenty, but disastrous in the present crisis.

This possibly could not be worked out by legislation, but could be brought to the attention of employers so forcibly that the public in general would almost demand such a step; corporations would fall into line for their own good. If this plan were adopted it would automatically make fewer divorces and happier homes. It might mean fewer marriages, but women who prefer work to marriage are better off unmarried, hence it would be a good thing all around.—*R. H. Wheeler.*

The Episode of the Little Stone Hearts



Another Story of NIKKI and Her WAR BIRDS

By

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

(Reading time: 30 minutes 29 seconds.)

FOUR men and Nikki and Paris. They ranged themselves along the Carlton bar on high stools and drank cocktails while they ate olives and potato chips, anchovies and cheese straws.

"Tell me," Nikki said, "tell me what you are really thinking of doing this afternoon, because I'd like to get a water wave . . ."

"Well," said Shep Lambert, "here's the idea. Bill Talbot and Francis and I are going over to the Cluny and play billiards and drink beer. You've no idea what fun that is on a rainy afternoon. How about coming along?"

"What about Cary Lockwood? Is Cary going, too?"

"Cary here has a funny notion," Shep said. "He wants to go to Père Lachaise."

"What's that?"

"That's a *cimetière*," Shep said. "Do you know what is a *cimetière*?"

"Cemetery?" Nikki hazarded.

"Right. But can you imagine a chap spending Saturday afternoon in a cemetery?"

"Must be something," Nikki speculated.

"Well," said Shep, "we sort of figgered to take you along with us."

"No," said Nikki firmly, "I'm going with Cary."

. . . . .

"Père Lachaise," Cary told the cab driver.

"Père Lachaise," he repeated, "*Cimetière? Oui.*"

"Is it very far out?" Nikki inquired as she got into the car.

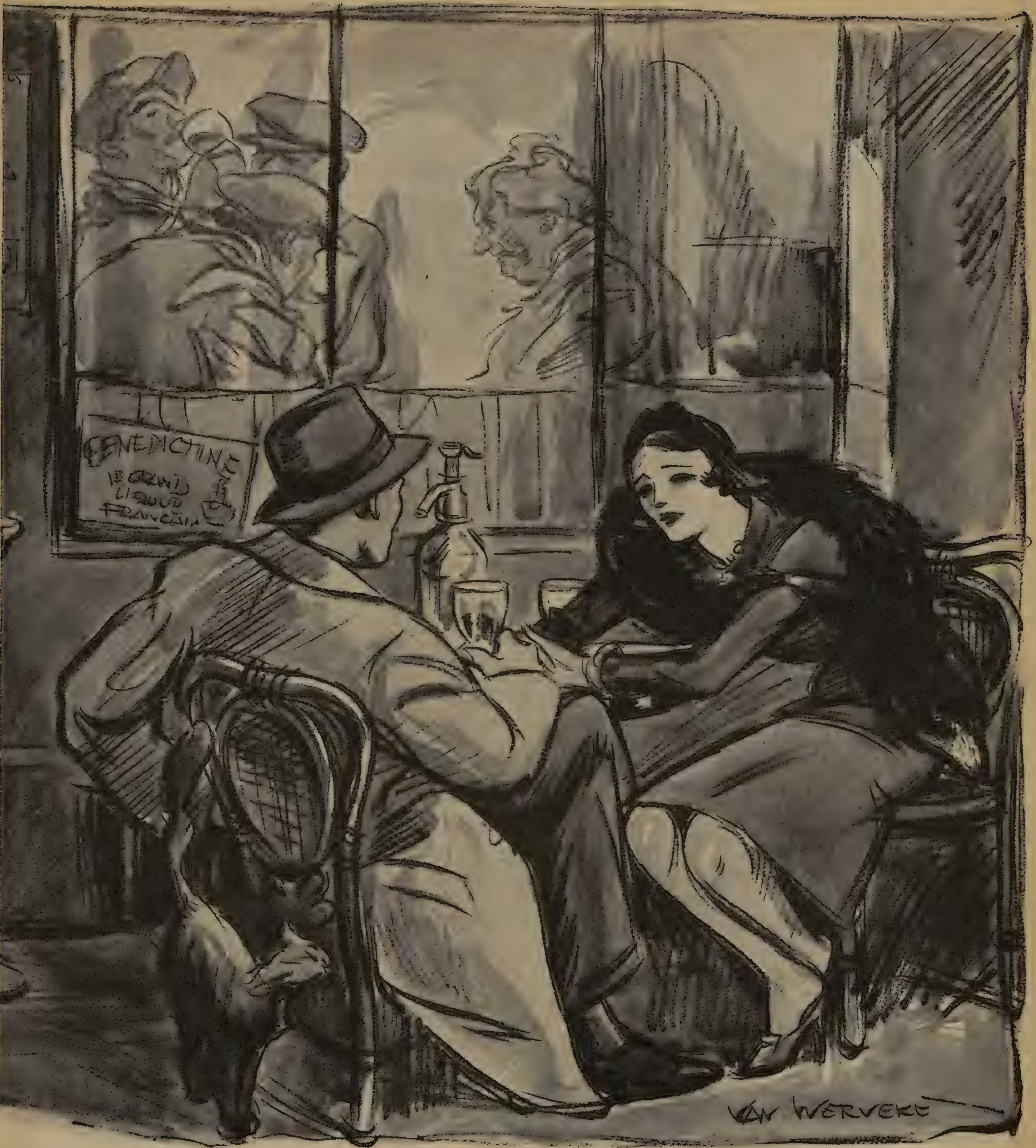
"Twentieth Arrondissement," Cary said.

"Do you mind my coming along?"

"A pleasure."

A slight drizzle began to settle on the streets.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!



"Didn't you ever weep?" Cary looked at Nikki thoughtfully. "Yes," he said, "I cried once."

"If it rains do we go in anyway?" Nikki inquired.

"I think so," Cary said. He was looking at her little red shoes with the high, pointed heels. "Can you walk in those shoes?"

"Do we have to walk far?"

"Well—an hour or so."

"I think I can manage it."

The cab swung past the Obélisque in the Place de la Concorde, turned left into the Rue Royale and right again along the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

"Tell me," Nikki said, "have you got any particular reason for going where you are going this afternoon?"

"Nothing very particular. There's something by Epstein I wanted to look at."

They passed the Madeleine and entered the Boulevard des Capucines.

"Are the others really going to the Cluny?" Nikki asked.

"I think so."

"I wonder if they'll make it."

"Probably not."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EPISODE OF THE LITTLE STONE HEARTS

Continued from page forty-nine

Nikki was beginning to wonder if it made any difference, anyway. She had never known anyone before to whom nothing really mattered.

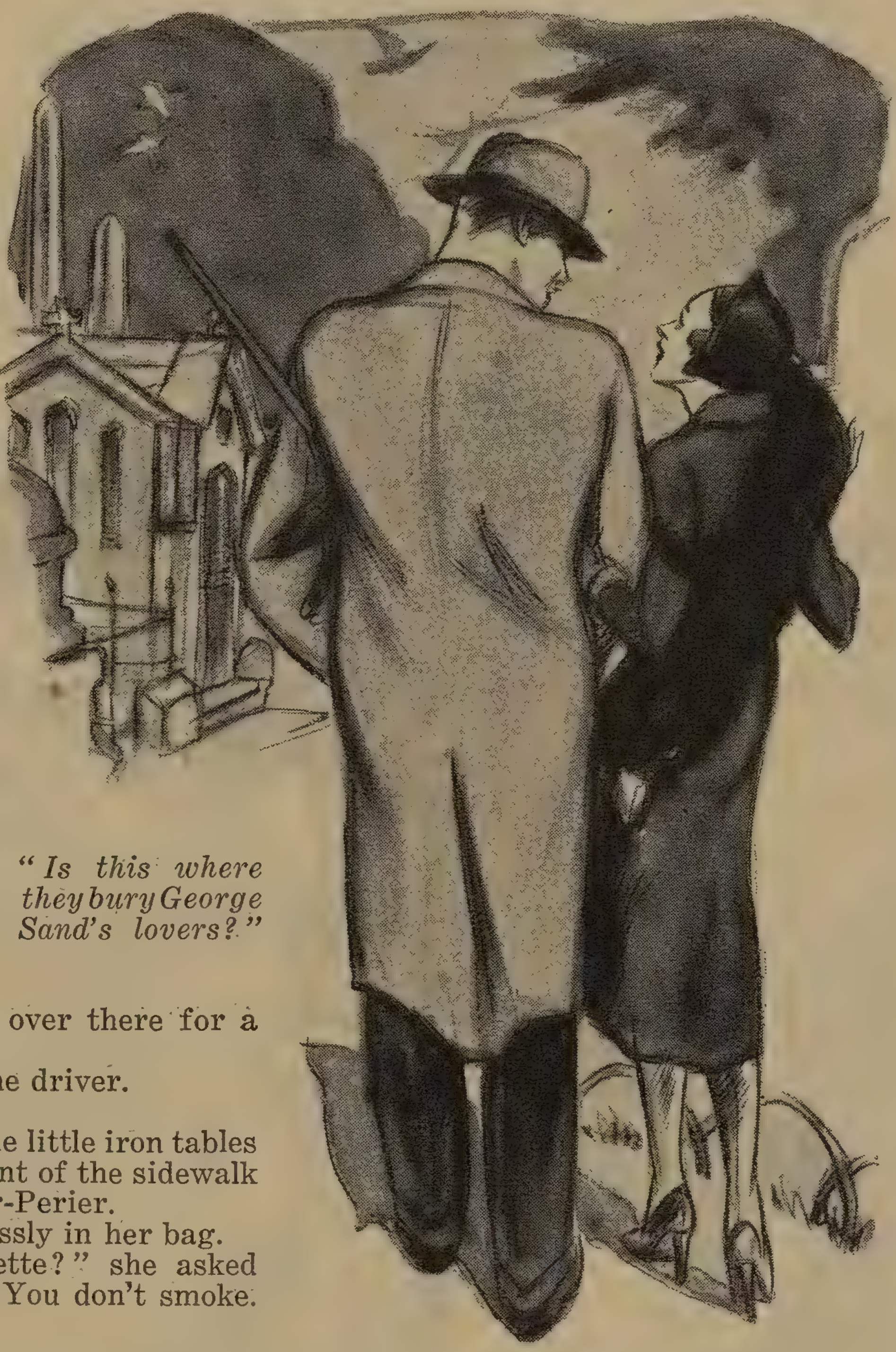
"How old were you when you went into the war?" Nikki asked a little timidly.

"I'm twenty-five, if that's what you want to know."

What was it that Cary and Shep and Bill and Johnny and The Washout were like? Nikki had come upon an expression in her mind one night when she was thinking about them. What was it, now? Spent bullets. That was it. They were like spent bullets. Shaped for war and hurled at the enemy. They had described a beautiful, high, arching trajectory. Now they were fallen back to the earth. Spent. Cooled off. Brittle.

It was still drizzling when they got down from the cab at the gate of the cemetery.

BUY NOW!



"Is this where they bury George Sand's lovers?"

Nikki sniffed the air and looked up into the sky.

"I think it'll let up in a minute."

"Do you think so? Do you want to sit in the cab?"

Nikki was looking at a little sidewalk café on the left. "Could we sit down over there for a minute?"

"*Restez ici*," Cary told the driver.

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

They sat down at one of the little iron tables under the awning in the front of the sidewalk café on the Avenue Casimir-Perier.

Nikki was groping hopelessly in her bag.

"Have you got a cigarette?" she asked Cary. "Oh, that's right! You don't smoke. Why don't you smoke?"

"Do I have to say?"

"Yes, you have to say. You have to say why you don't smoke."

"Well," said Cary, "I think it has something to do with the chemistry of the blood. My blood accepts alcohol, but refuses nicotine."

"HOW do you mean refuses?" Nikki was still searching for her cigarettes.

"Well, I get a reaction."

"Spots dancing before the eyes? Hot and cold flashes? Sensations of falling? Strange noises at night?"

"I'm sorry," said Cary; "all I meant is a dull mouth in the morning and a broken complexion."

Nikki looked at Cary's clear pale complexion.

"I can't imagine anything ever being wrong with your skin."

Cary leaned back in his chair and rapped on the window with a coin.

A waiter came out of the doorway of the café and stood beside their table.

"Ask him for some cigarettes, too."

"I'm afraid they'll be pretty bad. What do you think you'd like to drink?"

"You order for me and remember about the cigarettes."

"*Deux amer picons*," Cary told the waiter, "*et de cigarettes.*"

The waiter shrugged his shoulders and said he only had French cigarettes.

"Can you smoke French cigarettes?"

"I don't know," said Nikki. "I've never tried."

"Bring the best cigarettes you have," Cary told the waiter in French.

"So you don't smoke," Nikki mused.

"Don't give me any credit," Cary begged. "I have nothing to do with it."

"I'm not so sure."

"Listen," said Cary. "There was a Rhodes scholar from the middle west at my college at Oxford. He was a minister's son and he was reading theology and he had a slight impediment in his speech. I was with him the first time he ever drank whisky. I can remember how his face lighted up at the taste. He had kind of homely blunt features, and he began to smile. He lost his stammer after a few double Scotches. I never saw him sober again. He was tight for a year."

"WHAT happened to him?"

"He was sent down."

"Because he was tight?"

"No. You never get sent down from Oxford for being tight. He pushed the dean's wheel chair into a bonfire one night. But the point is," Cary said, "the point is that he was a natural drunk. There was no escape for him once he had taken his first drink. He had nothing to do with it. He knew right away that all his happiness was going to come out of a bottle. And unhappiness."

The drinks came and Cary siphoned water into their glasses.

"This is refreshing," Nikki said, as she tried it. "Did you ask the boy for some matches?"

Cary stepped inside and came back with some matches. He lit Nikki's cigarette for her and she made a face.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," Cary said.

"Cary," Nikki said, "why doesn't Shepard Lambert go home?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Well, it seems a pity just to go on drinking like that. He's such a sweet soul."

"One of the best," Cary agreed.

"Isn't he just sort of wasting himself?"

"Oh, no," Cary assured her. "He's doing the right thing."

Nikki looked at Cary in surprise.

"You mean you don't think it's a little—a little

The People in the Story

SHEPARD LAMBERT, known as Shep, ringleader of a group of American flyers left stranded in Paris after the Armistice,

BILL BRONKO TALBOT, all-American half back,

CARY LOCKWOOD, Rhodes scholar at Oxford,

FRANCIS, otherwise The Washout, who is always falling asleep in the daytime,

And—

NIKKI, an American girl, who, by chance, has found her way into the war birds' strange disordered lives.

foolish for him to go on the way he is?"

"No," said Cary. "I think he's a wise lad to understand about himself."

"You mean you think he's hopeless?"

"It would be hopeless for him to go home."

"On account of his people, you mean?"

"On account of everything."

"I see," said Nikki, not quite convinced.

"Look," said Cary. "You may not know it, but Shep is terribly sensitive about the nervous tic under his left eye. He doesn't want to go home."

"Doesn't anybody know about it at home?"

"No. You see, he was all right when he went away."

"But surely—"

"And then someone might be sorry for him. He'd never stand that. You see, over here it doesn't matter. No one pays any attention."

"But isn't there some kind of treatment or something?"

"I suppose so. But Shep could never sustain a course of treatment. Side-cars is the best corrective so far as he's concerned. The tic doesn't work when he's tight, so he stays tight."

"It seems a shame," Nikki said. "He does drink so desperately. How did he get the tic?"

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

"In the war," Cary said.

NIKKI knew she was getting into tender territory. "I know," she said. "But—"

"Well, it's not very romantic."

"Don't tell me if you think you oughtn't."

"Well, as you probably know, a tic is a nervous habit."

"Yes."

"Lice under his bandages."

"Oh," said Nikki.

"He nearly lost his mind. So you must excuse him a little."

"Oh, I adore Shep," Nikki protested passionately. "Did you two fly together?"

"Yes," said Cary, "he was my rear gunner."

"Oh," said Nikki. She thought a minute. She remembered Shep's words when he had explained Cary Lockwood's burned hands. *He was trying to bring his gunner down alive.*

"So *Shep* was the one you saved!" she exclaimed.

"I didn't save him much," Cary said briefly. "We crashed."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Nikki. "I'm so sorry for Shep."

"Don't let him think so. He's had a pretty thin time."

"No, I won't," Nikki said.

Wasn't it strange, Nikki thought, the instinct they had to protect each other's feelings.

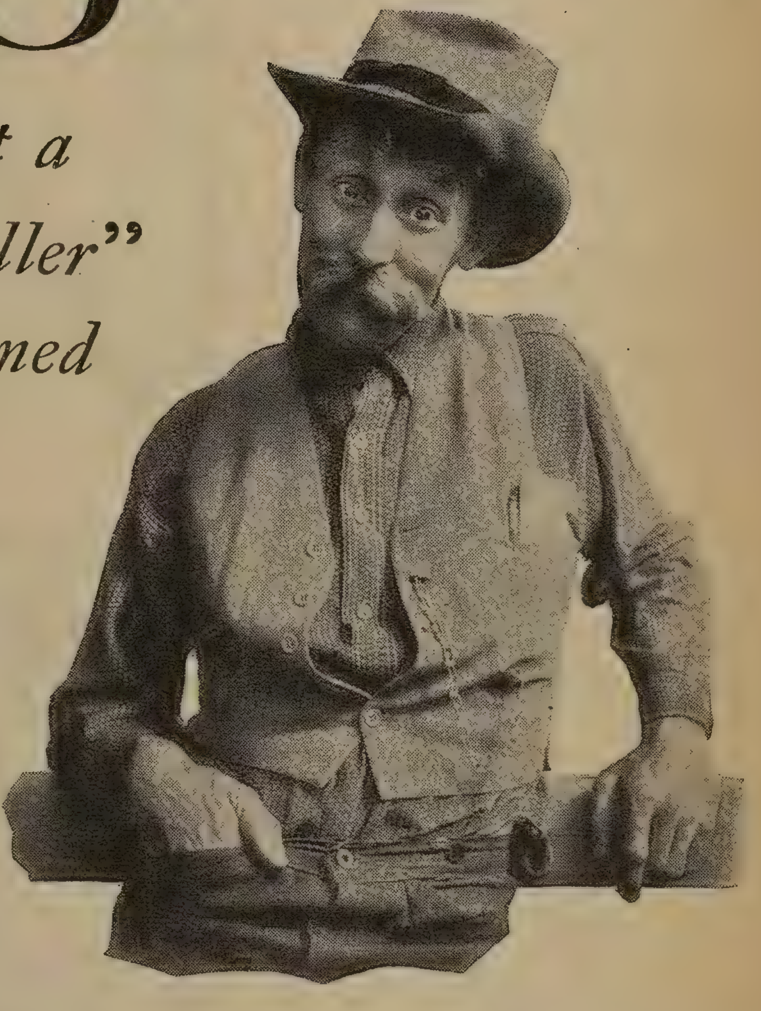
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Chic" Sale—

Continuing a NEW SERIES by the Famous Author of "THE SPECIALIST" and "I'LL TELL YOU WHY"

The Specialist

tells about a "Stingy Feller" Who Loosened Up



GENTLEMEN, if there ever was a stingy feller it was Ira Jenkins. Six-foot-two in his stockin' feet, he would come down to the depot at train time and read the passengers' newspapers through the train windows. Well sir, one day a smilin' drummer gave Ira a little tin box of chocolate tablets. They tasted good to Ira, but he bein' so stingy he jest ate one now and then. Well sir, I never see such a change come over a feller. He's spendin' more money in one day than he used to spend in a week, but bein' of an agreeable nature now and havin' lots of friends he's makin' more in one day than he used to make in two weeks. I thank you.

"Chic" Sale

"BEIN' of an agreeable nature" depends a lot on how you feel. And you can't expect to feel agreeable if your system is clogged with intestinal poisons. Millions of people depend on "the little tin box of chocolate tablets" to keep their dispositions agreeable—and it never fails them.

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THE EPISODE OF THE LITTLE STONE HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-one

"But isn't he ever going home? Not ever?" Nikki asked.

"No," said Cary. "Not ever."

Nikki was ready to weep. "Poor Shepard," she said. "Isn't it a shame? Can't anything be done for him?"

"He'd have to be reborn," Cary said.

Cary was right, Nikki thought. Shep would have to be reborn.

"But how is he going to end?" Nikki asked.

"How are you going to end? How am I going to end? How is anyone going to end?"

Nikki wanted so badly to hold Cary in conversation. Everything seemed so perfectly all right when you talked to Cary. It gave you a sense of security just to talk with him; you felt that everything would turn out all right even though the most dreadful things might happen. There was so much grave understanding behind his gray, indwelling eyes.

But you had to keep his attention, else he wandered off to remote, unreachable places in his own mind, or opened up one of those paper-backed books he was always carrying about. Besides you could find out a lot about Cary by asking him about someone else.

Nikki's questions were a little irregular, but they were enough to keep him going.

"What about money?" she asked. "How does Shep manage about money?"

Cary looked surprised. "Can you imagine Shep without money?"

No, Nikki said, come to think of it, you couldn't imagine Shepard Lambert without money.

"HE has money behind him," Cary said.

"How do you mean, money behind him?"

Cary shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, family money, I suppose. I don't know."

"Is his father rich?"

Cary said, indifferently, that he didn't know. "He has economic advantages."

"What does his father do?"

"Beef, Iron and Wine," Cary said, "or Blind, Sash and Window, or something. Shep always has a different one to offer. Anyway I know that they call Monsieur Lambert a valued client at the Equitable Trust Company."

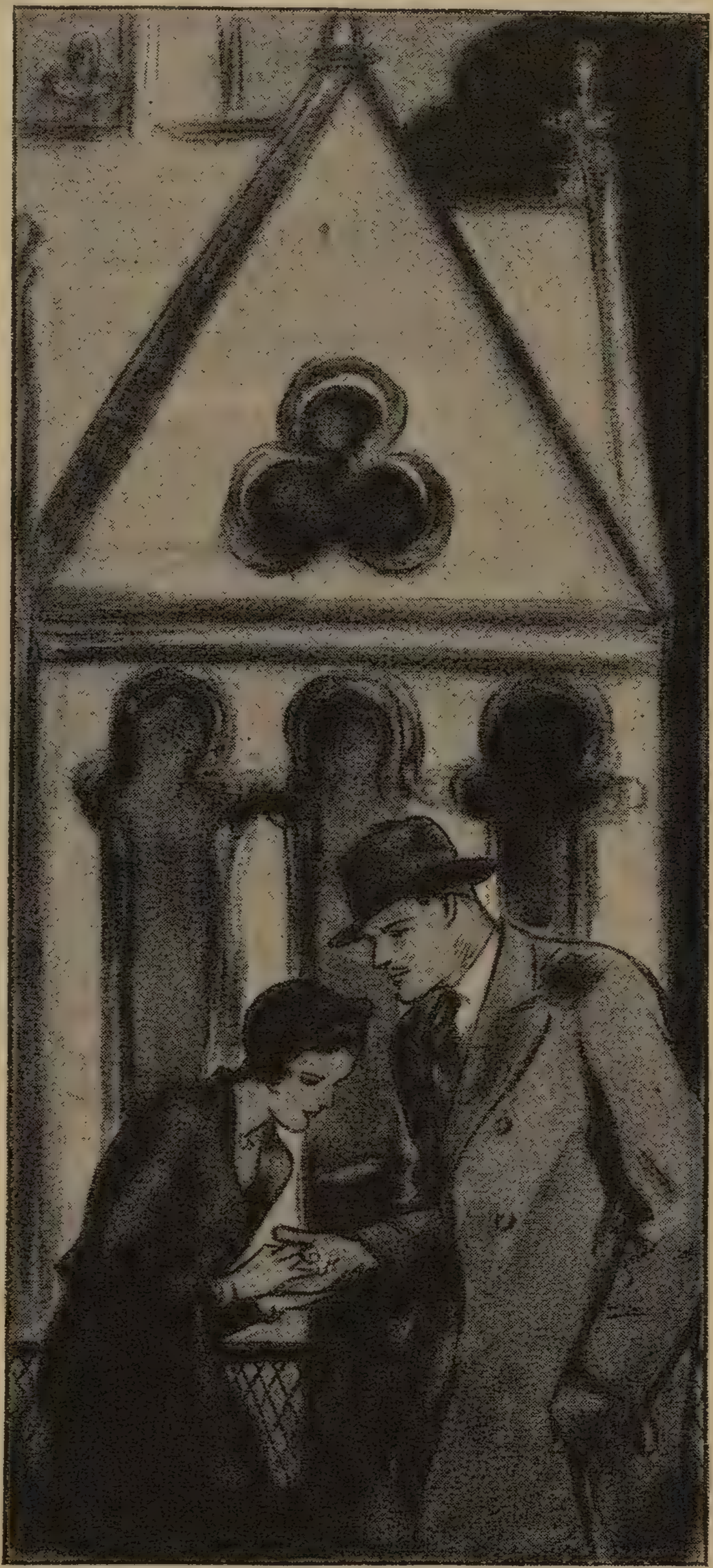
The two sat at the little round iron table under the green awning and drank their drinks and waited for the drizzle to let up.

"He has a house in Warsaw," Cary added absentmindedly, "and a flat in Vienna and a boat down on the Mediterranean somewhere."

"What does he do about them?"

"Nothing. Tells his friends to go and occupy them whenever they're in the neighborhood. He's very generous-minded, you know."

"He's sweet," Nikki said, and then she inquired timidly, "Aren't you going home either, Cary?"



Cary came back with a handful of little white pebbles. "I found several; you pick the one you like best."

Cary shook his head.

"Never?"

"No," said Cary, "not unless I'm deported."

"Well, what about Bill? Is he a valued client and isn't he ever going home either?"

"Bill is studying music," Cary said soberly.

Nikki laughed outright.

"But does Bill do anything about music?"

"Oh, sure," said Cary cheerfully. "He's been to two concerts, and once he went to Carmen."

That appeared to satisfy Nikki.

"And you're a student, too?"

"That's right," Cary agreed. "I'm a poor student."

"Aren't you a Rhodes scholar or something?"

"Don't hold it against me."

"Why should I?"

"We're a weird lot," Cary admitted.

"You have to be intelligent or something, don't you?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, you have to be *something.*"

"Why?" Cary was interested.

"I don't know," Nikki said. "Weren't you excited when you won the scholarship?"

"I'm trying to think," Cary said.

"DON'T you ever get excited about anything?"

"Is there anything to get excited about?"

"Didn't you ever weep?"

Cary looked at Nikki thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said, "I cried once."

"I would like to know when you cried once," Nikki said.

"It was a long time ago, when I was very little."

"Where were you little?"

"In Minnesota."

"Minnesota!" Nikki exclaimed. "Whoever would have thought you came from Minnesota! Nobody comes from Minnesota. What place? Saint Paul or somewhere?"

"No," said Cary. "A little town about forty miles from Saint Paul—Pine City."

"Pine City. That sounds like a place where you throw away old safety-razor blades. Is that where you cried? I don't blame you, poor sweet."

Cary eyed Nikki thoughtfully. "How does the vermouth go?"

"It goes fine," Nikki said. "I'm so glad you suggested it. It was a fine idea. Shep says you're full of ideas. You think I'm getting tight again, don't you? Tell me about when you cried in Minnesota when you were little. You must have been marvelous when you were little. I can see you just as quiet and looking at people. What kind of people did you look at in Minnesota? What were you doing in Minnesota anyway? You never belonged in Minnesota. Tell me about when you cried in Minnesota."

Cary told her that he was born in a big white house on a farm.

"On a farm!" Nikki said. "Think of that! On a farm! Who ever heard of such a thing! You were on a farm. But your father wasn't a farmer?"

No, Cary said, his father was a lawyer.

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Nikki said that was better. "I have to imagine your father a kind of gentleman farmer," she pointed out. "Now tell me when you cried."

Cary said that he wasn't ashamed of the farm. He was happy on the farm.

"What is there to be happy about on a farm?" Nikki asked.

"Thorn-apple trees," Cary said. "Thorn-apple trees in blossom."

"In blozzom?"

"Did you ever dig up an Indian mound?" Cary asked.

No, Nikki said, she never dug up an Indian mound. What an idea.

Had Nikki ever dug up an Indian mound and found a flint arrowhead? Had she ever splashed in rain hollows in a pasture after a summer storm? Had she ever made dandelion chains or drowned out gophers? Had she ever hunted eggs in the haymow or found a tiger lily in the woods or uncovered a nest of baby field mice? Had she ever ridden bareback on a plowhorse or coasted down a steep hill on to a frozen lake, or thrown stones at a hornets' nest or smelled burning leaves in the fall?

Well, yes, Nikki said, she remembered the smell of burning leaves in the fall.

BUY NOW!

Had Nikki ever felt hot dust squash up between her toes when she walked down a country road to school? Found a striped carnelian in a rain-washed ditch? Or drunk buttermilk out of a churn? Or heard the moaning of telephone wires in the winter wind? Or explored the old trunks in the attic?

YES, Nikki said, and found some pictures of her mother in her wedding dress; very serious they were, too.

Had she ever read Monarch, the Big Bear? Cudjo's Cave? Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus? The Call of the Wild? Tom Sawyer? Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates? Treasure Island? To Have and to Hold? The Prisoner of Zenda?

No, said Nikki, but she had read the Four Little Peppers or something.

Had Nikki ever seen a gypsy caravan? Once, looking out of the little four-paned window of the attic, Cary had seen a caravan of covered wagons winding over the hill on the highroad to town. To his excitement they had halted along the south pasture fence and one of the gypsy carts turned into the driveway. He had run downstairs and raced through the kitchen and found it standing by the windmill. Through the arched opening at the back of the wagon, a gypsy girl had appeared—a dark, lovely creature with ringleted hair and dull gold circlets in her ears and an orange shawl about her shoulders. She talked fast and prettily.

To Cary's terrible humiliation, his mother had displayed an aloof and disapproving attitude toward the gar-

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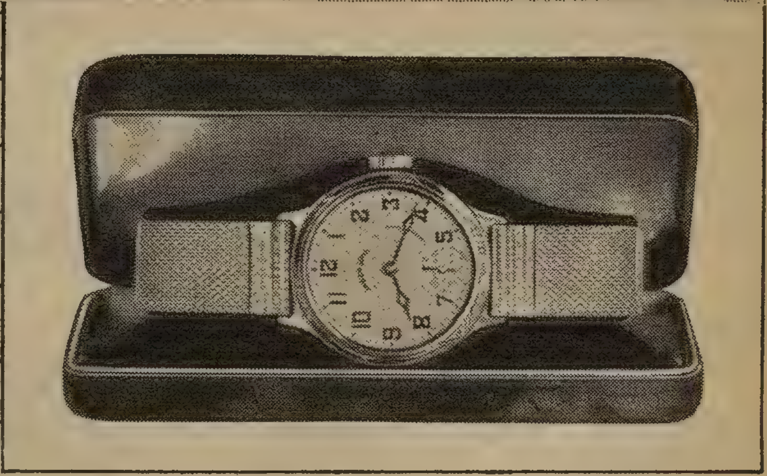

NEW MITE DE LUXE, $6. The Mite in a specially designed case. Comes in a handsome Texol-velvet gift box. *Radiolite, $6.50.*

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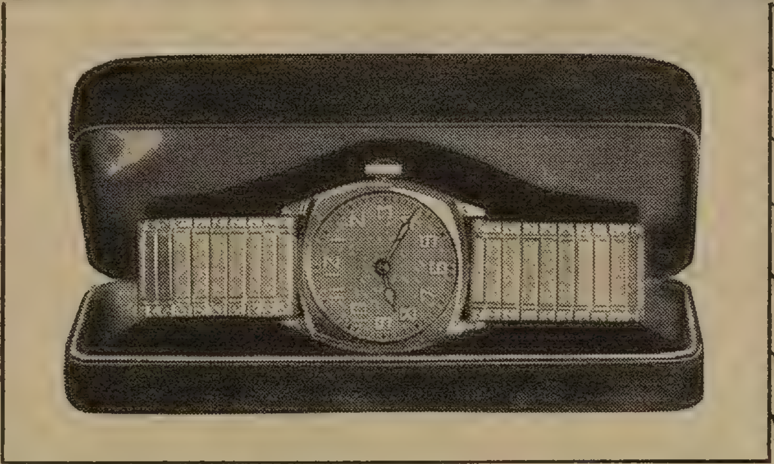

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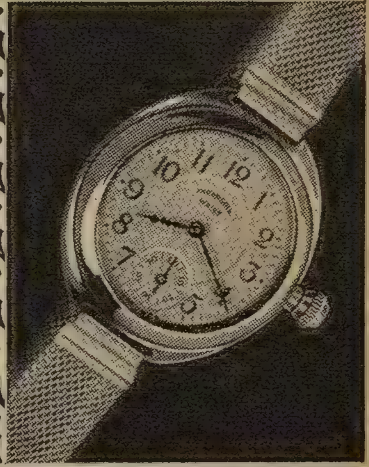

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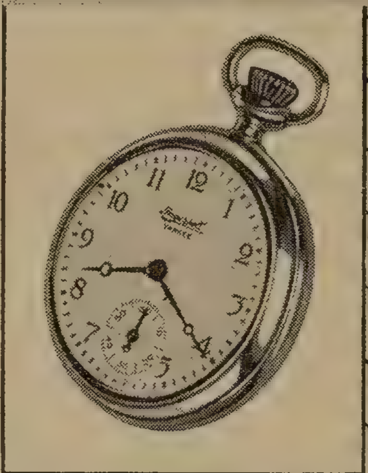

YANKEE, $1.50. The outstanding low-priced watch of all time. *Radiolite, $2.25.*

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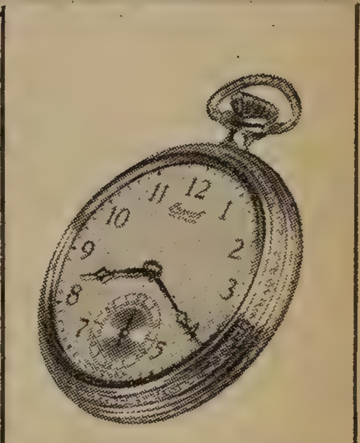

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NEW WATERBURY, $5. A splendid jeweled watch; chromium-plated case. *Radiolite, $6.*

Easy to give...Great to get

Everyone's glad to get an Ingersoll for Christmas! Especially so this year with the new Ingersolls so strikingly styled and having so many modern improvements. Particularly appealing is the new Mite—the smallest, smartest, sturdiest wrist watch $5 will buy. Attractive, too, is the new Junior in its chromium-plated case of engraved design—and the diminutive pocket Mite—the slenderized Yankee—and the new Ingersoll Dollar Watch! But whatever Ingersoll you give or get, it will be a timepiece beautiful to look at... dependable to carry... inexpensive to buy—and tested in four positions! Dealers everywhere!

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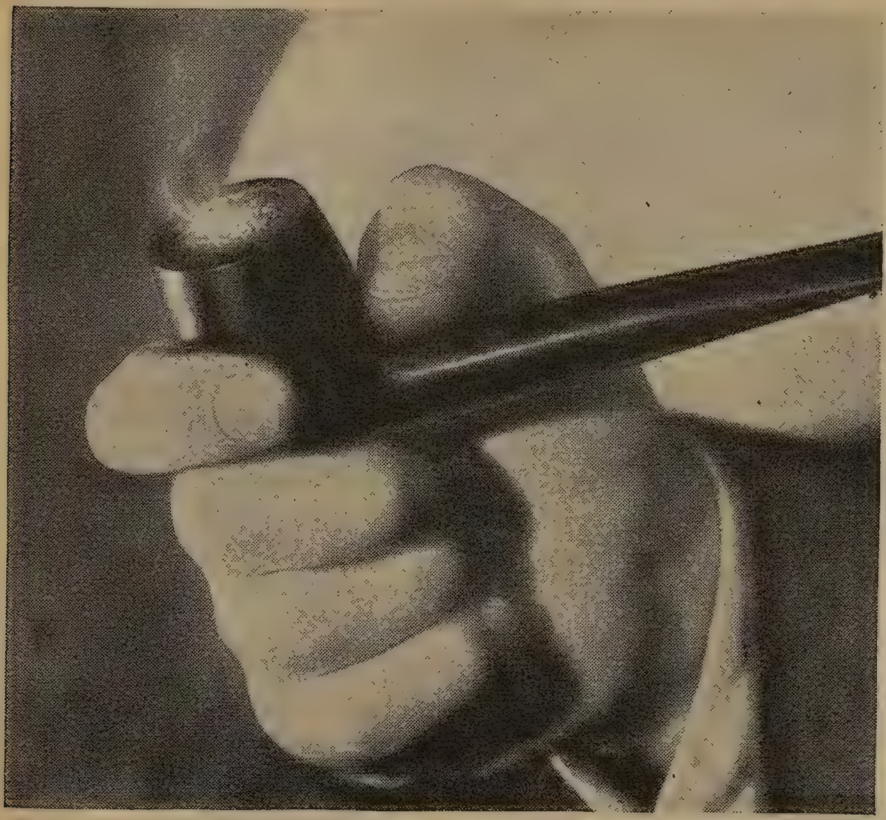
NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE



"For a true smoke
. . . *give me my pipe*"

WHY do men prefer pipes? Well, it *is* hard to say. Maybe the way to find the answer is to get a good pipe, fill it with good tobacco and become a pipe-smoker yourself for a while. Maybe you'll find a pipe is *your* real smoke. You won't bother to wonder why.

It is true that pipe tobacco gets first call on leaf and blend. That's because pipes tell the truth about tobacco.

And there's something about a slow-burning, even-burning pipeful of good tobacco that helps a man think straight—calmly, to the point.

There is a sturdy satisfaction in biting down on the stem of a good pipe. And the aroma and savory taste of good tobacco, like Edgeworth for instance, bring a solid pleasure that's not quite like anything else.

You'll find your tin of Edgeworth waiting for you wherever good tobacco is sold. The pocket sizes pictured below are 15 cents each. Or if you'd prefer to try it first, just send the coupon for a sample packet of genuine old Edgeworth, free.

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I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name__________

My street address__________

And town and state__________

Now let the Edgeworth come! B-43

THE EPISODE OF THE LITTLE STONE HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-three

ters, hairpins, soap, combs, pencils, buttons on blue cards, mouth organs, red glass beads, jew's-harps, and flat boxes of lace which she daintily displayed with her quick brown hands. He was grateful when Anna, the hired girl, reached deep into her apron pocket and brought out a black leather, soft-bellied clasp purse and bought a strip of lace edging, blushing furiously. The gypsy eyes caught his just once and the two had stared at each other in startled recognition. He had never seen her before, and never saw her again, but they knew each other.

When he was ten years old, Cary said, his family moved from Minnesota.

"But when did you cry?" Nikki said. "When did you cry in Minnesota?"

"When we left Minnesota."

"The day you left Minnesota?" Nikki repeated. "You cried because you were leaving."

Cary nodded his head.

"On account of all the things you left?" she demanded. "The blozzoms and the field mice and gopher holes and the Indian mounds?"

"That's right."

"Not on account of anybody, but on account of things? Arrowheads and tiger lilies and old trunks and red glass beads and things?"

"Not on account of the red glass beads," Cary corrected her. "The gypsy girl had the red glass beads."

"But anyway you cried?"

"Anyway I wept."

"When did you cry exactly?"

"I cried in the carriage when we were going over the top of the hill to the train—the last time I ever saw the farm."

"You never saw the farm again?" Nikki said slowly. "Well, you never will see it again."

"That's right."

"I'm so sorry," Nikki said.

THE drizzle had let up, but the sky was slate gray and lowering. The cab driver was leaning against his cab smoking a cigarette.

"Do you think we might start now?" Cary said.

"Let's have some more vermouth," Nikki said, "and then I'll be all right."

Cary did not answer. He stepped inside and signaled the boy behind the bar. The boy brought out two vermouths.

"Do you like Paris?" Cary inquired.

"I like Paris," Nikki said, "only the view is usually obscured by bottles and siphons and piles of saucers and things."

Cary saw that her mood had changed, so he paid for the vermouths and the two left the table.

"I'm so excited," Nikki said as they passed through the gate, "about visiting a cemetery with you. Who all is buried in here?"

"Lots of Frenchmen," Cary said. "Except the ones that are in the Panthéon. Or Napoleon's tomb," he added.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

"There's only one in Napoleon's tomb, isn't there?"

"Who knows?"

"Tell me some of the famous Frenchmen," Nikki demanded.

"Who would you like to hear about?"

"Who have you got?"

"Musicians, painters, poets—"

"Cocoanut," said Nikki.

"No cocoanut," said Cary. "Musicians, poets, painters, philosophers."

"Cocoanut," said Nikki.

"No cocoanut," Cary said.

Nikki was picking her way daintily over the cobbles in her high heels.

"Why don't you walk along the gravel on the side?" Cary suggested.

"Take my arm," Nikki said. "If I turn my ankle, will you carry me out?"

"A pleasure," Cary said. "There is somebody you know."

"Who?"

"Chopin."

"Oh, yes," said Nikki, looking at the modest headstone. "I've practiced him. Who else did you say was in here?"

"Well, let me see now," Cary said. "There's Balzac and Fabre and Delacroix and Alfred de Musset—"

"De Musset," Nikki repeated. "Who's that?"

"De Musset was George Sand's lover," Cary said.

"My, my," Nikki said mildly. "And so they buried him here."

"That's right."

"Is this where they bury George Sand's lovers?"

"He was a poet besides," Cary said.

"Who else?" Nikki queried.

"Well, there's Michelet and Ingres and La Fontaine and Aubert and Héloïse and Abélard—"

"Tell me about Abélise and Héloard," Nikki said.

"Abélise—" Cary stopped and looked sadly at Nikki.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"Nikki," he said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I really didn't do it on purpose," Nikki said. "It was on account of the vermouth."

"Do you really want to know about them?"

"Simply perishing."

"Well, they're buried here together—side by side—in the same sepulcher."

"I think that's nice," Nikki said. "Let's sit down."

They sat down on a low stone bench without a back at the side of the walk.

"Why are they buried together?" Nikki said.

"It's a long story," Cary said.

"OH, tell me about it," Nikki pleaded. "I love to hear you talk, Cary. You never talk when you're with people. You never say a word. And you know so much about everything."

"Don't I just," Cary said.

"Tell me things, Cary. Tell me things."

"Do you really want to know about Abélard and Héloïse?"

"Yes, I do. I want to know all about them. Is it all right to smoke in here?"

"I don't see why not," Cary said, absently reaching for a match. "Abélard was a scholastic philosopher."

Nikki evinced a mild astonishment.

"He used to live on the Isle Saint Louis and he went to the great Cathedral School at Notre Dame."

"My, my, Notre Dame."

"He had a very cogent mind," Cary said. "Before he was twenty he had overcome all his teachers in dialectic. He upset the theory of Realism."

"Whatever that is," Nikki said.

"Whatever that is," Cary agreed. "Anyway, he set up a school of his own and thousands of students came from all parts of the world to hear him talk. He was of a distinguished figure and manner."

"Just like you," Nikki observed. "You say if I'm getting too fresh."

"He came to be the outstanding philosopher in the world."

"This was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"Before you were born, even."

"I thought so."

"Now," said Cary, "to quote somebody or other, 'Within the precincts of Notre Dame, under the care of her uncle, there lived a young girl named Héloïse, of noble extraction.'"

"'Of noble extraction,'" Nikki repeated. "That sounds nice—'of noble extraction.'"

"Abélard gained a footing in the household as tutor

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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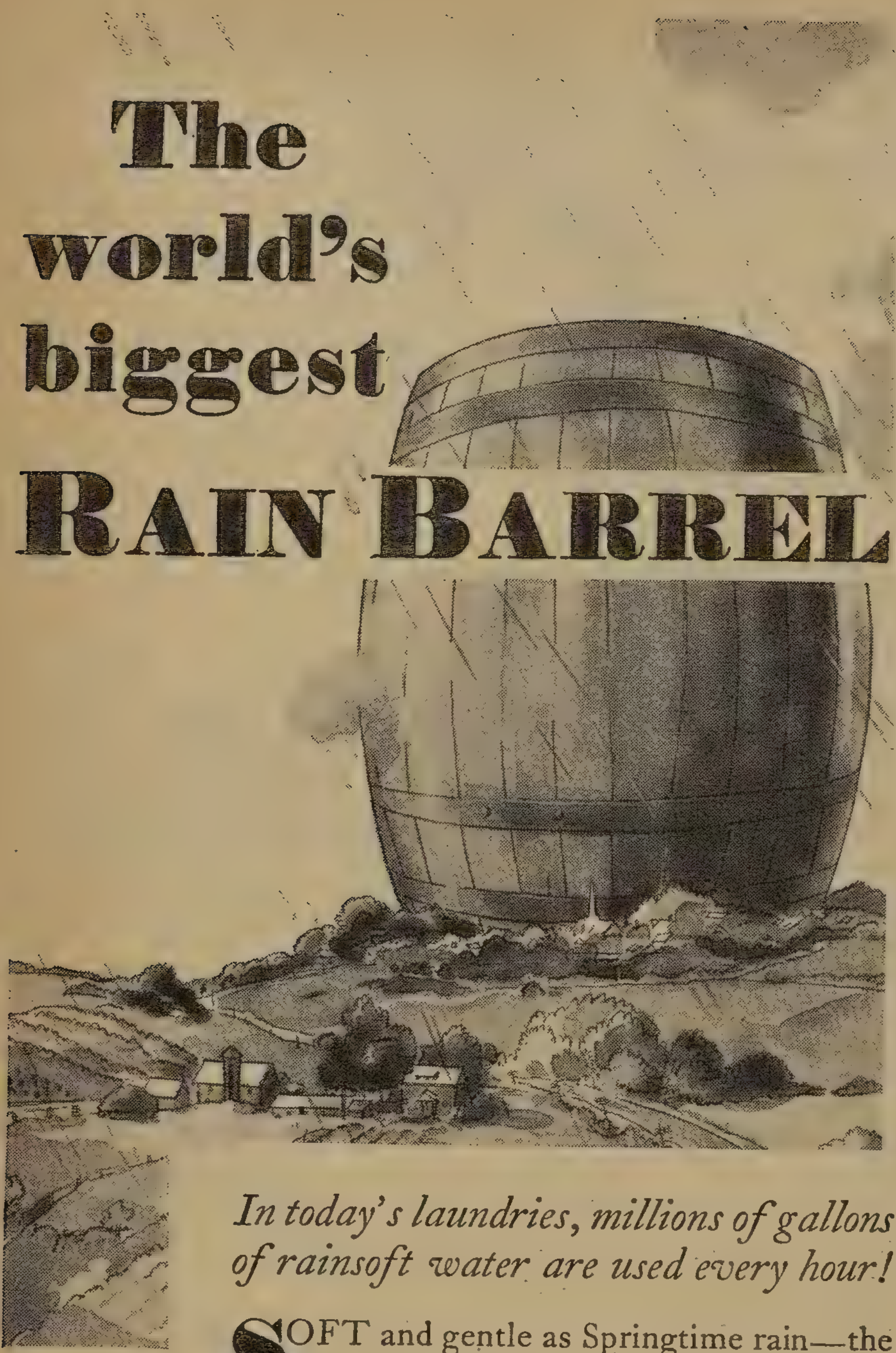
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THE EPISODE OF THE LITTLE STONE HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-five

to the maiden, and he employed his unlimited opportunities over her for the purpose of seduction. Not, however," Cary continued, "unmixed with real love. He carried her off to Brittany, where Héloïse gave birth to a son."

"Tell me more," Nikki said.

"Then Abélard proposed to Héloïse."

"That was nice of him," Nikki observed. "He couldn't have thought of that before, could he?"

"Héloïse refused him."

"Good for Héloïse."

"She didn't want to injure his prospects for advancement in the church."

A gendarme in a blue cape sauntered by looking at them out of the corner of his eye.

"We aren't doing anything wrong, are we?" Nikki said apprehensively.

"I don't know about you," Cary said.

"Héloïse refused him?"

"Héloïse rejected his proposal, but finally agreed to a secret marriage. When the news got out, she denied it. Her uncle was furious. Life became insupportable for her, so she took refuge in a convent."

"You talk like a Britannica. Poor Héloïse."

"HER uncle blamed Abélard for the whole thing and conceived a terrible revenge."

"I'm afraid for Abélard. What was his first name?"

"Peter. Peter Abélard."

"Peter Abélard, I am afraid for you," Nikki said.

"Héloïse's uncle and some others broke into Abélard's apartment at night—"

"Yes," said Nikki.

"Do you want to hear the rest?"

"Well, we've gone this far."

"Héloïse's uncle and some others broke into Abélard's apartment one night and perpetrated on him the most brutal mutilation."

"Oh, dear. Poor, poor Abélard."

"There was left for him only the life of a monk."

"How can people do such things to each other!" Nikki wondered. Then she began to think about the war and about Shep's tic and Cary's burned hands.

"People do frightful things to each other all the time," Cary said.

"What happened to poor Héloïse?" Nikki said.

"She took the veil," Cary said. "She took the veil and she wasn't yet twenty years old."

Nikki was lost in thinking about young Héloïse taking the veil.

"This is a very sad story," she said.

"Afterwards Héloïse wrote a letter to Abélard—the most beautiful love letter there is going."

"Is she buried here, did you say?"

Cary nodded. "Both of them."

"Far? I mean is it far from where we are now?"

"No," said Cary, "just around to the right."

BUY NOW!

"Could you find it, do you think?"

"I think so. Do you want to see it?"

"Oh yes," said Nikki eagerly. "Oh yes, I do. Let's go and see it."

"All right," Cary said. They got up from the stone bench.

"There's a kind of a pretty legend about the tomb of Héloïse and Abélard," Cary said as they walked along. "I'm sure I haven't got it straight. I don't know quite where I heard it."

Nikki said she would like to hear it.

"The story is that little heart-shaped stones are supposed to grow around the tomb."

"That's kind of nice, I think."

"And lovers come and find heart-shaped stones and exchange them with each other. And so long as you keep the heart-shaped stone from the grave of Héloïse and Abélard, no harm can come to your love."

"Why, I think that's beautiful," Nikki said.

"Isn't that a nice legend?" Cary said. "I'm sure I haven't got it right."

They turned into a little gravel path between tall memorial stones.

"There it is," Cary said.

"Straight ahead?" Nikki raised her lorgnette. "Why it's perfectly beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"It's quite a famous one," Cary said. "Matter of fact, it's probably the most famous one here."

Nikki was gazing at the tomb with the two stone figures on top lying side by side under the vaulted arch supported by fluted pillars. They came closer.

"Why, Cary, they seem so serene."

"There is a feeling of composure about it," Cary agreed.

Nikki stood and looked at the sepulcher of Abélard and Héloïse a long time. The late afternoon sun was beginning to fade and the drizzle began again. Nikki shivered slightly.

"I feel so lonely," she said.

Cary looked at her and he saw that her eyes, her near-sighted eyes with the enormous black pupils, were filled with tears.

"Poor Héloïse," she said. "Poor Héloïse."

They moved closer to the tomb, standing at the iron railing.

Nikki peered through the palings. "There's an inscription, isn't there?"

"Yes," said Cary, "but you can't read it."

"Why not?"

"It's in Latin."

"Oh, but you can read it for me, Cary. You went to Oxford. You can read Latin. You read it for me. I want to know what is written on the tomb of Héloïse and Abélard."

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Cary studied the design cut in the stone on the side of the sepulcher.

"Are you trying me out, or do you really want to know?" he said. Cary was a little suspicious of Nikki.

"Please translate it for me."

"It's kind of old Latin," Cary said. "I won't get it quite right, but I can give you the sense of it. Let me read it over first."

Nikki watched him in an awed way as he examined the lettering.

"WELL, here goes for a sight reading," said Cary. "'Here under the same stone—' Let's see: 'Here under the same stone repose—repose— Here under the same stone repose Peter Abélard and Héloïse—alike in dispositions and in love; they were once united in the same pursuits, the same fatal marriage—the same fatal marriage—and the same repentance; and now we hope they are joined in eternal happiness.'"

"How perfectly beautiful," Nikki said.

"Peter Abélard died the twenty-first of April, 1142; Héloïse the sixteenth of May, 1164."

Nikki was very moved.

"She lived twenty-one years after he died, didn't she? Isn't that tragic! That *is* tragic, isn't it? You don't think I'm sentimental, do you, Cary?"

"Oh, no," Cary assured her. "Not for a moment."

Nikki bent down and explored the glistening bed of stones about the tomb.

"Do you think we might find a heart-shaped stone, Cary? Wouldn't it be lovely if we could! You look too, Cary. You help me find a heart-shaped stone."

Cary went round to the other side of the tomb. It was fast growing dark.

"We'll have to leave soon," he said. "They close up the place."

"Just as soon as we find our stones," Nikki said.

Cary came back with a handful of little white wet pebbles. "I found several; you pick the one you like best."

"So did I," Nikki said. "I found quite a few."

Cary held out his hand. Nikki peered into the palm

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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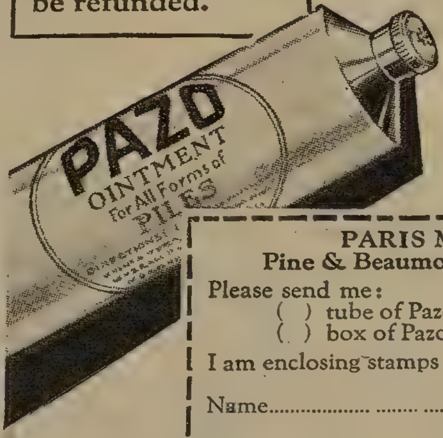

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next to wings

THE EPISODE OF THE LITTLE STONE HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-seven

and chose one. "Now you take one from me," she said. "Isn't that right? Isn't that the way it goes?"

Nikki had found a tiny flat white stone fashioned almost in the perfect shape of a heart. Cary took it in his hand.

"Isn't that a splendid one?" Nikki said. "I found the very nicest one for you."

Cary gravely took out his wallet and slipped the stone into one of the small recesses. Nikki put hers into her bag.

"Cary, you're so sweet," Nikki said. "You're so sweet to tell me about Héloïse and Abélard and the legend. You're so sweet to let me come with you today. I've spoiled all your plans, haven't I? You were coming to see something else, weren't you?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It's too late now, isn't it? What did you want to see, darling?"

"Oh," said Cary absently, "someone who used to have my rooms at Oxford."

BUY NOW!

"And he's buried here? Was he very famous? What was he?"

"A writer," Cary said.

"What did he write?"

"He wrote some very charming children's stories. The Birthday of the Infanta, The Star Child."

"Children's stories? What was his name, Cary?"

"His name was Sebastian Melmoth."

"And now it's too late," Nikki said. "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

NIKKI began to weep softly.

"Don't pay any attention to me, Cary. I'm so ashamed. But I can't help it. You make me cry. Don't look so troubled, Cary. I'm all right. I want to cry for a minute. You can excuse me, can't you? You look so clean, Cary. You're the cleanest-looking person. Your teeth are so white. I can't help crying. You're so civilized. I want to do something for you, Cary. I want to do something for you," she said wildly. "I want to help you." She took his hand in her own. "Let me wash your ring, Cary; let me wash your ring."

Cary looked down at his ring. It was an emerald jade in a Cartier setting of a curious, proud design.

"It needs washing," Nikki said. "Give it to me and I'll wash it when I get home. I'll scrub it with a nail-brush."

Cary took off his ring and gave it to her. She slipped it over her thumb.

It was now quite dark in the cemetery and they left. The driver was waiting for them at the little gate by the Avenue du Repos.

Next week—another Nikki story: the Episode of the Noble Earl.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
WILLIAM HOLLAND
41 Warren Place, Newark, New Jersey

Suppose you were a widower, about to die, and each of these five people were urging you to let him adopt your only child, a boy:

1—A farmer who can offer your son a simple healthy outdoor life, with the woods and streams as his playground,

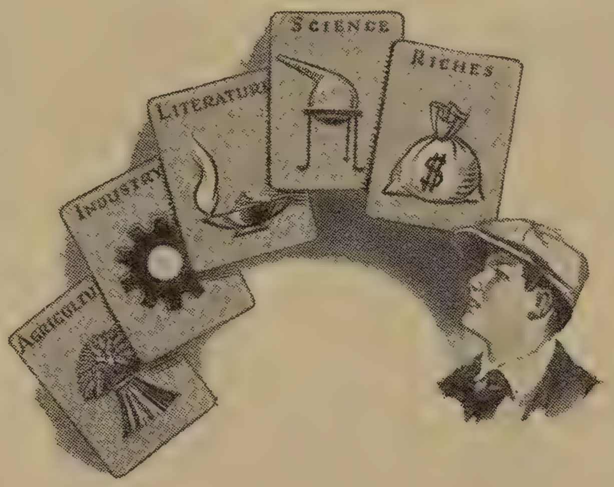
2—An industrious middle-class business man who wishes to train him in a business career,

3—A literary genius who could give him the benefit of his travel, observation, reading, and thinking,

4—A professor of science, endowed with great intellect, who could train him in his conception of a modern scientific manner, and

5—A dissipated and immoral uncle, who is a multi-millionaire and would make him his heir if accepted.

In whose hands would you place the destiny of the boy?



Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, December 20. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for November 8, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

Your daughter—an only and dearly beloved child—becomes suddenly and violently ill. A physician and surgeon of the highest professional standing advises an immediate operation. Surgically unaided, the child's chance for life is very slim. You have absolute faith in your medical adviser, and order him to proceed. But—

Your wife has lost a dear one through a surgical error. At other times lovable and coinciding with you in your decisions, she now opposes the operation.

Precious moments are fleeting.

You beg and plead, but to no avail. Almost frantic, you announce your intention of disregarding her wishes.

She replies:

"Very well. But if anything goes wrong—I shall hold you responsible and will never forgive you."

What would you do?

The Winning Answers

By ALBERT C. ROUNTREE
P. O. Box 1233, Fort Myers, Florida

I'D have the operation performed.

If the operation was not performed and the child died, all through life I would be haunted by the knowledge that my cowardice, my selfishness, in a crisis had probably cost my child her life, that the price I had paid for marital peace and the continuance of my wife's love was the life of my daughter. I would hate myself for-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

ever, for I would know I had, when my child's life was in the balance, let ignorant prejudice outweigh expert knowledge.

If the operation was performed and the child died, I would have the comforting satisfaction of knowing I had done the best I could, that I had done all in my power to save my child's life. If I, as a result of my insistence on the operation, lost my wife's love and her, I would feel it was unavoidable, just part of the price a man has to pay for doing what he considers right and best.

The truth of the matter is that if I insisted on the operation and yet the child died, my wife would in time forgive me and realize I had done the best thing; but if I had let her, when she was temporarily deranged with fear, influence my better judgment and prevent the operation, she would always feel thereafter that I should have insisted, that I was weak in a time when strength was needed.

BUY NOW!

I'd have the operation performed.

By CARL MITCHELL
2903 Victor Street, St. Louis, Missouri

SHOULD such a problem arise in my family I would act without regard to the personal feeling of my wife. For it is of herself that she is thinking. She is being selfish. Otherwise she would share the responsibility which is her wifely duty rather than attempt to place the burden of judgment entirely upon my shoulders.

Life is just a gamble and would it not be better to chance a few minutes on the operating table than take that very slim chance offered by leaving our only daughter surgically unaided?

What are the odds? The scalpel in a steady hand, under a clear guiding eye and supervised over by a well trained surgical brain. As against, Nature (the slim chance) which, left alone, we cannot control either to help or to hinder.

Most assuredly the operation would be performed upon *my* daughter without thought of personal consequences. For what is the opinion or feeling of one or more interested or disinterested persons as compared to the value of a human life?

By BEN EUWEMA
New Wilmington, Pennsylvania

I'D insist upon having the operation performed immediately and chance the outcome. Without surgical attention, the child will probably die at once. In that event, I shall spend all the rest of my days in self-reproach because of my criminal negligence. On the other hand, if the operation should be successful, all will be well; if it should prove unsuccessful, I shall at least feel that I have done no violence to my sense of responsibility. The alternatives are, neither of them, particularly pleasant. Nevertheless, there is, as John Erskine says somewhere, a moral duty to be intelligent; and, in this instance, both intelligence and the best interests of the child would suggest that I brave the possibility of my wife's reproaches and stake everything upon the outcome of the operation.

By RALPH SHAWHAN
743 W. Fairmont Street, Glendale, California

WITHOUT a moment's hesitation I would order the surgeon to proceed with the operation.

If it proved a success I would still have my wife and her love and together we would have our baby.

If it failed I would lose everything. But if the operation was not attempted and the child died, I would feel that by my lack of nerve and willingness to risk my own happiness I had practically committed murder.

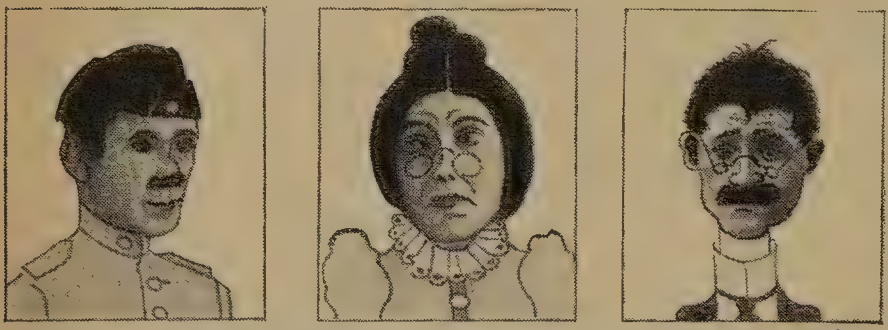
Despite the fact that I have been most happily married for five years, I know that I could not hesitate between my wife and my child. She admits she feels the same way.

This would be merely the white-heat test of parent love, which will always prove stronger than mate love.

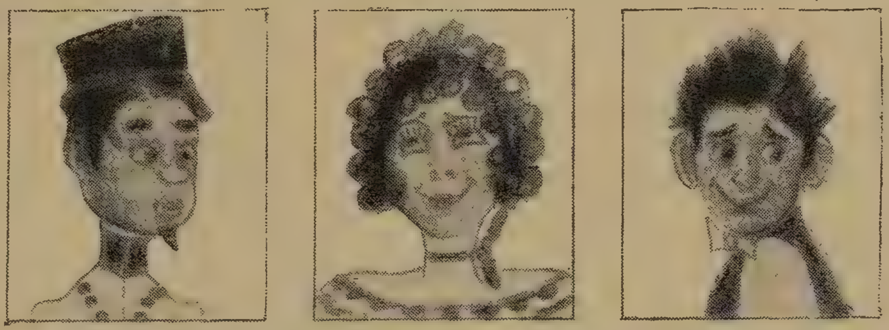
Answers to the question in Liberty for November 15 will be published next week.

$500 for Funny Faces—Here Are the Prize Awards

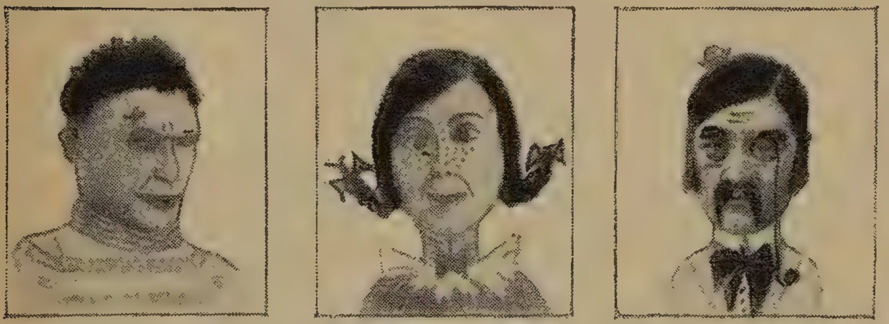
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Victor McLaglen, Gloria Swanson, and "Hack" Wilson, in our November 8 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Paul E. Reidy, 511 South Main Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Mrs. Berndt Widell, 81 Richards Street West, Hartford, Connecticut

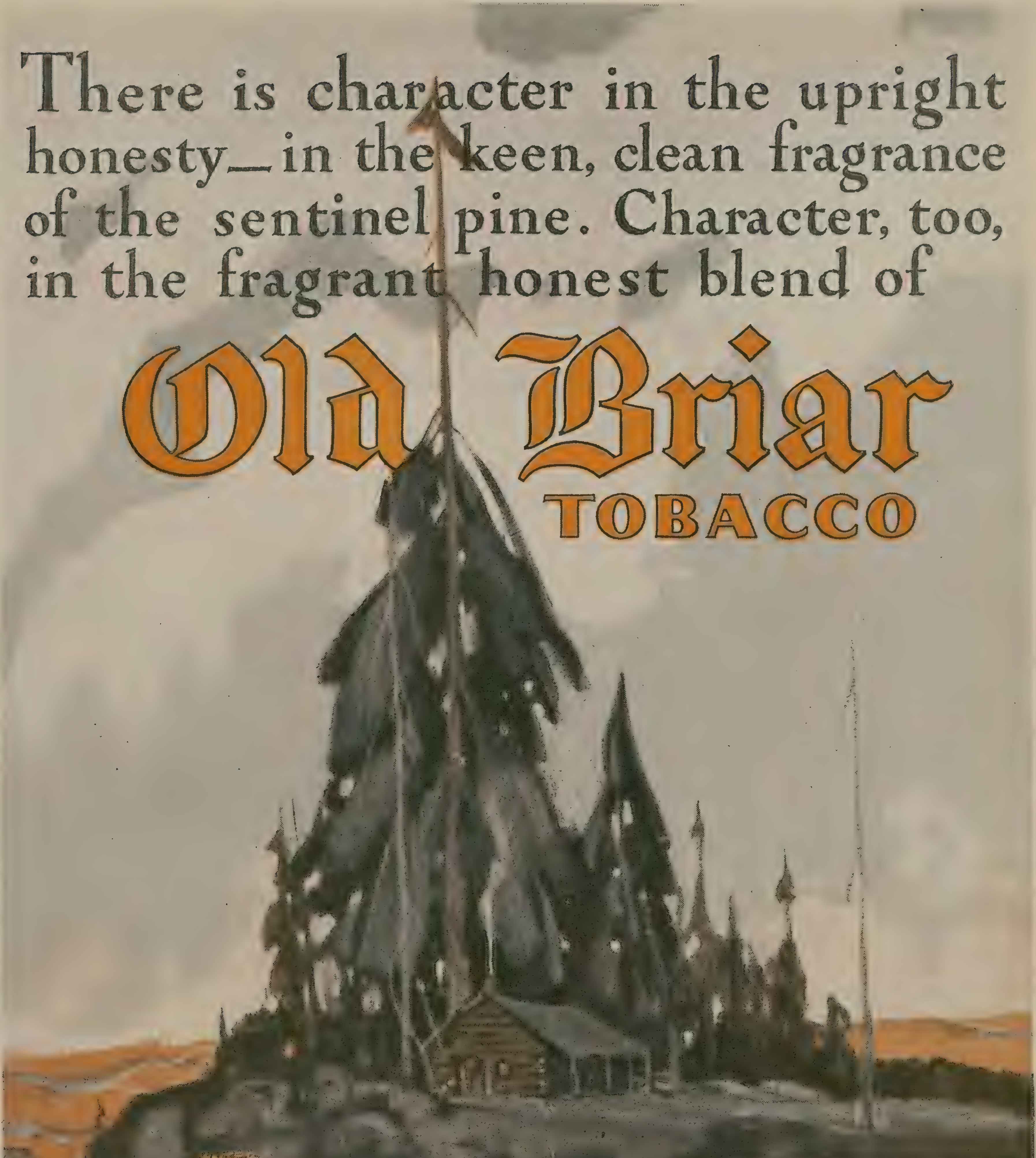


THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Jerry Cooley, 431 North Seventh Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Frances Belson, Boston, Mass.; A. H. Brucker, Louisville, Ky.; J. G. Cook, Douglas, Ariz.; Edward M. Croxton, Columbia, S. C.; Mrs. David C. Dudley, Denver, Colo.; H. A. Gibson, Miami, Fla.; George O. Gleason, Albuquerque, N. M.; John G. Guardiola, Detroit, Mich.; Robert N. Guest, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. Paul Hellerich, Lincoln, Neb.; Lyman Herston, Ozark, Mo.; Harry Hertig, Alpena, W. Va.; Monroe Hopkins, Manasquan, N. J.; Agnes G. Hunt, Knoxville, Tenn.; Lloyd Kendall, Brunswick, Me.; Russell Lerkan, Bay Village, O.; Mrs. Guy Mahaney, Roanoke, Va.; Mrs. W. R. Meek, Marion, Ind.; Selma H. Moore, Wagram, N. C.; Frank P. Neal, Chicago, Ill.; J. P. Salisbury, Providence, R. I.; Arthur E. Schnitker, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Joseph C. Sharum, Fort Smith, Ark.; Ada Shoberg, Minneapolis, Minn.; Gail Shyser, El Dorado, Kan.; Dan Slocum, Alcester, S. D.; Jennie Y. Swanson, Superior, Wis.; Jack Taylor-Smith, Toronto, Ont.; William H. Wertz, Greensburg, Pa.; Nellie P. Wetmore, Hornell, N. Y.

More Funny Face prize winners next week


There is character in the upright honesty—in the keen, clean fragrance of the sentinel pine. Character, too, in the fragrant honest blend of
Old Briar
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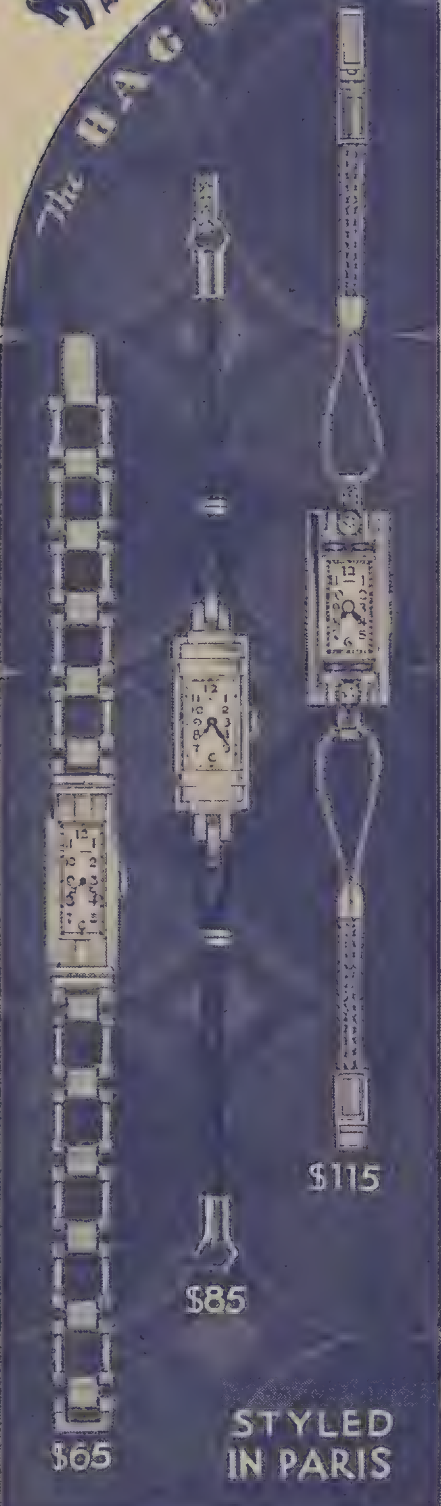
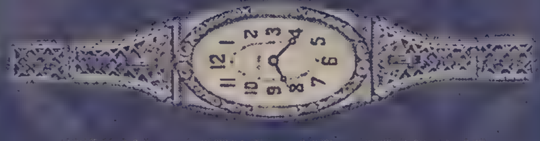
Paris . . . New York . . . Hollywood . . . all acclaim the Baguette, the style leader among wrist watches for Smart Women. Tiny miracles of accuracy—their longer and narrower shapes perfectly express today's mode. At the left are 3 of the many HELBROS Baguette models . . . some diamond set—all 17 jewels — 14 kt. Solid Gold.

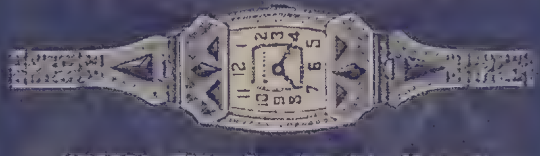
The BAGUETTE



STYLED IN PARIS



HELBROS—"Bernice Claire" model—15-jewel movement—white filled case . $24.75



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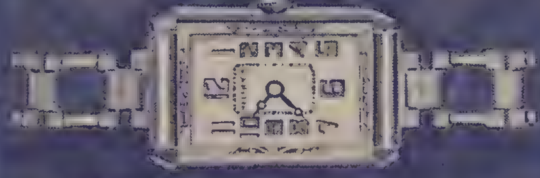

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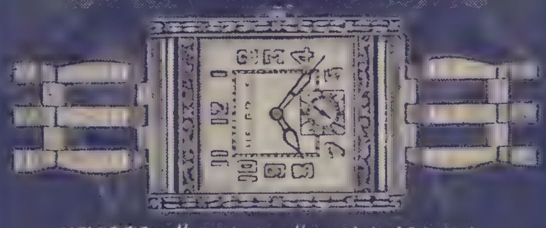

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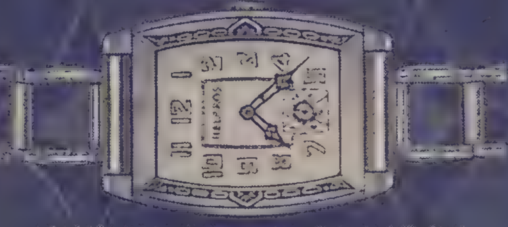
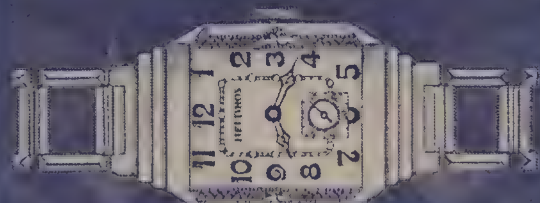


HELBROS—"Curtiss" model—worn by famous aviators—15 jewels—filled case $37.50



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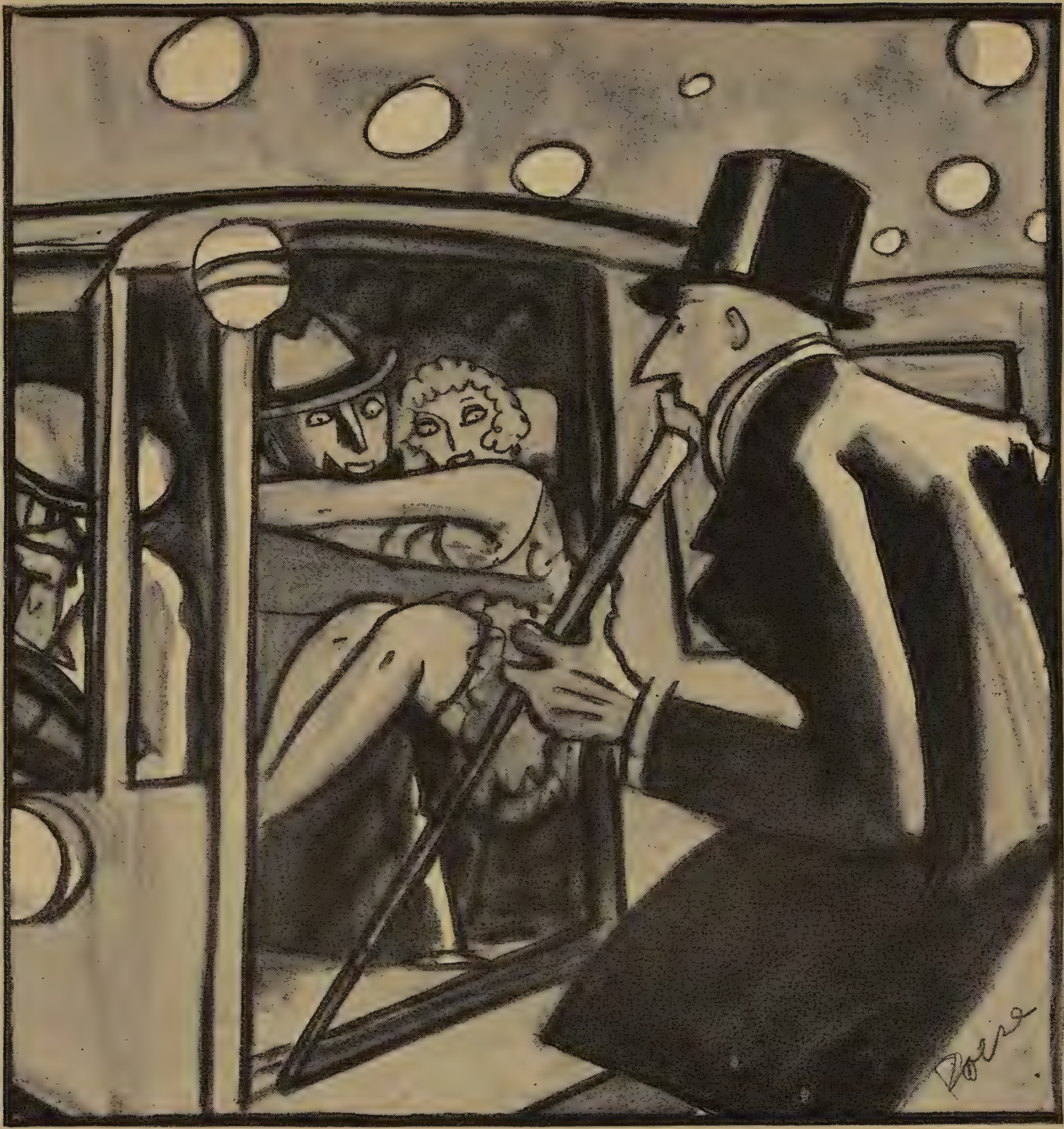
Same model—with 15 jewels $37.50

Christmas gifts of life-long sentiment . . . HELBROS Watches of unerring accuracy priced from $24.75 to $3,000.00.

HELBROS WATCH CO.

NEW YORK CITY

AT LEADING JEWELERS



. . . only to find it already occupied by people who do not want to see me at that particular time.

"Here You Are—TAXI!"

(Reading time: 6 min. 12 sec.)

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

IT looks now, or rather it did the last time I looked, as if taxicabs in New York were going to be all put under one management and one franchise, like gas mains and trolley cars. Before this plan goes into effect, I have a few words that I would like to say to the Committee in Charge. If the members of the Committee wish, they may leave the room while I am talking.

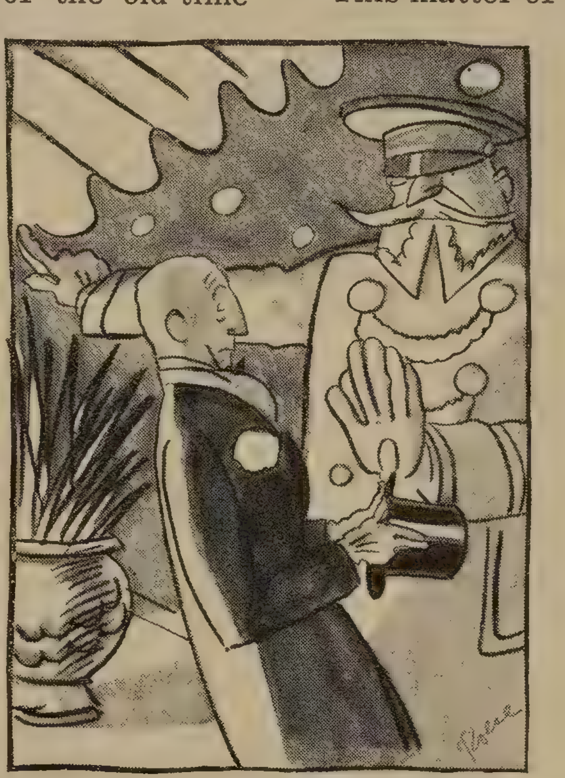
I want taxicabs to be more standardized. I want to know, when I hail a cab at night, just what sort of conveyance it is that I am going to get into. Many's the time I have stepped out into the street on a dark night all dressed up in my pretty things and raised my gold-headed cane with an imperious gesture signifying that I am ready, nay eager, to be carried somewhere in considerable splendor, only to find, on entering the first cab which stops for me, that I am in the old sleigh which used to stand up in the attic at Grandpa's barn in Millbury. How they ever got it down to New York I don't know.

I know that it is Grandpa's old sleigh by the musty

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

smell inside. If you can tell me why some taxicabs, with motors and exhaust pipes and complete transmissions, should smell of horses and old oats and ancient whip sockets, I will—well, I will be much obliged. (A pretty weak return for all your trouble, I realize.) I have found myself in so-called taxicabs whose heavy plush seats, with nice big holes in the middle in which to hide from the other boys, have had every accessory of the old-time surrey except the horse. And the horse had been there only a few hours before, I am sure. Sometimes there is even a lap robe, one of those old gray lap robes which, on being unfolded, always were found to contain a handful of corn kernels and some bits of leghorn fluff. What I want to know is, are these really old surreys which have had motors installed, or is it all my imagination and am I going through a form of second childhood? If it is the latter, I want to do something about it right away before it goes any farther. Otherwise I may start clucking at an imaginary horse before long.



The doorman will make you go back and come out all over.

This is the sort of thing that I want to avoid when they get around to standardizing taxicabs. I want to have it so that I can hail a cab at night and not be taken for a straw ride. I want to know what it is that I am getting into.

Of course, you can always count on finding yourself in one of these musty ghosts of an elder day if you take one of the cabs forced on you by the doorman at any of our most exclusive hotels. We call ourselves a free nation, and yet we let ourselves be told what cabs we can and can't take by a man at a hotel door, simply because he has a drum major's uniform on. The ritzier the hotel, the worse, and the more expensive, are the cabs standing in its own hack stand, and if you try to hail a passing cab which looks as if it might have been built after 1900, the doorman will be very, very cross with you and make you go back into the hotel and come out again all over. I once got quite independent when a doorman told me that I couldn't take the cab I wanted and I stepped out into the street to take it, his orders to the contrary notwithstanding. The only trouble with my revolution was that the cab I wanted hadn't seen me hail it and drove right by, and I was left standing in two inches of slush with nothing at all to ride in. So I had to make believe that I was going across the street anyway, a process which almost resulted in complete annihilation and in losing one shoe.

IF all the taxis were the same, there would not be this constant struggling back and forth with doormen, for it wouldn't make any difference which cab you took. Or, rather, the only difference would be in the drivers.

Taxi drivers are always going to differ, I suppose, whether the state runs the business or not, but there might be some way of showing a prospective fare just what the personality of his driver is going to be. A red light on the starboard side could mean that the chauffeur is conversationally inclined, a green light that he would rather be left to himself. I, personally, prefer the conversational kind as a general rule, but there might be times when I wanted to do some reading or take a tardy shave, and then a good, quiet, even sullen, companion would be appreciated. On the whole, though, I have found taxi drivers to be much more consistently agreeable and sensitive to your wishes than any other class of the citizenry. If you want to talk, they will talk (and very delightfully, too). If you want to sit quietly and sob or read, they sense it and look straight ahead. Find me any other type of person who will do that.

This matter of reading in cabs could stand a little preliminary planning, too. Reading in a cab at night is bad enough, for, after groping up and down the sides and pushing screws and hinges and ineffectual protuberances in a search for the tiny light switch, it is nine times out of ten discovered that the light doesn't work, or that it goes on only when the door is opened.

And you can't go whizzing through the streets with a door swinging open just to find out who won the football game.

BUT in the daytime it is much more tantalizing to try and catch a few paragraphs between jounces, for you think that the windows are going to be some help in letting in light—and they are not. You try to hold the paper up to the little back window, with your head twisted off to the right to avoid a shadow, but that doesn't give *quite* enough light to get beyond the headlines. You then try leaning over toward one of the door windows, but that necessitates getting halfway off the seat and leaves you in no position at all to cope with the next jounce. I have a scar on one of my cheekbones to this day resulting from a nasty reading wound incurred while trying to hold a paper where I could see it just as we went over an uncovered water main.

All of this could be remedied, if the new scheme goes through, by a little care in the construction of cabs and perhaps a poll of patrons giving suggestions.

Aside from the installation of reading lamps and character guides to drivers' personal traits, I would like to offer the following list of possible accessories which would make it easier for us to hail a taxi and ride in it with a certain degree of comfort:

(1) A light on top reading “Taxi,” so that I shall not constantly be hailing private cars and incurring the displeasure of their owners.

(2) Another light reading “Taken” or “Not to Be Disturbed until 9 A. M.,” so that I shall not snatch open the door of a stalled cab only to find it already occupied by people who do not want to see me at that particular time.

(3) Some elevation of the door frame which will make it possible to enter a cab wearing a tall hat without having to go back immediately for a new one.

(4) Little hooks on which tall hats or derbies may be hung to avoid having them jammed over the ears by contact with roofs when going over bumps.

(5) Special helicopter attachment on the roof, making it possible for a cab stuck in traffic to rise, fly over the blockade, and land where it will have some chance of reaching its destination.

Or perhaps it would be simpler just not to use taxicabs at all.

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Undiscriminating Bee

Tommy was stung by a bee that another boy had been teasing. After much consolation, Tommy said:

“The worst of it was the bee stung the wrong boy.”—Mrs. E. E. Lewton, Stanton, Neb.

* * *

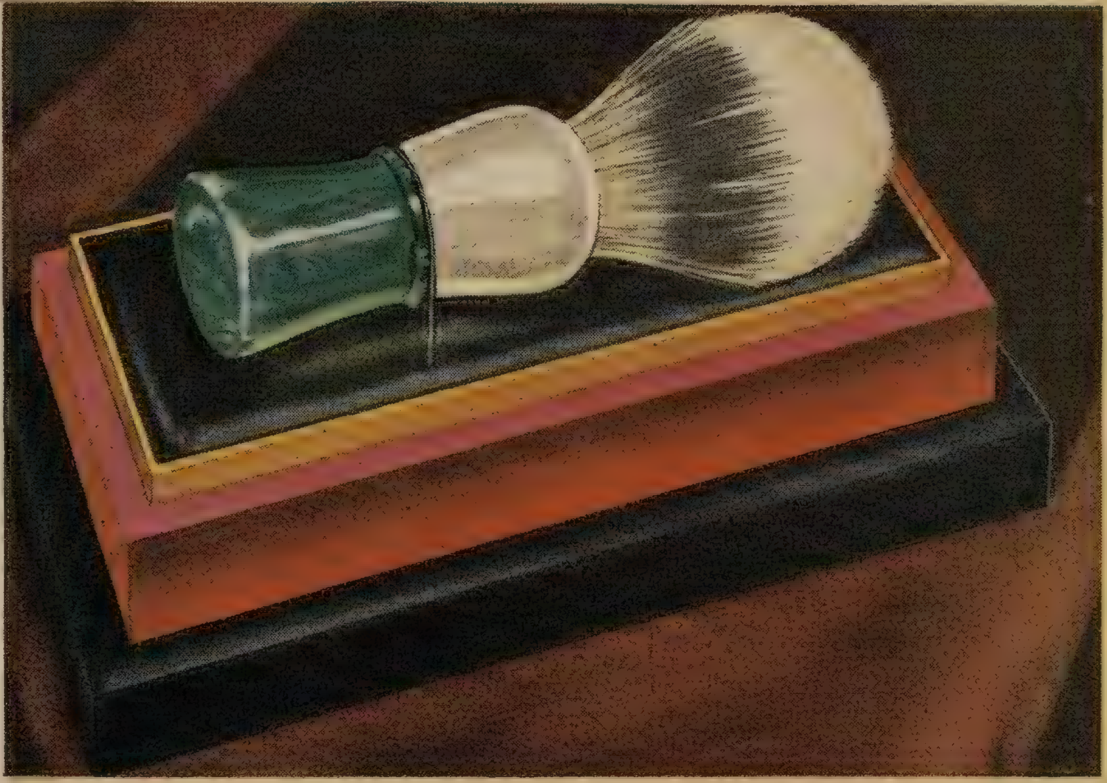
Some Talk Too Much

The horn on daddy's car was stuck and emitted only the faintest sound. His small son Frank said:

“Don't you know it's dangerous, daddy, to go riding in a car that can't talk?”—Dr. G. W. Williams, Gravois and Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo.

So that he will think of you every morning

give him a *New Modernized* RUBBERSET with blended bristles



THIS Christmas give him something he's never had before!... Surprise him with a new, *modernized* RUBBERSET, different from any shaving brush he's ever owned. With its new principle of Blended Bristles—with its handles and colors re-styled to the moment—it's as fresh and interesting as tomorrow morning's newspaper.

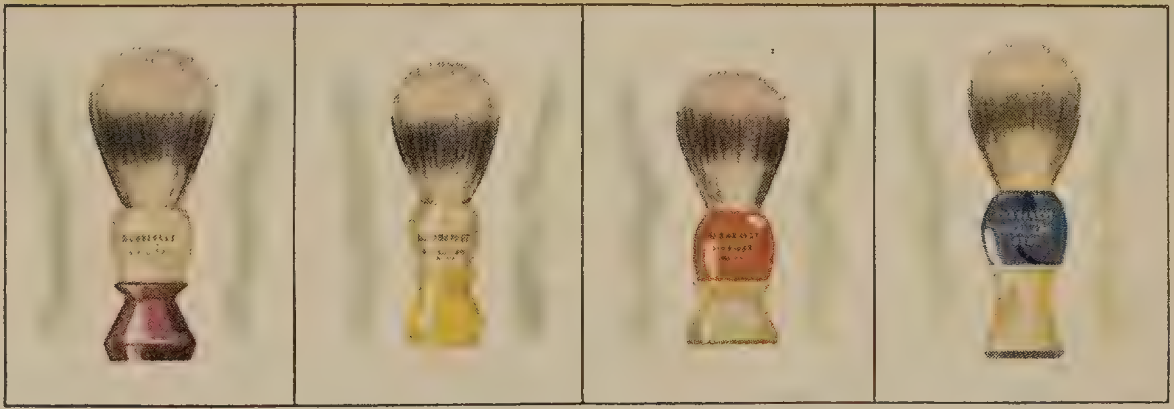
Only a man can realize what luxury and comfort *blended* bristles provide. But any feminine gift giver can be sure that a new modernized RUBBERSET will be a joy to the man who gets it.

The fact is that old-time shaving brushes are only halfway satisfactory —too flabby to make a perfect lather or too stiff for comfort. Now, in the new RUBBERSET the silky hair of imported Badger is blended with the firm bristles of Wild Boar in exactly the proportion to make the tuft at once caressingly soft and efficiently springy.

. . . . and the hairs will *never* come out!

Every man on your Christmas list knows that the name RUBBERSET identifies the original shaving brush with bristles that *can't* come out.

Any man on your list will welcome a *new* RUBBERSET even though he already owns more than one brush, for it is a great convenience to have several—one at home, one at the office, club, or country place and one for the traveling kit.



Choose from a variety of new shapes and colors

AT up-to-date drug and department stores you will find a handsome array of modern designs in new RUBBERSETS—many attractive shapes to choose from — many pleasing color combinations from which to make your selections. Be sure that the brush you buy has the name and trade mark RUBBERSET on its handle. You will find a RUBBERSET brush you'll be proud to give at a price to fit your Christmas budget . . . somewhere between $1.00 and $50.00.

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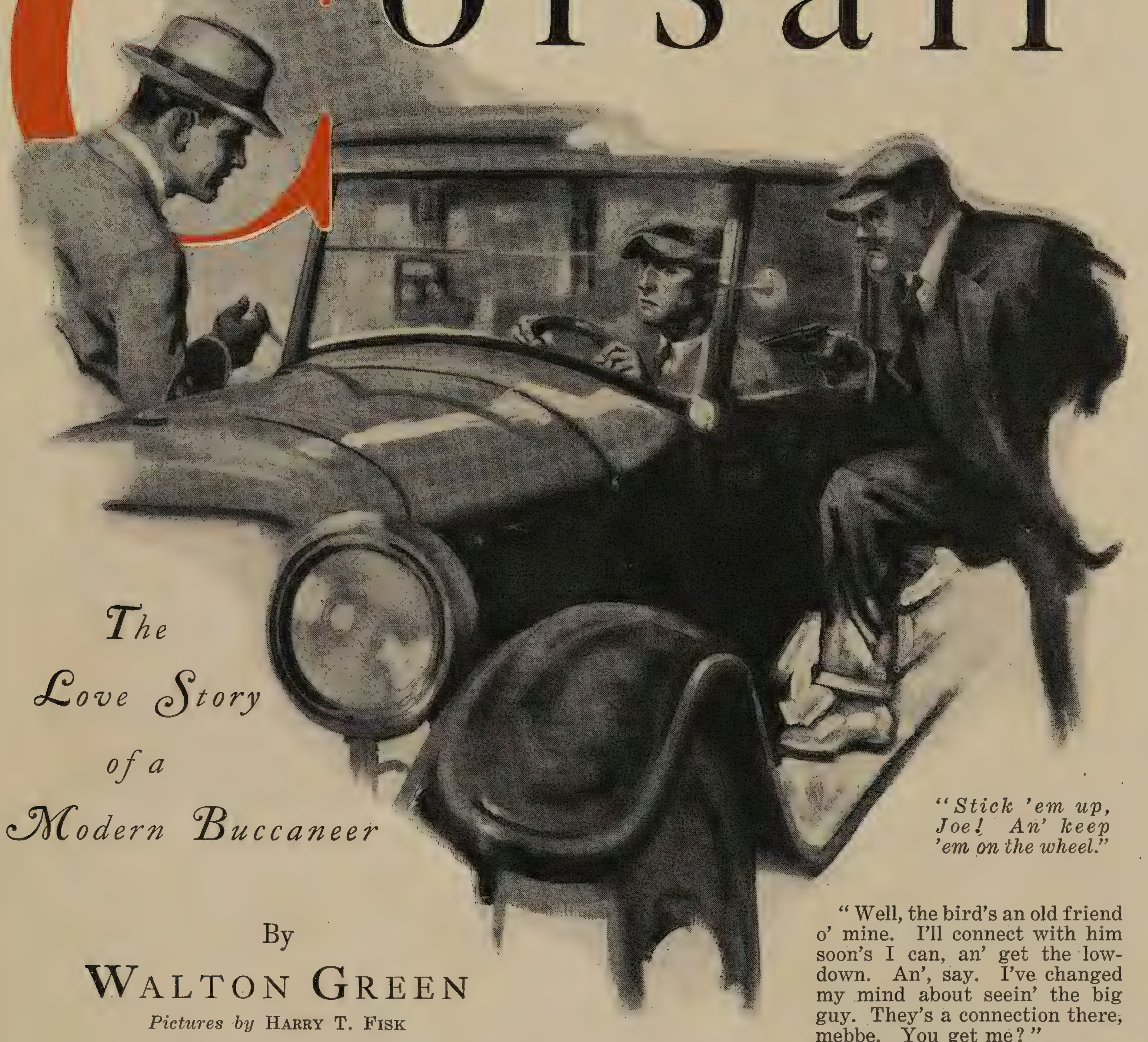

"Stick 'em up, Joe! An' keep 'em on the wheel."

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 35 minutes 56 seconds.)

THIS is the story of John Hawks, alias Braughan, a college athlete who became a gentleman hijacker and liquor pirate. He acquired a small fortune and a dangerous enemy: Big John O'Toole, a bootlegger whose liquor he had appropriated. John's rich friend, Chub Hopping, and his underworld friend, Sophy Kolof, were determined to foil O'Toole's enmity.

PART THIRTEEN—ON THE SPOT

QUITE early the next morning Mr. Charles Hopping was awakened by the ringing of his bedside telephone.

"It's me," said a woman's voice in the flat monotone of discretion. No one who had worked with Slim Hermann ever announced, or asked, names over the telephone. The interchange of voices is enough to establish mutual identity.

"Yeah?" said Chub.

"You was tailed last night."

"I know that. I'll lose him today."

"Well, the bird's an old friend o' mine. I'll connect with him soon's I can, an' get the low-down. An', say. I've changed my mind about seein' the big guy. They's a connection there, mebbe. You get me?"

"Huh-huh," grunted Chub, pleasantly conscious of his own thieflike taciturnity.

"Can you meet me at my dump 'bout ten, tomorrow?" demanded Sophy.

"O. K."

"O. K." Sophy hung up.

Hopping's first care was to fortify himself with breakfast. Some people are addicted to the English breakfast; some to the Continental; some to the American. Chub, however, was catholic in his tastes, and international-minded in his relations toward food. He ate all three types of breakfast at the same meal.

This matter attended to, he dressed and packed his bag. He kept out a toothbrush, a small box containing the impedimenta of shaving, a pair of socks, and a change of underclothes, all of which he disposed in the several pockets of his suit and in the voluminous recesses of the overcoat which he carried over his arm.

He paid his hotel bill and took a taxi to the Grand Central Station. He bought transportation and a Pullman seat to New London, checked his grip to the same destination, and strolled through the Concourse. All his movements were leisurely. He compared his watch with the clock over the Information Bureau, strolled casually to the underground passageways leading to the Biltmore and the Roosevelt, and blended himself casually with the passengers who were hurrying from an incoming train. Not for one instant, since leaving the hotel, had he looked around or behind him.

Hopping was looking for something. When he reached it—reached one of the big, square, concrete-cased supporting columns that split the rushing crowds—he squeezed past the post, side-stepped quickly, and stood stock-still with his back to the masonry.

He had the satisfaction of watching a man hurry past, a man who was in even greater haste than the other passengers, a man whose hat and shoulders were strongly reminiscent of the slouching figure of the night before. More than that, and twenty yards behind this man, Chub saw the graceful and unobtrusively aristocratic back of Miss Sophy Kolof. She was carrying a suitcase.

BUY NOW!

Hopping smiled delightedly to himself. Then he lighted a cigarette, left the station on the Forty-second Street side, and went about his business.

Sophy's man turned at the top of the stairway to the street, and started hurriedly back. Now, it was against just this contingency that Sophy carried the suitcase. She had had no idea that morning where she would meet her man; but she meant to meet him with a suitcase. This couldn't be better. Better still, he saw her first.

"W'y, Sophe!" He reached a detaining arm across the brass rail that bisects the stairway.

She looked up, permitted her guarded surprise to blossom into recognition.

"Fer Gawd's sake, if it ain't Swan Snyder!"

"The same, an' many of 'em. Where you from, Sophe?"

"Chi. I was jest going to take a room fer the day—while I look for a good flop."

"LEMME go up with you." He took her suitcase. What d'you say we tear a herring tonight?"

"Not tonight. I'll be gettin' settled in. But I'll eat lunch with you."

Sophy registered at the hotel and followed her bag to the elevator. Snyder left her, after agreeing to meet at Pedro's place for luncheon.

Pedro's place is darkly subterranean. There, oldish women of the ancient trade ply their prospects with liquor that is no worse than elsewhere, and in a condoning dimness that covers a multitude of wrinkled skins and sagging throat muscles. There, youngish women from Park Avenue crook their elbows on the small mahogany bar, drink their preprandial cocktails, and inspect their more professional sisters with the easy tolerance and knowing sympathy of modernity.

There also congregate a few of the more respectable thieves, the quiet technicians who have won their way to the upper brackets of roguery.

Mr. Swan Snyder was a habitué of the place. In fact, it furnished him one of the many and varied sources of his income.

Sophy sat with Snyder and talked to him softly and meltingly. She regarded the lobeless bottoms of his ears stretching tightly and unpleasantly to his cheeks, watched him and hated him as she had hated since the first day she had known and used him. But nothing of this showed in the fine, disdainful frankness of her face.

"Yeah, I had luck," she was saying. "Right after you left, I went to the place where I lived last season and got me a nice room in the same house."

Snyder set down his champagne glass. He had lunched well—and on the house, as became a self-respecting prohibition agent. "Say, Sophe, why don't you do like I want, huh? I been crazy about you since God knows when. Listen, girl. It ain't no small potatoes I kin give

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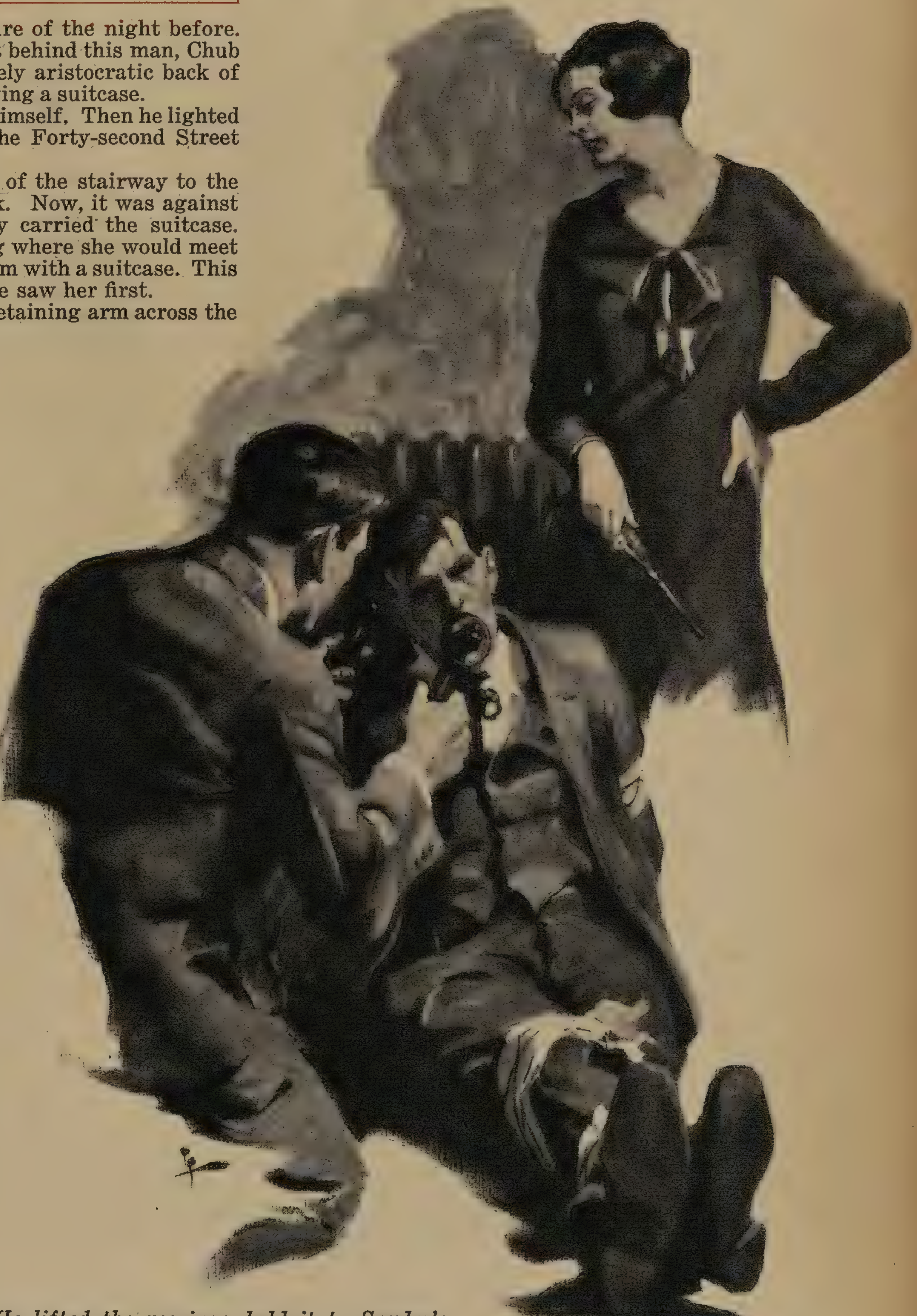
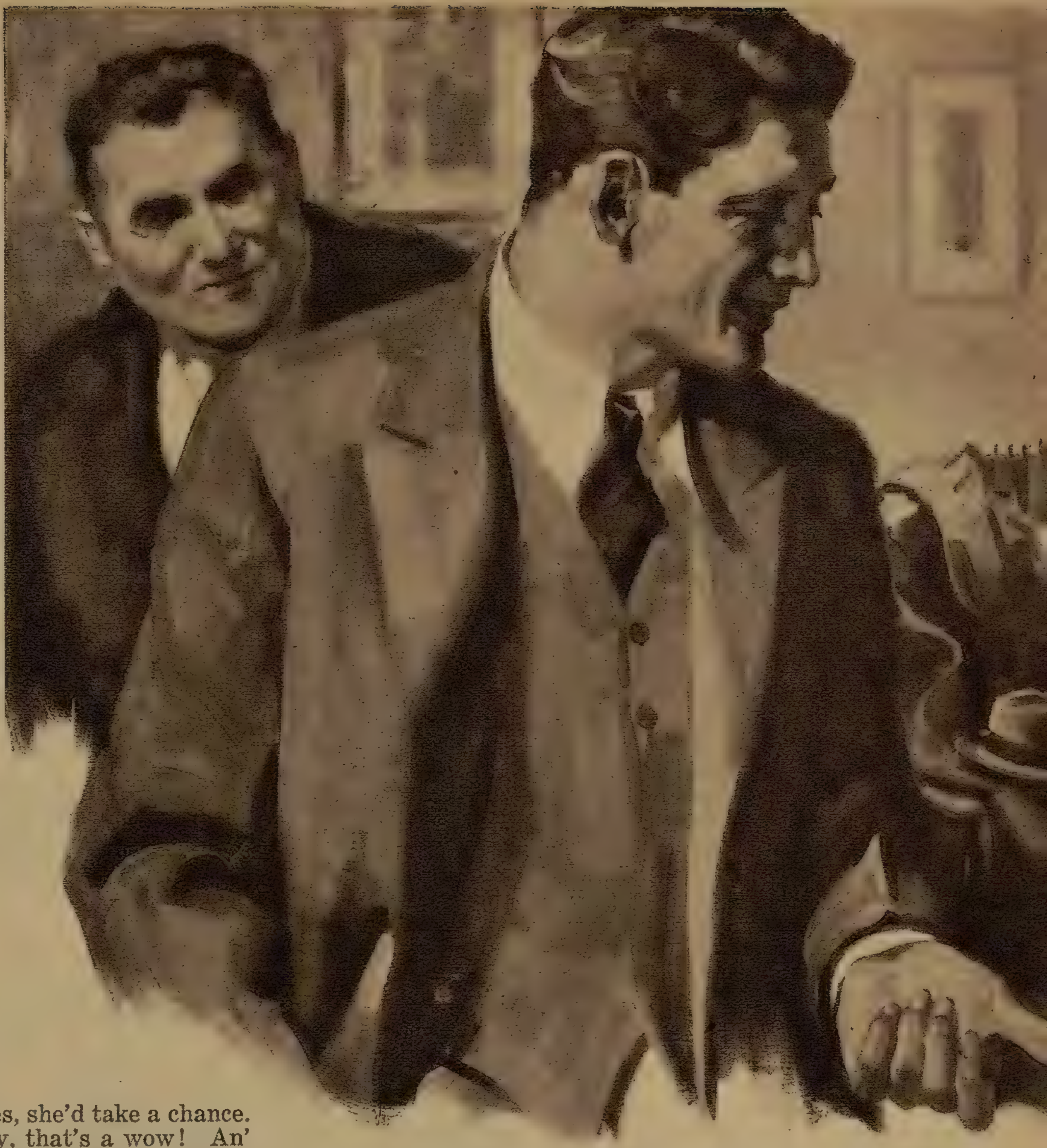


He lifted the receiver, held it to Snyder's ear, and placed the transmitter at his mouth. The message was put through.

CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-seven



"Come on, Harris. Chub, you and Sophe look out for this chap. We'll be back in a few minutes."

you now. Sky's the limit, girlie. Lemme tell you some o' the stuff I got comin'—"

"Gimme time, can't you?" murmured Sophe. "A goil don't get over these things quick. An', say, I wisht I knew what really happened to Slim. What d'you hear, Swan?"

It cost her something to ask it.

"Narthin' — 'cept he was drownded down in Cuby somewheres."

"I see." She sighed dully. "I had a letter from him not two weeks ago. That's why I come east. What you doin' yourself, Swan?"

Snyder summoned a waiter. "Two brandies," he ordered. "And if you won't drink your'n, Sophe, I will. What did yer say? What'm I doing? I'm doing plenty. For one thing, I'm making a major conspiracy case for the Department against Big John O'Toole—"

"AGAINST O'Toole!" Sophy turned this over, and arrived at a decision. She struck a match and held it out—and high—for Snyder to light his cigarette by.

The man leaned forward, blinking. But she had caught enough—seen the sluggish pupillary reaction of the eye, the characteristic insensitiveness of the drug addict. It confirmed her decision. Tricky, these hopheads, but they'd fall for anything if you handled 'em right. Yes, she'd take a chance.

"O'Toole!" she repeated. "Say, that's a wow! An' me jest hittin' town to join up wid a bunch that's workin' on O'Toole too. Slim wised me from Havana and told me to connect. I seen one of 'em already."

"Short, fat, high-class wally, was he? Little feller with blue eyes?" demanded Swan suspiciously.

"Naw, tall thin guy wid light hair. He boards my train at a Hunnert an' Twenty-fifth jest now, and gives me a quick flicker of the layout."

"Gee!" Snyder was impressed. "That's Braughan himself—the big wit of the hull mob. What'd he want you should do?"

"Get in on O'Toole an' find out jest how the merchandise is comin' through."

"Huh-huh, that checks." The Swan was silent for a time. He swallowed the second pony of brandy, lighted another cigarette, and leaned earnestly across the table.

"Listen, Sophe. Treat me right, and the both of us can make a killin' on this. But you gotta keep away from O'Toole, d'you see? Keep clean out o' the picture."

"Suits me."

"Now, here's the lowdown. O'Toole's going shares this trip with a couple o' birds from Montreal. They've got a big French steamer layin' fifty miles offshore with more'n twenty thousand cases aboard. The Montreal guys is living at the McAlpin, an' I'm in the next room to 'em, see?"

"In on their wire?"

"Sure, and with a dick through the wall too. I got four stenos working six-hour shifts, and we gets every word they says an' everything they phones. But it's mostly general—they're a damn' cagy outfit. All the real stuff comes by radio, even from the other side o' the Atlantic. They've given up cablin' since they found the gov'ment got in on it. But what these birds don't know is that this here New York prohibition chief—this Colonel Drinkwater—cheest, if you knew the guy the name'd make you laugh!—has took to the air too. Say, we got a complete wireless station down in Cedarhurst—different wave-length receiving sets, and one master recording receiver that takes the code an' types it out on reg'lar ticker tape."

"Colonel Drinkwater?" queried Sophy. "Is he the same feller that useter run the government speakeasies?"

"That's the guy. Crazy amachoor, if you ask me, but don't give a damn what he does."

"Will he take?"

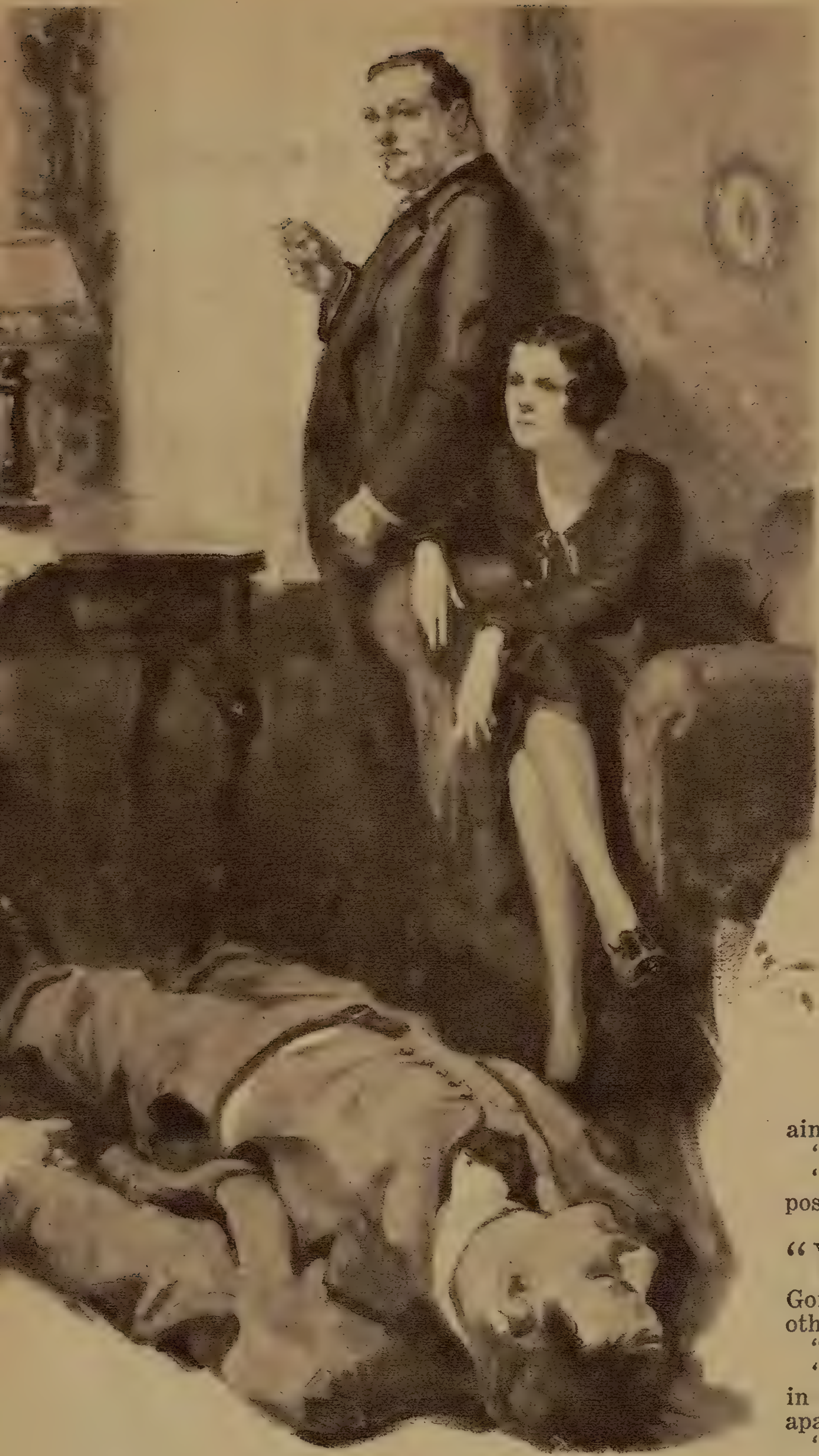
"Naw, he ain't wrong—not exackly. You can't get to him 'cept by flatterin' him an' makin' him think he's the greatest little he-detecative that was ever throwed out o' the United States army."

"Listens good," admitted Sophy guardedly; "but what's the answer?"

"The answer's this, girlie. I'm the on'y guy that's got all the strings in his hands, see? I knows all about your Braughan mob. I been tailin' your tall friend and the little fat geezer that's his undershirt—tailin' 'em alternate days. But I lost 'em both lately, an'—"

"I might help some there," suggested Sophe.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!



“Exackly. You contact wit' your bunch. I got all an' more'n I can handle on the other end.”

“Yeah; but what's your hull idea?” persisted Sophe.

The Swan's eyes narrowed craftily.

“Listen, girl. The United States government—which is mostly me—is makin' a case against O'Toole—yeah? An' your mob is aimin' to hijack O'Toole. And O'Toole is figurin' to bump your tall friend. Now, when ev'rybody's gunnin' fer ev'rybody else, the guy as sets in the middle has somethin' to sell to all of 'em, see?”

“I get yer.”

“I been wisin' O'Toole about Braughan—till I lost him—and about the government being in on his wires, and on the Montreal birds.

“That's why nothing real goes through the room in the McAlpin any more, see? Now, what I does is this: I'm goin' to fix it with O'Toole to tip him jest before this Colonel Drinkwater crashes the case. That's the way I allus works. I turn in a dozen little fellers and look out for the big shots—”

“Naturally,” agreed Sophy.

“—an' the same dope I give the government we'll slip to your mob—at a price. Let them an' O'Toole fight it out. They's no danger for me an' you—s'long as you keep strictly under cover from O'Toole. I gets paid three ways, see?”

“Gee, Swan! I sure got to hand it to you!”

“Yeah. But they's one out about it. I bring up the wireless messages from Long Island every day, an' I can hold 'em out for an hour or two—long enough for your mob to copy. But it's all in cipher—on top of plain Morse code. And Braughan won't get much outen it.”

“What does your headquarters do with it?” asked Sophy carelessly.

“Oh, they has a State Department code expert. I've tried to get copies of the translations outer one of the girls in the office, but I can't get to her.”

BUY NOW!

“Well, better lemme have 'em, anyways,” suggested Sophy. “How about some of the back messages? Mebbe the last couple o' weeks?”

“Cinch,” said the Swan. “I kin get you them easy enough.”

“Fine,” approved Sophy. “I'll turn 'em over to Braughan an' let him worry. He'll think I'm some fast worker at that.”

“O. K.”

“They's one thing I don't get,” continued Sophy carelessly. “Why don't O'Toole unload his steamer an' clean up?”

“Cheest! I forgot. That's the biggest laugh of all. Say, we put a coast-guard destroyer on her tail, wid a flock of patrol boats hanging round. Of course, we can't touch the steamer—she's way outside the limit—but she can't unload a case without the contact boat is followed in by our patrols, see?”

“Sure.”

“O'Toole's goin' crazy. His steamer's out there nearly three weeks already, and no chance of unloadin' 'less she can slip away in a fog. An' there ain't been no fog in a month.”

“Oh,” remarked Sophy. “Where is the boat?”

“I dunno—exackly. Hovering up an' down, changing position every day. That's all in the cipher stuff.”

“YOU seen O'Toole lately, Swan?”

“Me? No, but I'm goin' to pretty quick now. Going to fix up a deal—now you an' me unnerstands each other, huh?”

“Huh-huh. Want another drink, Swan?”

“You bet yer. Gee, this is great stuff. We'll be rollin' in it, Sophe. I'm going round this P. M. an' look at apartments. I'm goin'—”

“Don't hurry me, Swan,” pleaded Sophy, dropping her eyes.

“'S all right, girlie.” He gulped another brandy. “I'm not hurryin' nobody. All I wants is what's comin' to me—when you're good and ready.”

“You'll get it, Swan.” She raised her heavy-lidded eyes and regarded him long and inflamingly.

The following morning at ten o'clock Hopping came to Sophy's apartment. She detailed to him her conversation with Snyder. Also she gave him several rolls of ticker tape which were covered with the dots and dashes of the Morse code.

“He says I can keep this back stuff,” Sophy remarked, “'cause it won't be missed at headquarters. But we can only have the new ones for a couple of hours every day.”

“It'll be enough—if I can do what I hope.” Chub hesitated. “This Snyder bird is the same one that shook me down for three grand in the first job we ever pulled. How reliable is he, Sophy?”

“No ways at all,” she replied laconically. “He's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
[Continued from page sixty-nine]

crookeder than a corkscrew. He'd squawk on his own mother. An' he's a junkie."

"Coke?"

"Worse yet—heroin."

"He'll take handling."

"An' then some. Say, mister, I got him shellacked yest'day—on top of which he was shot full o' snow—an' he may not talk so free next time."

"When do you see him again?" asked Chub uneasily.

"Most any time. I gotta let him come up. And I don't want he should find you here. Y'see—I—I'm lettin' him look around for apartments," she finished calmly.

"My God, Sophy!" he exploded. Then he caught the quizzical gleam in the cold gray eye. "I don't like that kind of joking," he said in an injured tone.

"You ain't a bad kid," observed Sophy slowly. "But don't you worry about Sophe Kolof. I ain't never lived with but two guys in all me life. Midge Meyer an' Slim Hermann they was. After them men you don't s'pose I'd be steppin' out with a dirty rat of a snowbird like Snyder, d'you?"

Hopping showed his relief by a return to his normal manner.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"I don't know anything about any woman these days, my dear Sophy," he said wearily.

"The hell you don't," she returned affectionately. "Well, you better beat it now—my boy friend's likely to come in. I'll have the next ciphers for you t'morrow noon, mister."

"Why do you always call me 'mister'?" demanded Hopping aggrievedly.

"Swan wouldn't like it if I was to call you 'Chub,'" she explained without a vestige of irony.

Chub chuckled, and departed. He took the subway to Wall Street, entered a cigar store, and put in a Washington call for a friend of his in the State Department.

"Chub Hopping speaking. I say, Larry, my governor's commissioned me to dig up the best cryptographer—or whatever you call the chaps that decode ciphers—best one I can find in New York. Can you help?"

"Hold the line. I'll see what I can do."

Five minutes later Mr. Hopping walked out of the cigar store. He had the names of two of the most celebrated code experts in America.

Hopping repaired to an office building on Broad Street, and went to the top floor. There, in a tiny one-roomed office, which bore no name on the door, he found his man: a big, fat, angry-looking man with hog-bristly sparse hair and spectacle lenses so thick that it was difficult to see the swimming eyes behind the glass. Larry Montague's name served to quiet the ferocious-looking man's suspicions, if he had entertained any.

"VEN you vant thees?" he demanded, running some of the tape through his hamlike hands.

"Quick as I can, Mr. Moscowski; today if possible."

"Gome back aftair lunch. I vill see. Perhaps eet iss too hart. Vee see."

Hopping departed, dropped in at a broker's office to kill time, enjoyed a leisurely and characteristic luncheon, and returned to the office of the terrifying man.

The man's desk was littered with sheets of lemon-colored foolscap which were covered with figures and cabalistic formulæ. "Eet vas simple," he grunted. "All are simple—ven you haf fint the key."

"How do you do it?" asked Chub. "May I look?"

"You count the lettairs, und classify in ordair off frequency. E iss the most, then t, then the group a, o, n, c—the group r, s, l—*und so weiter*. You see?"

"I see," said Chub, who did not see at all.

"Obviously thees is not a trellis or cardboart system. There are no nulls or insignificances. It iss no gommercial gode, all of vitch I know by my heart. I fint eet iss the simple cipher-disk system vitch is use' by the United States army."

"Oh!" said Hopping. "How very simple!"

"Off course—mit the alphabet clockvise and countair-clockvise on the two concentric disks."

"Glad it was so easy," murmured Hopping. "How much do I owe you?"

"Fife hunnairt dollairs," grunted the big man.

"Oh!" said Chub faintly. "And how much for about a roll a day for the next week or so—if I need them?"

"Vun hunnairt dollairs."

Chub shut up, paid up, and departed with his decipherings. Going down in the elevator, empty but for the operator, he glanced through some of the messages. His eyes widened in astonishment—and satisfaction. He must reach John Hawks at once. Over a week since he had seen him, but now indeed he had something to report.

He hurried to a dial telephone, and by great good chance found John at his rooming house.

"I'VE got the whole picture, chief. When can I see you?"

"Right away," answered Hawks. "I'll be at Sophy's inside of an hour."

Now, while all this had been taking place—for the preceding eight days in fact—John Hawks had been keeping himself under cover. But he had been far from idle.

He did not fear O'Toole. On the other hand—and far from sharing Hopping's romantic impulse toward the virtuosities of crime—he entertained a lively respect for the murderous habits of O'Toole's guerrillas. Furthermore, he had all of a brave man's contempt for the needless courting of danger. When he wanted O'Toole he would find him. In the meantime he would keep out of his way.

So he had taken a room not far from the ferry house on Staten Island. Half an hour in the morning saw him to the Battery, and half an hour in the evening saw him back. All during that week he did not go above the police deadline of the Wall Street district. He did not need to.

On the train coming north he had mentally conned over his old bond prospects, in addition to his more recent and larger liquor customers. When he struck the corner of Wall and Broad, he had two dozen names in his head. The list represented a highly concentrated cross-section of Manhattan's most potent drinking classes. John was forming his Big Thirst syndicate. Six days he worked. Corning he left for the last. For him, John must have his proposition distilled to its essence, ready for one of the quick decisions on which Corning prided himself.

John telephoned the secretary, Potts, for an appointment. Surprisingly was told to come right over. Corning met him at his office door, threw a masterful arm across John's shoulder, and had the preliminaries out of the way by the time he had lumbered back to his desk chair.

"Hello, Hawks. Alison tells me she had a wonderful trip with you. Too bad you didn't all go to jail. What deviltry you got on your mind today?"

"I'm forming a syndicate to take over a very large consignment of assorted liquors. It is, I think, the choicest stuff that has reached here since 1920. I'll give you the list later. I haven't got it—er—with me. The price to the syndicate will be four hundred and thirty thousand. Half of this is already underwritten by the following men."

John gave the half-dozen names, and continued:

"They're all contingent upon your taking the last half slice, Mr. Corning."

"Hum," reflected Corning, "you've got a good crowd, I will say. There's Staples—we put together his toothpaste merger two years ago."

"Yes," observed Hawks cryptically. "I remember placing a few of the convertible sixes—just before I was fired. Something of a washout, wasn't it, sir?"

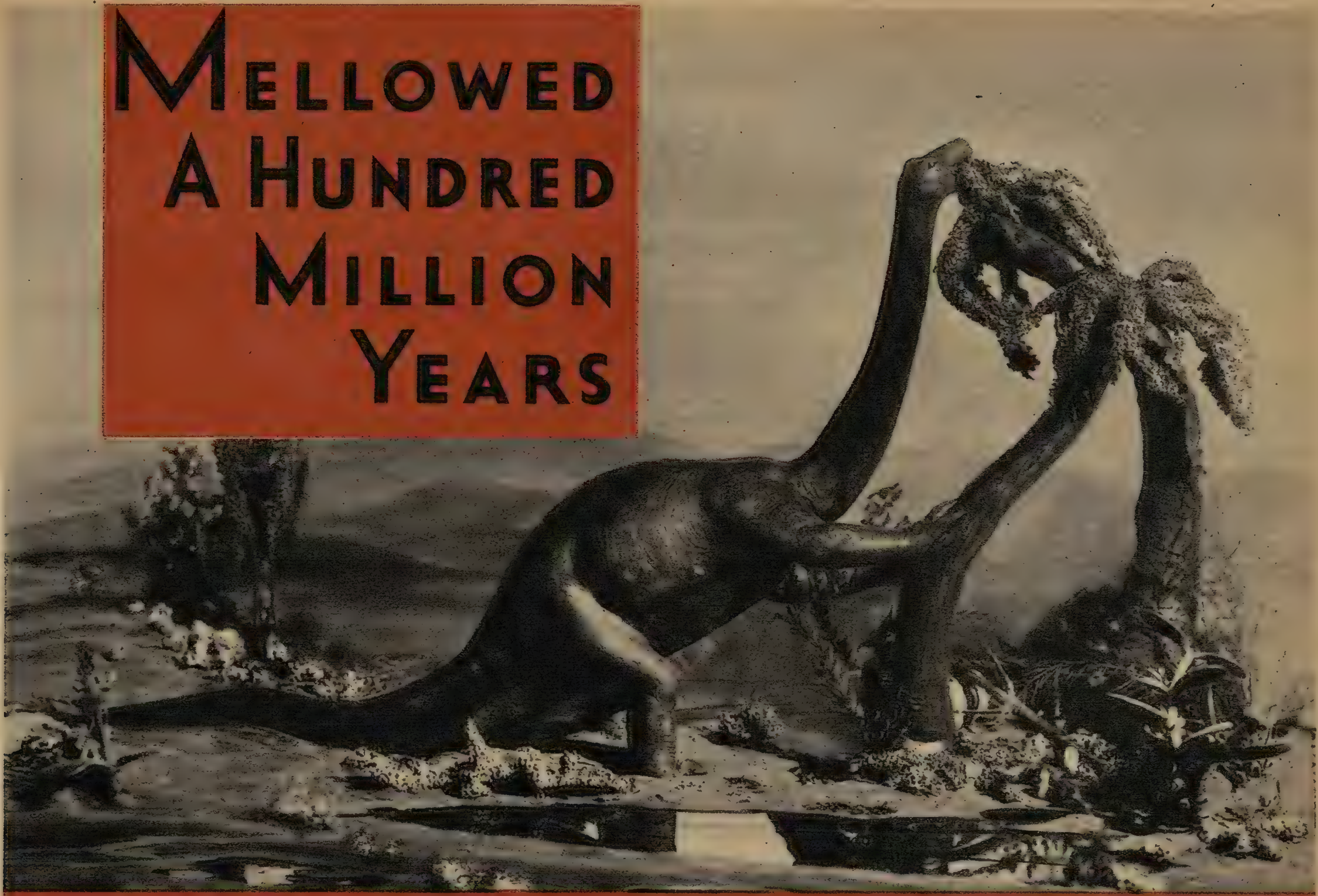
"Complete," said Corning. "But we got out nicely. So did Staples—cleaned up, as a matter of fact. That's why he's heading the same cup-defender syndicate I'm in this season."

"Oh," said John politely.

"Yes." Mr. Corning was in an unusually expansive mood. "I told him the other day his private signal ought to be a pair of toothbrushes crossed on a field of pink paste."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

MELLOWED A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS



While ferns grew high as trees in PENNSYLVANIA

GLANCE into any petroleum trade journal and you will see that Bradford-Allegany crude oil commands the highest price of all Pennsylvania grade crudes. For Bradford-Allegany crude was formed a hundred million years ago during the Devonian Age—that wonderful age which produced so little of the world's oil compared to other geological ages—yet produced it of such superior quality!

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Made in the newest, largest single refinery using PENNSYLVANIA grade crude exclusively.

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SINCLAIR REFINING CO. INC.
to be 100% pure
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35¢ *per quart*

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

Johnny grinned sympathetically. Corning snapped back to the business in hand.

"Where's the stuff now?"

"On the way," said Hawks calmly.

"Humph. And I suppose I've got to take the Ventura half across the Atlantic again, huh? That's why you're dragging me in on it, eh?"

"Sure," said John easily. "You keep her right here in the river a good part of the time. And you go offshore overnight a couple of times a week, don't you? And often with some of the very men on this list. It's right in the course of your regular habits, and not in the least suspicious. If my Nosila hadn't been sunk, I wouldn't suggest it. But there's no time to buy and equip another boat—and I don't want to, anyway. I'm thinking of retiring very soon. And on top of all that, sir, there's no other privately owned steamer I know of with anything like Ventura's cargo capacity. We'll transship somewhere way off Montauk or Block Island, and you can sail right back to your own anchorage at Sandy Head, and no questions asked."

"You're not a bad salesman, Hawks. Perhaps I made a mistake two years ago."

"Perhaps," agreed John pleasantly.

Corning's hairy eyebrows drew together in a moment's consideration.

"All right. I'll come along for two hundred and fifteen thousand. When'll your party be?"

"Any day—any night now, sir. I'll have the day and hour telephoned to you. Here's the position." He handed him a folded slip of paper. "Now, I'll probably be at sea myself. How much notice have you got to have?"

"Ten minutes," Corning snapped grimly.

John smiled the appreciation he knew was expected. "Thank you, Mr. Corning."

"By the bye, Hawks"—John was on his way to the door—"I suppose you know Alison is marrying her Britisher on the second of August."

Corning had shot it with premeditated suddenness. John turned slowly, his face quite composed.

"No," he smiled pleasantly, "I didn't know it." Then he added, apparently as an afterthought, "But it's quite a load off my mind."

The door closed behind him.

"Well, I'll be damned!" growled Stephen Corning to himself. He was not accustomed to having interviews terminated by the other man, particularly when the other man was a young whippersnapper of a hijacking bootlegger.

He pressed his buzzer and sent for one of his junior partners. It took him perhaps ten minutes to outline the financial structure of a lame-duck concern which Corning & Co. was reorganizing and oxygenating, and which they would presently permit the public to scramble for. They would keep for themselves the senior obligations, representing assets. The junior convertibles, representing prospects, they would sell to the public. This method exemplifies the excellent principle of never letting the public bet against the future of America. It keeps the people who matter in steam yachts. The others don't matter.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

TWO days later, which was Friday, John Hawks sat in his room near the ferry house on Staten Island. With him was Captain Benjamin Runker.

"Well, Ben, that's all I can tell you now. The steamer's out there somewhere. There's a destroyer watching her. That's all we know. I'm expecting details from Mr. Hopping every day. Minute we get her position, we'll start. Meantime you keep steam up on the tug, and no shore leave for anyone. Be ready to cast off the minute I come aboard."

"Sure," growled Captain Ben. "Crew's all right—all the old hands off'n the Nosila."

"Fine. And you're keeping in touch with the weather bureau people?"

"Huh-huh. They told me an hour back there's a low moving down from the banks, and they may be fog any time tonight or tomorrow."

"If there is, we're stung," said Hawks tersely. "We can't start until we have some idea of the steamer's position. I want fog, but not till we get out there."

There was a knock at the door of the bedroom. It was the woman who kept the rooming house.

"Party on the phone for Mr. Smith," she wheezed.

John went downstairs. The call was from Hopping. Chub, as we already know, had just come from the office of the code expert.

"I've got the whole picture, chief. When can I see you?"

"Right away," answered Hawks. "I'll be at Sophy's inside of an hour."

He hung up and returned to his room.

"Get back to your ship, Ben, and stand by. There may be something doing tonight."

John took the ferry for Manhattan.

NOW, on the morning of this same day it had come to the mind of Mr. Swan Snyder that the time had arrived for approaching the great John O'Toole.

The Swan had been moved to this decision by an untoward occurrence that morning. For, happening to approach his Sophy's domicile unasked and unexpected—with the loverlike intention of surprising her with an early visit—he had chanced to see the fat figure of Mr. Hopping descending the old brownstone steps. Mr. Hopping was carrying a package that was patently the same package of cipher code which Mr. Snyder had so recently delivered to his lady.

His Sophy, he concluded, was not treating him right. So she had known the little Hopping guy all the time. Cheest! And he had fallen for it! Blabbed the whole works to her! Not that it mattered, of course, for in any case he had meant her to slip the dope to the Braughan mob.

But he experienced the natural resentment of the proud and lonely spirit who has offered a woman of his best, only to have it spurned. He felt badly used, did the Swan. And with him to feel was to act, providing he had a generous deck of the white secreted about his person.

And so it came that at about the same moment that Mr. Hopping was entering the downtown office of the code expert, Mr. Snyder was being ushered into the uptown office of Big John O'Toole. The Swan, who had stopped in a washroom on his way up for a heartening double sniff of the white, was at his brilliant-eyed best. The big man with the droop-lidded eye listened to him without enthusiasm.

"You're telling me what I knows all about, Snyder," he finally remarked.

"So far, mebbe," agreed Snyder easily. "But what's it worth to you to have twenty-four hours' notice of when the government's goin' to break the case, huh?"

O'Toole scanned him narrowly.

"Two grand," he said finally.

The Swan laughed contemptuously.

"Well, le's start again. What'd it be worth to you to know jest what this here John Braughan is doin'?"

"What d'you know?" demanded O'Toole sharply. "Come clean an' leave the rest to me."

Snyder considered carefully. No use trying to bargain with the Big Fellow; got to let O'Toole write his own ticket. "Well," he said slowly, "for one thing, I knows the government has been interceptin' all code stuff wid a wireless station of their own."

"Huh? Yeah, I s'posed so, from the coast-guard boat they put on me. But that ain't nothin'. What d'you know about this here Braughan?"

The Swan smiled softly.

"Him? Oh, nothin' much, except he's been gettin' the same decodings as the government has, through a goil—a steno in the colonel's office," he lied smoothly.

O'Toole's face grew purplish red. But his expression did not change. He pulled open a drawer and lifted out a flat sheaf of thousand-dollar bills. Three of these he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

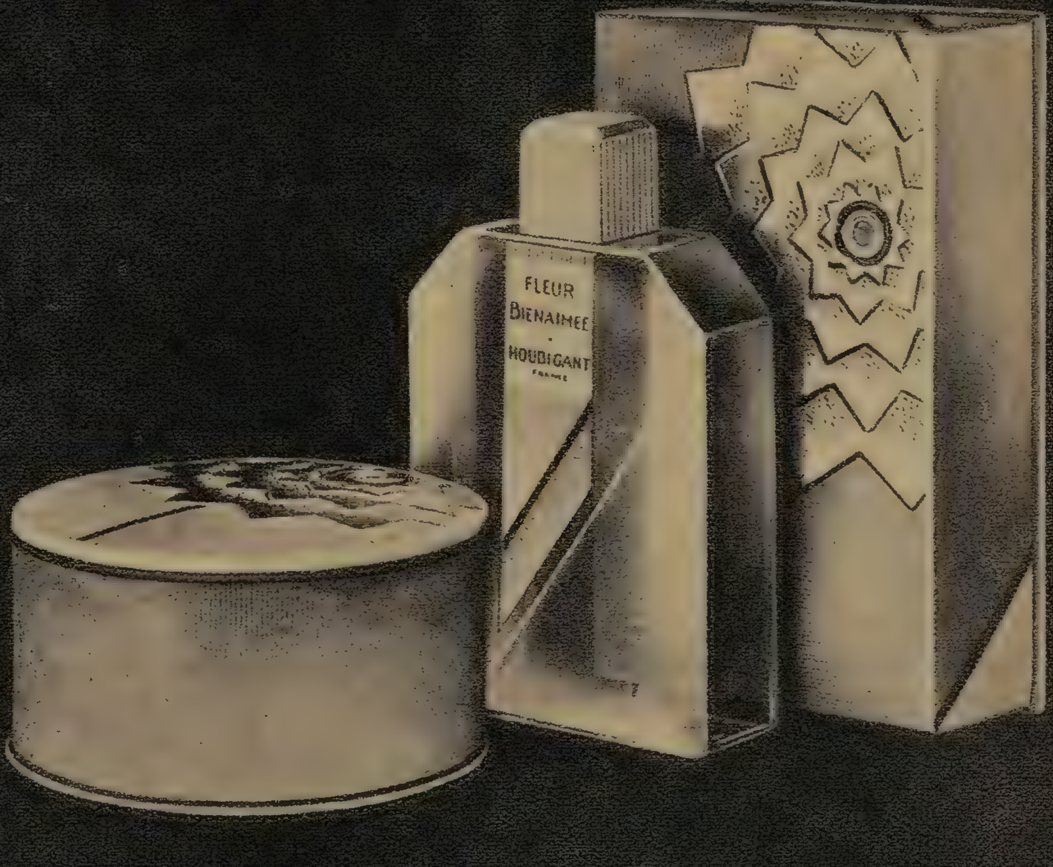
FLEUR BIENAIMEE
(*Beloved Flower*)

THE NEWEST PARFUM
by
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

PRESENTED AT SIX, TEN AND EIGHTEEN DOLLARS

PURSE SIZE FLACON ONE DOLLAR

FACE POWDER ONE DOLLAR


FLEUR
BIENAIMEE
HOUBIGANT
FRANCE

CORSAIR
Continued from page seventy-two

thumbed off and tossed across the desk. Snyder pocketed the notes, after carefully tearing off the corners.

"I allus does it for luck," he explained. "I was brought up in the south."

The big man swung his chair toward the window.

"Where's Braughan?" he rasped.

"I don't jest know. But I know where he's likely to be most any time today."

"D'you know Joe Finnusini—him that drives a taxi?" asked O'Toole with unconcern.

"Brother to Louis, you mean—Louis that was shot by the cop Salters a few years back?"

"Huh-huh," grunted O'Toole.

"Yeah, I know him." The Swan's face was turning slightly gray, and he appeared to articulate with difficulty.

The big man swung his chair back decisively. Again he reached into the drawer of the desk.

BUY NOW!

"Finnusini don't know Braughan," he said coldly, "and them two had orter be acquainted."

"You—you mean you want him put on a spot?" Snyder asked. His face was putty color.

O'Toole's lip curled heavily, but he made no answer. Instead, he flicked another bill across the desk.

"Five more of the same to you when Joe tells me O. K.—see?"

THIS conversation took place at about 11 A. M. It is illustrative of the fact that even clever women sometimes overreach themselves in their reliance on the passion of men who are not quite so clever.

It was about half past three that afternoon when John Hawks entered the apartment of Sophy Kolof. Hopping was there before him. Also a large and cherubically fat man, with innocent and baby-blue eyes—the underworld counterpart of Hopping himself—Fatty Harris by name; the same one whom Slim had brought to John's room in the Y. M. C. A. on the long-ago night of the stickup in the alley: Fat Harris, best cover-car driver in New York, and particularly respected when his hand moved to armpit or groin.

"You remember Mr. Harris, don't you, John?" Chub introduced elaborately. "He's been helping Sophy and me the last few days. Old friend of Slim's."

"YES, indeed. Glad to have you with us, Harris. We've been sort of short-handed lately. Fine job you people did on the cipher stuff."

"We'll have more tomorrow," offered Sophy.

"Don't need it," said Hawks. "Your code stuff gave me the whole picture." His voice was staccato with the excitement of anticipation. "We're going out tonight. You can wireless to the tug if you have to—"

"Goody goody, more blood," whispered the unquenchable Hopping. Harris, sitting next to him, caught it and grinned.

"Shut up, will you?" snapped Hawks. "We haven't time for fooling. Now listen. Here's the setup. That big French tramp has been hovering nearly three weeks. She can't shake the C. G. destroyer. The captain, who represents the ship owners, and the supercargo, representing the foreign consigners, and the Montreal birds in the McAlpin, representing themselves and O'Toole, are all at loggerheads. Scrapping among themselves, sending separate secret radios, and everything else. The steamer's short of food and water, the crew is starting to mutiny. If they can't slip away in a fog they'll have to put in to Montreal and dump their cargo on a glutted Canadian market. They—"

"I've told them all that," murmured Hopping sadly.

"Why the devil didn't you say so?" demanded John wrathfully.

"You told me to shut up," returned Chub.

John laughed.

Write it down in your book

America's standard laxative mineral water for over thirty years.

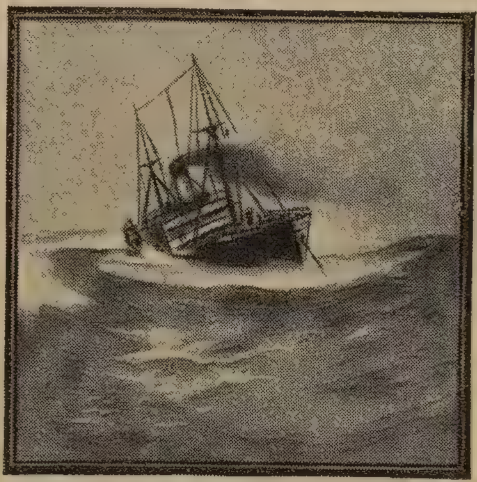
AMERICA'S PHYSIC
PLUTO
When Nature won't, Pluto will

Bottled at French Lick Springs, Indiana, and sold at drug stores and fountains everywhere.

“All right. Now, here are the assignments—unless, of course, you've done that too,” he added cuttingly.

“No, boss,” said Chub meekly.

“Very well. Hopping comes on the tug with me. Sophy stays ashore—doesn't matter where, so long as she's in constant touch with the radio office. I'll send through R. C. A., Sophy. I'll simply wire the day and hour, no signature. The minute you get that—it may be tonight, it may be a week—it's up to you to locate Stephen Corning and communicate it to him. Get that?”



“O. K.,” said Sophy Kolof quietly. She had moved over and was standing behind the curtain at one of the windows giving on the street.

The telephone rang.

Instantly all in the room were silent. Sophy, with a slightly preoccupied air, walked to the telephone. In the act of lifting the receiver, she paused, motioned toward Harris—then motioned peremptorily to the window position which she had vacated. Harris gained the curtain with the silent swiftness of a great cat.

“Hello?” Sophy was speaking into the transmitter. “Yeah, it's me. Huh-huh. Well, I was goin' out, but if it's important you can come up, I s'pose. Right around the corner? O. K.”

She hung up, and wheeled swiftly. From the window —and without moving—Harris spoke.

“Dago Joe's taxi, it is,” he announced with finality.

“I thought so,” she said hoarsely. “Three times this afternoon I seen the same cab driving past slow. Now he's waiting 'crost the street. They ain't no speak nor cabaret there—”

“What's the answer?” John interrupted quietly.

“Only one answer w'en they send out Dago Joe,” said Harris softly. “Good goil, Sophe. You sure must 'a' had a hunch.”

“I sure been one damn' fool! An' I thought that dirty hophead of a Snyder was eatin' outa me hand. He'll be here in a minute now. We gotta stop him. No lettin' him back to wise Finnusini—”

“Watch the cab, Sophe. I'll open the door.” Harris moved swiftly to the change of position.

John Hawks, quietly in his chair, smiled contentedly.

“All right, Harris. Take him if you want. But no noise or rough stuff—”

There was a tap at the door. Sophy, momentarily leaving her post, came to the middle of the room. Harris, standing well back of the door, opened it on himself. Swan Snyder walked in jauntily.

“W'y, Sophy—didn't know you had frien's! Sorry to inter—”

BUY NOW! It's
Bargain Time!

Fat Harris cut short the amenities. Two hundred and forty-odd pounds behind his swing to a point just back of the Swan's right ear, caused that gentleman to lose the thread of his discourse.

HARRIS rolled him over and went through his clothes with seasoned skill. From an inside vest pocket he fished out four one-thousand-dollar bills. He inspected them curiously.

“Three of 'em with corners tore off for luck,” he observed. “Guess that makes it certain.”

John Hawks had not moved. His finger tips were drumming a tattoo on the table beside him, a token of deep concentration. He stopped drumming, and stood up.

“Very neat, Harris. I used to box a bit myself. What d'you say we go out and bring in the guerrilla in the car?”

“Suits me.” Fat rose grunting from his knees. “What do we do with the four grand?”

“We give them to me,” answered Hawks with his head cocked on one side and his crooked smile in full play. “Come on, Harris. Chub, you and Sophe look out for this chap. We'll be back in a few minutes.”

In the hallway Harris stopped.

“We better go out by the roof, Mr. Braughan. They's always a few skylights open in every block. I'll go to Mad'son, you go to Fi'th Av'noo. We'll come on him from two ways. You brace him for a ride. I'll take him from behind while you're talkin'. Don't start till you see me leave the corner o' Mad'son. I gotta locate the copper on the beat.”

They whispered a moment more and separated. Ten minutes later, whistling cheerily, John approached the cab from the front. “Taxi?” he demanded.

“Busy,” quoth the driver gruffly. Then he grunted. Mr. Harris, from the rear, had pushed something very hard into the vicinity of his left kidney.

“Stick 'em up, Joe! An' keep 'em on the wheel.”

Joe did so. A minute later, still with something hard pressed into his back, he was preceding John Hawks up the two flights of stairs to Sophy's flat. He had lost both of his guns, a good deal of his self-respect, and, for aught he knew, his taxicab, which he had seen being driven away by the imperturbable Mr. Harris.

They entered the room. Swan Snyder had come round. He was sitting on the floor against a radiator. Hopping had trussed him sailor fashion with tightly knotted wet dish towels overbound with several turns of disused bell wire which Sophy had torn from the baseboards of the old-fashioned room. Not a pretty job, but reasonably secure.

FINNUSINI was trussed in similar fashion.

John straightened up and looked at his wrist watch. Plenty of time. “You there—Finnusini. Where were you to report to O'Toole?” he demanded. The man did not answer. Hawks turned to Swan Snyder.

“Where's O'Toole now, Snyder?” he asked quietly.

“S'elp me, Gawd, I dunno,” the wretched officer whined.

Sophy Kolof walked to the bureau, took a pair of woman's curling irons, and walked languidly back to the electric lamp on the table near the Swan.

“I'll make him talk,” she observed dispassionately, while she screwed the plug into the socket. Hopping watched sardonically. Hawks, not knowing her so well, looked on with some trepidation. Wouldn't do to have her bluff called. But the man Snyder, the heroin too many hours old in him, had nothing left.

“Oh, Gawd!” he blurted. “Keep off'n me, Sophe! O'Toole's where he allers hangs out in the afternoons—at the Sea Gull in West Forty-five. But I ain't seen him. You got me wrong. Honest to Gawd, you got me all wrong—” Dago Joe was sneering his contempt.

Hawks took the telephone and knelt beside Snyder. Chub Hopping, alert to his chief's purpose, was already looking up the number of the Sea Gull.

“Snyder,” said Hawks softly, “I want you to call O'Toole and tell him you couldn't locate me, and that Dago Joe has started back to his stand outside the restaurant. If you try the slightest funny business, I'll let Sophy at you.” He lifted the receiver, held it to Snyder's ear, and placed the transmitter at his mouth. The message was put through precisely as Hawks had directed.

John rose to his feet, took a knife from his pocket, and cut the cord of the telephone. He drew Sophy and Hopping into a corner of the room and gave them whispered instructions. “I'm going to leave you two to gag these birds so they can't start anything for a few hours anyway. As soon as you're through, Chub, go to the boat and wait for me. Have Ben ready to cast off the minute I come. Sophe, get out of here right away, and telephone the janitor in the morning. We don't want to starve these men. I'm on my way.”

Five minutes later Hawks was on the street. Fifteen minutes later he walked into the Sea Gull restaurant. He was quite alone, and quite unarmed. Also, he was angry.

John Hawks and O'Toole come to grips, at last, and John settles old scores all around, in next week's smashing finish of Corsair.

COLDS
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It is folly to neglect a cold when you can so easily give yourself the protection that has won millions of people to Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE. The double action of both a stimulating body tonic and a laxative will check your cold the quick, comfortable way.

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You'll enjoy this practical, personal tray. Miniature balloon tire (real rubber) with clear crystal glass tray — your name in gold showing through. Unbreakable and can't mar desk or table. Makes a "different" gift — always appreciated! Mailed on receipt of one dollar, postage free, 6 for $5.00. Be sure to print names clearly. Order NOW for Xmas! H. H. D. LANGEREIS & SON, LANGEREIS BLDG., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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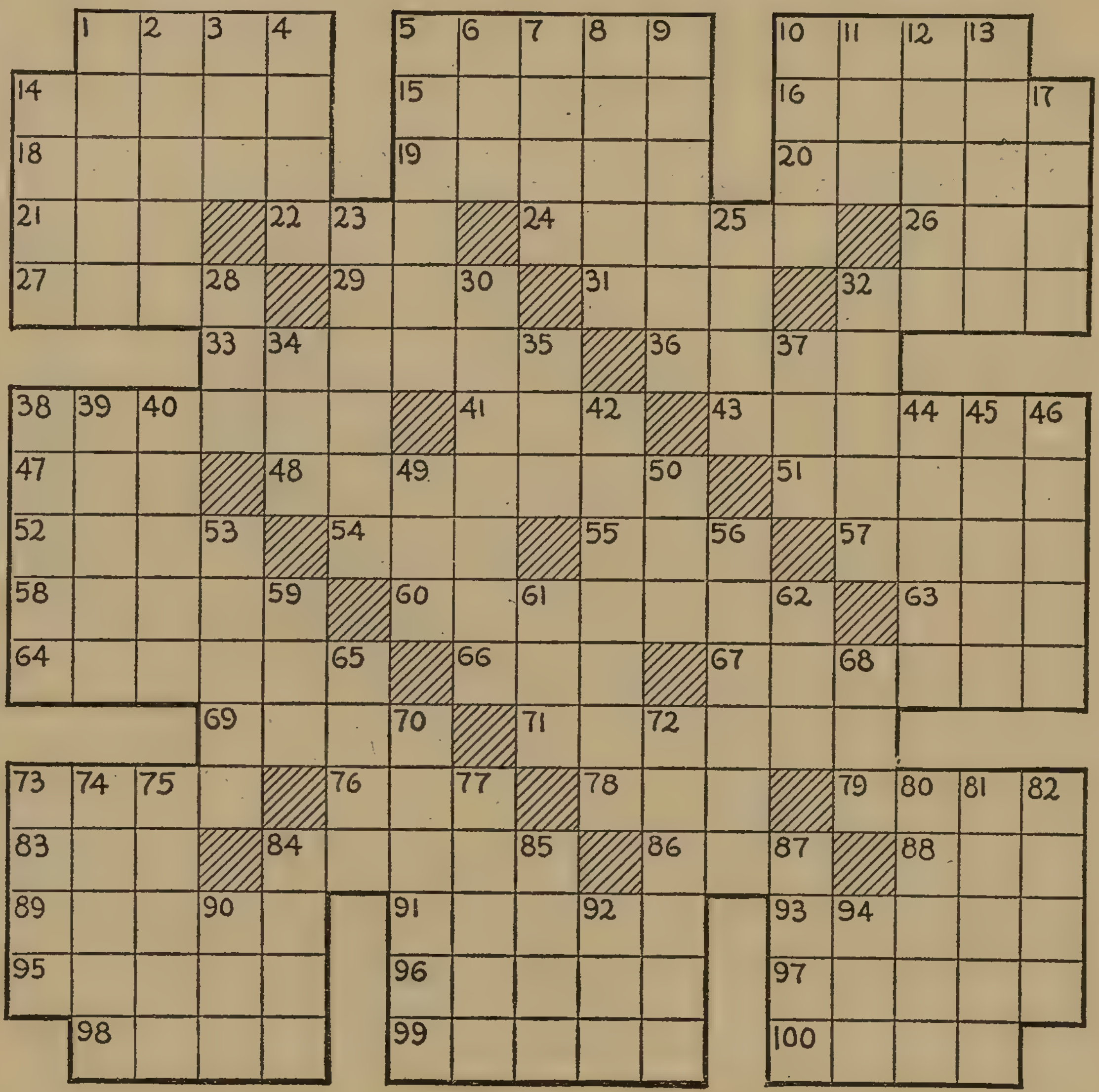
Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

1 To prepare for spinning, as wool
5 Form of polite address to a lady
10 A kind of fertile soil
14 Grief (poetic)
15 Region in an amphitheater
16 Wind instrument
18 Angry
19 Narrow roads
20 Lessen
21 Cooking utensil
22 Small compact mass
24 Silken fabric
26 A bond
27 Stalk
29 Small plot under cultivation
31 A color
32 Make crooked
33 Ranges in a row
36 Fixed routine
38 Separated
41 A vehicle
43 Pope's representative
47 Any pulpy fruit
48 Mocked
51 Woman's name
52 Principal
54 Turf
55 A pig
57 Metal containers
58 Beasts of burden
60 Deserved
63 Duration of life
64 Boiled
66 Performed
67 To slacken
69 Sheep
71 Marked with hollows
73 A swine
76 Imitate
78 Comprehend
79 Comfort
83 Pointed instrument
84 Variety of rose
86 Skill
88 A weight of India
89 Move sidewise
91 Refrain from enforcing, as a penalty
93 Corroded
95 A joint (plural)
96 Cape formerly worn by ecclesiastics
97 States to be true
98 Grate, as the teeth
99 More recent
100 A planet

VERTICAL

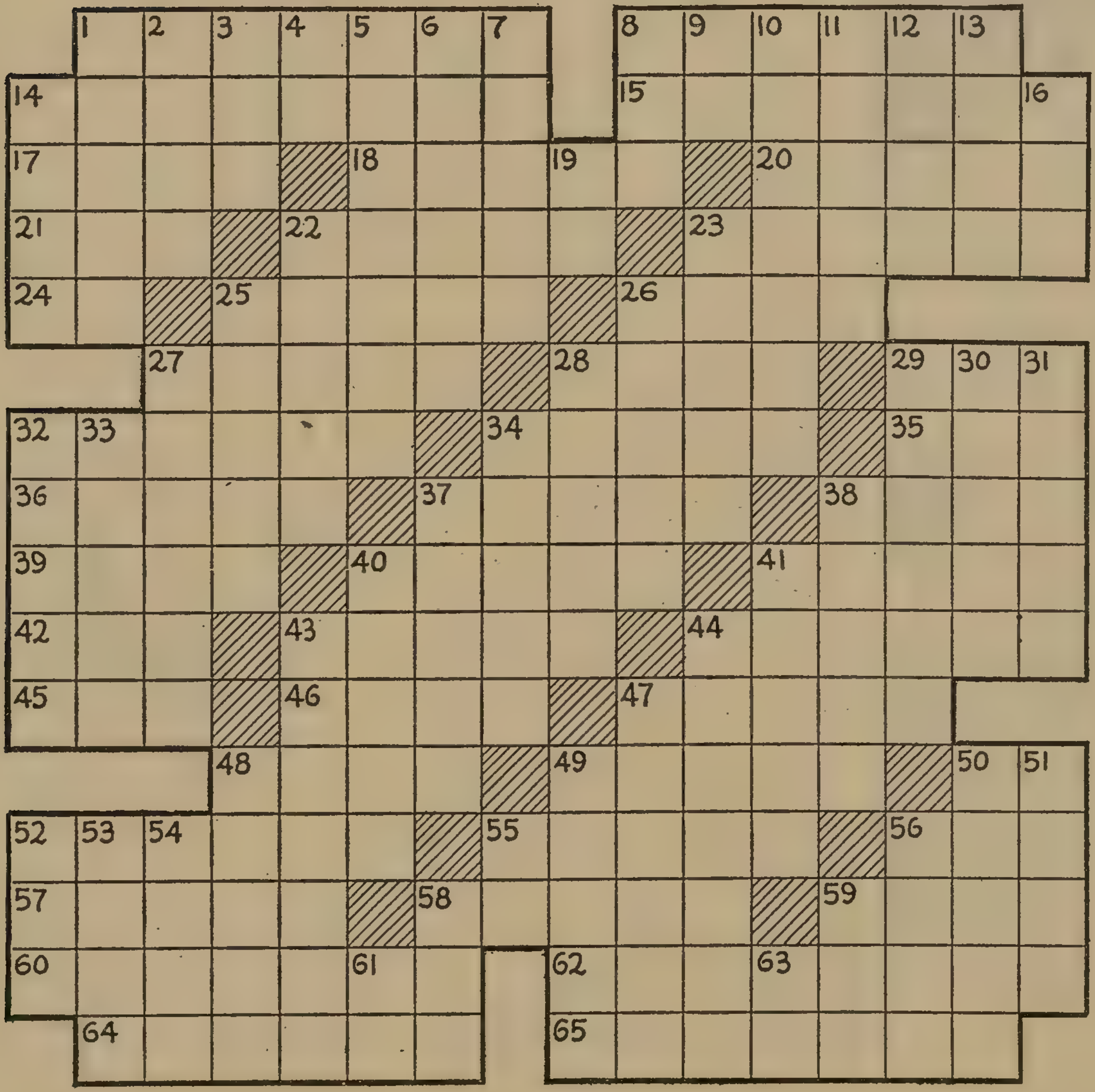
1 A French landscape painter
2 Furnished with wings or winglike appendages
3 Decay
4 Dragged; pulled

BUY NOW!

5 A city in Massachusetts
6 A constellation
7 Lairs
8 Near (poetic)
9 Conquer; overpower
10 Lend
11 Spherical body
12 Size of type
13 Religious service or office for morning
14 Immerses
17 Require
23 Dwells; sojourns
25 Image
28 Entangle
30 Determined; rendered judgment
32 Generated, as a father or sire
34 Conducted
35 Dejected; downcast
37 Man's nickname
38 Animal of the cat kind (plural)
39 Stop! (nautical)
40 Elevate
42 Furthermore
44 Songs
45 Stain slightly
46 City in Germany
49 Gypsy gentleman
50 Small mark
53 Fresher
56 Confusion
59 Stitch
61 Cause to be quit of
62 Deer
65 Costly
68 Poem
70 Helical
72 Tidier
73 To lie in warmth
74 Due to be paid
75 A tree
77 A swelling
80 A flower
81 Prophets
82 Birds of prey
84 Most excellent
85 Send forth
87 Two or more animals harnessed together
90 Hawaiian garland or wreath
92 To frost
94 Topaz humming bird

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-two

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 Turns to ridicule or makes sport of
8 Makes amends for an offense
14 Settlings; dregs
15 Of or pertaining to the side
17 In bed
18 Undomesticated or uncultivated
20 French historian and literary critic
21 A trap
22 Biblical name (Esther iii.)
23 Food for animals
24 Near
25 An eel
26 Barriers
27 Makes a loud noise as if by striking
28 A size of type
29 Disfigure
32 A binary compound of boron
34 To represent as similar
35 A species of sorcery
36 A town in Maine
37 Intertwines
38 To stuff
39 A debauchee
40 Mode; manner
41 To talk to little purpose
42 Blind impulse leading men on to ruin
43 Division of mankind (plural)
44 Closed securely
45 A fowl
46 Ardor inspired by enthusiasm
47 Shaft of a feather
48 Elliptical
49 Interval between two or more objects
50 The symbol for an element
52 More courageous

BUY NOW!

55 To bring or fall into line
56 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
57 Lubricator
58 Deputy
59 A metal
60 More thinly scattered
62 Those who lead from truth or into error
64 Ethereal salts
65 Strengthening tissue in plants (variant)

VERTICAL

1 A charge
2 State of bliss
3 Disencumber
4 Assimilated form of in-
5 Female character in Dickens' Tale of Two Cities
6 Injections
7 Wander
8 Entire
9 The symbol for an element
10 Pertaining to the former Turkish Empire
11 Approaches
12 Silkworm
13 Intoned
14 Ancient Scandinavian legend
16 Shelter
19 One indefinitely
22 Island of the Japanese group
23 Stands opposite to
25 The Pine Tree state
26 Levees
27 In fragments
28 Ancient Italian god of agriculture
29 Mental state
30 Lessen
31 Congealed into frost
32 Senator from a western state
33 Declaim
34 Loaded
37 Relating to place
38 Thin, crimped stuff
40 Of the cheek
41 Tranquillity
43 The opposite
44 To partition
47 Musical instrument
48 Apparent; manifest
49 A vehicle (plural)
50 Tempest
51 Ages
52 Genus of quadrupeds
53 Mature
54 An exclamation
55 The symbol for an element
56 Combining form meaning mountain
58 Measures of area
59 A fish
61 Adjective suffix
63 A city in ancient Chaldea

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-two

The Inspired Gift..

A miracle of electric fingers turning toil into play . . . Yet its stately beauty lends a touch of distinction to any home. Power to spare for every arm-aching, food mixing job in the kitchen—mixes magic into foods: Smoother mayonnaise; fluffier mashed potatoes; finer grained cakes; gorgeous 7-minute icing—all mixing!

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with JUICE EXTRACTOR *Attachment*

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"For What We Are About to Receive—"

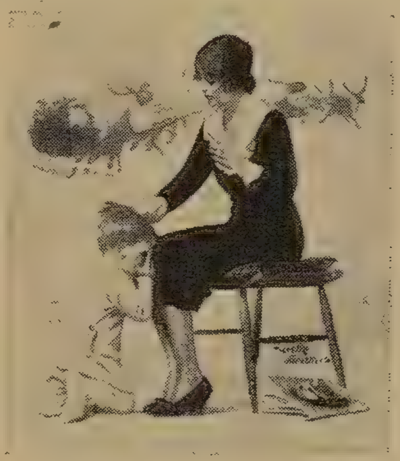
A New For the Love o' Lil

"HEY, come out and play!" Gwendolyn Smithers was yelling from Lil's front gate where she was weakening the hinges as she swung. "I poured water in the gutter and I got a sliding pond. Come out and slide!"

Lil knocked on the window with her rings and went through graceful fanning motions, hoping that Gwen would take the hint and move away.

"Tell Ulysses I want him to come out!" Gwen shouted.

"For goodness' sake," Lil said, opening the window and holding little U. away from the cold air, "go home where you belong! It's seven o'clock and time for all nice children to be getting ready for bed." And she closed the window and pulled down the shade.


This week's cover picture.

"Bed?" Gwen shrieked. "I can't go to bed for four or five hours. I ate baked-potato pie for supper! I ate—" She set this announcement to music and was singing it to the entire street. But no shades were snapped up, so she moved away, giving the iron gate a good-by kick which really hurt her toes.

"Is Gwen in her nightgown, too?" Little U. wanted to know. "She ought to go to bed early between now and Christmas. Good children—"

"Good children go to bed early all year around," Lil told him. "They hang their clothes on a chair, put shoe trees in their shoes, and tell the dog to keep off the bed. They look to see if their baby brothers' feet stick out from under the blankets—"

"They'd get to bed late if they did all that," Ulysses said, "an' their mothers couldn't tell 'em any stories."

"Supper's ready!" Nannie called from the kitchen. "And me stuffed pork chops with fried apples and onion rings will sperl if they ain't et toot sweet."

The combined odors of grease, burned apple seeds, and weepy onions crept up the stairs, through the hall, and into the nursery to mingle with the smells of pepperminty tooth paste and a mustardy ointment which Lil rubbed on the children's chests in the winter.

"I'm startin' my soup!" Sandy called.

"You're impolite," she called back above the noise.

"I'll get in bed right away," Ulysses told her, grabbing his Teddy bear from a stool. "Then you can eat your soup, too." He sounded too good to be true, but that was because he knew Christmas was coming. For a week he'd been rolling his eyes like saints in paintings, he'd eaten all his crusts, and straightened his row of shoes in the closet after every meal.

"Brush your hair," Lil said as she opened the nursery window. "Brush your hair so that the fairies will find you nice and neat when they play around your pillow."

He fairly dented his skull as he wielded his brush. Then his teeth rattled in his freshly polished gums as he flopped upon his knees in front of his mother.

"I'll say my prayers now," he whispered, thinking of Christmas favors to come. And he gave speedy thanks for his mother, father, brother, cook, Indian suit, rubber heels on his shoes, and coal in the cellar.

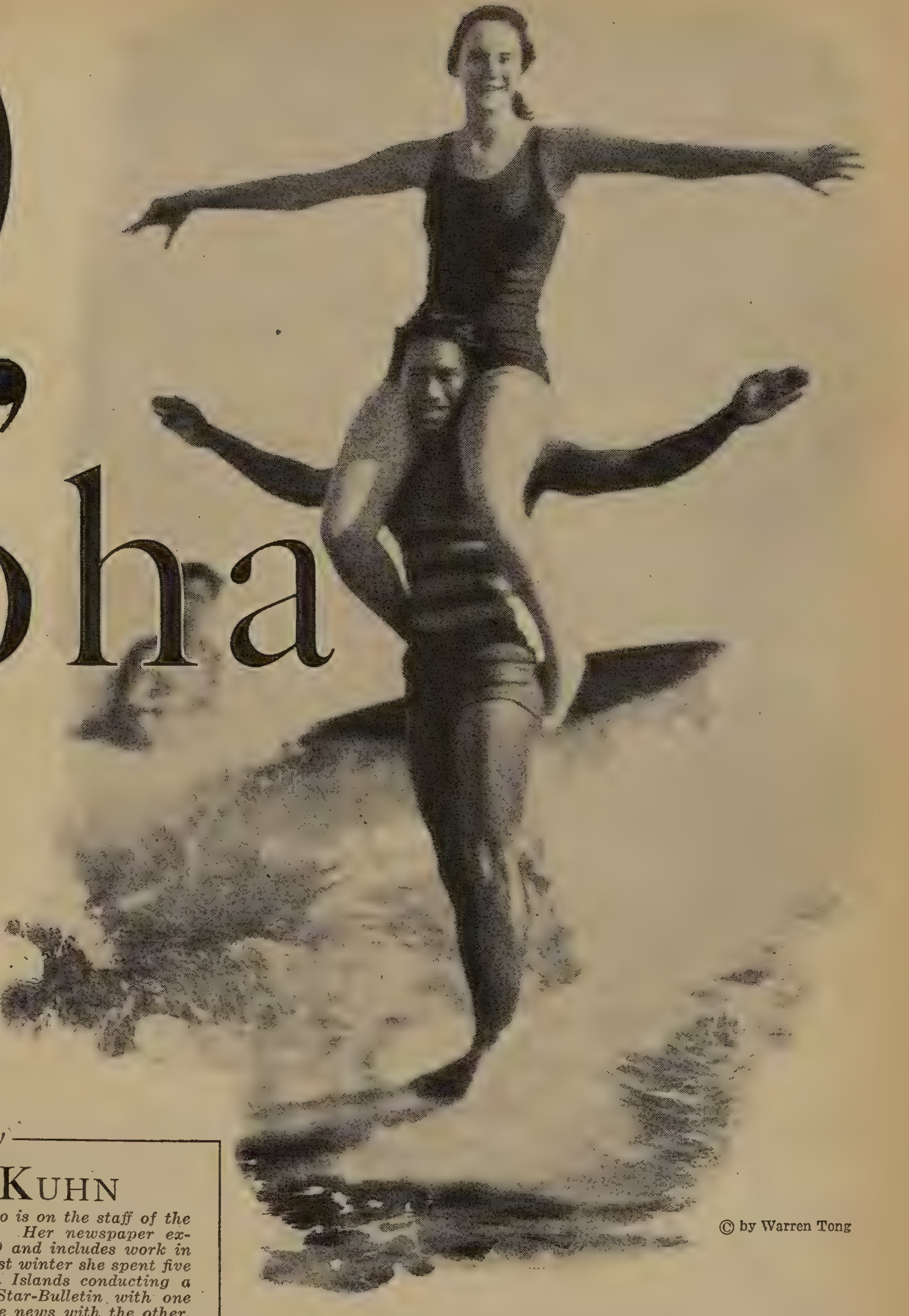
"That's very sweet," Lil told him, "but don't forget to give thanks for what we are about to receive."

"For what we are about to receive," the little imp murmured in a holy voice. He peeked between his fingers and received a joyous vision of Santa's sleigh!

(Next week's cover adventure: Santa Himself)

O, Aloha

How to Get Your Money's Worth in Hawaii



© by Warren Tong

Showing how simple surf-boarding really is. Some tyros even find themselves riding on their ears.

— *By* —

IRENE KUHN

a native New Yorker who is on the staff of the Daily News, New York. Her newspaper experience dates from 1919 and includes work in Paris and Shanghai. Last winter she spent five months in the Hawaiian Islands conducting a tourist column on the Star-Bulletin with one hand, and covering police news with the other.

(Reading time: 13 minutes 35 seconds.)

TEN million dollars is a lot of money to pay for a coat of Hawaiian suntan, a ride on a surf board, some tropical scenery including hula dancers, and a peek at a volcano. Would *you* pay it? Don't be an Eskimo, says you; Nature isn't that grand! However, 23,000 tourists, exclusive of Esquimaux, contributed this total in a year for these outstanding attractions of that little group of Pacific islands known as Hawaii. Outpost of prohibition, it is called the Paradise of the Pacific.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

Good American taxpayers live there all year, for, my dears, Hawaii is America. More than a few of the taxpayers fold complacent hands over large and satisfied *opus* (stomachs), for Hawaii's three principal crops are pineapples, sugar, and tourists, all highly profitable. They just grow the first two, but they cultivate the last.

Most of the American residents of the islands declare that they wouldn't live anywhere else.

They couldn't. After a year or two in the balmy climate there, one succumbs to *mañana* fever, a disease of the tropics which is fatal to the urge to travel. It attacks the backbone and the reason, and makes life unendurable except in an atmosphere of gaudy, oversize flowers, moonlight, plunk-plunking music, double rainbows, and cow-in-the-pasture complacency.

A million dollars, probably, is spent each year in enticing the retired business man and his family to the islands with siren songs in extravagant advertising.

Some of the tourists are lured, others just come—by the thousands—to be met at the pier by one of the neatest advertising gags in the world—local color. Before the ship's side has warped the pier at Honolulu, the Royal Hawaiian Band swings into the Song of the Islands and Aloha Oe, and the customers are all crying happily by the time the Chamber of Commerce delegation has rushed up the gangplank with flower and paper

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why Waste Good Nerves

and temper by trying to drive the wheezy old bus through another winter? The dollars you lay down as first payment on the new car will put added energy into American business, which will be reflected all the way back to the mines, forests, and oil wells from which automobiles are created.

A new radio set will start ripples on the economic pond which will reach as far. In fact, so interwoven are the industrial activities of the United States that it is hardly possible to spend a dime in Chicago without affecting somebody in every one of the forty-eight states.

LET'S BUY PROSPERITY BACK!

Look for Harper Leech's Inspiring Article in Liberty Next Week

for Toothache

Use JIFFY and the ache STOPS. Be prepared for toothache at night when you can't reach a dentist. JIFFY saves your nerves so you can sleep. Your druggist can tell you that JIFFY stops the pain at once. Insist that you get the original.

JIFFY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Toothache Drops

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

O, ALOHA
Continued from page seventy-nine

leis for the select few whose names have been radioed ahead for "special attention."

The tourists swarm all over town and in no time at all they arrive at the beach—the far-famed beach of Waikiki, a strip of sand only a whit larger than a Chicago back yard, but with a world-wide reputation that it tries to live up to.

After they get to the beach they wonder what they'll do with themselves until the time comes to go home. They do nothing except sit in the sun, essay a ride or two on a surf board, swim in the surf, and maybe shoot some golf, or try their hands and feet on the ukulele and the hula—and therein lies the charm of Hawaii.

It is the only place in the world where you can do nothing and have virtually nothing done for you and still feel that you're getting your money's worth.

The population of Hawaii is divided into two principal groups. They are the people who live there, year in and year out, and call themselves *kamaainas*, or old-timers; and the visiting firemen, bankers, brokers, railroad men, and movie stars, all of whom are known, in the quaint parlance of the territory, as *malihinis*.

IT is these latter who make the Hawaiian beach boys believe in Santa Claus, although a chimney is as rare as a palm tree on Broadway.

The *kamaainas* belong to the lunch clubs and the Chamber of Commerce, work hard all day, and whenever they have an off moment, boost the islands.

They point to the scenery, show you the rainbows in the valleys, give you a slice of pineapple when you arrive and a flower *lei* for your neck when you leave, and let nature take its course.

In fact, the whole burden of living up to what is said of the islands is put upon that already much put-upon old lady, Nature. There's more nature in the islands than anywhere else on the globe and the tourists are expected to be warmly grateful in cold dollars.

If you are seeking rest, relaxation, and more rest, go to Hawaii. If you are prospecting for the gay life, or exotic adventure, blood-stirring episodes in the flower-perfumed velvet dark of star-spangled nights, go farther south to the Polynesia that has not yet learned about futuristic bathrooms and manufactured native life.

There are no night clubs in Hawaii; there is no casino, and, technically, the place is dedicated to Volsteadism. But don't let that deter you. Before prohibition the Hawaiians grew the *ti* plant and from its root distilled a clear and potent liquor called *okolehao*.

Today the *ti* plant still flourishes in the land; and dark-skinned natives eke out a happy existence manufacturing and selling oke to other Americans with paler skins.

They don't always bother to make it from *ti* root, for potato peelings, mixed with a certain this and that, have been found to be good substitutes.

But don't let that discourage you, either. Roughage in the diet never hurt anyone, and if you think it may, any good *kamaaina*, except those few who take prohibition seriously, will tell you where you can get good raw oke for from three to five dollars a gallon, and will give you expert instructions in aging it yourself.

Courtesy of Los Angeles Steamship Company

That famous beach at Waikiki. Hardly a wide open space.

Oke's special attraction, aside from its potency, is that it is good behavioristic booze that wears off without a hangover.

It's a grand place to go to, this Hawaii, when you want to Get Away From It All, for the islands are a six days' voyage from the California coast, except on a single fast liner, and there are eight of them in the group. This gives you an octet of opportunities for Getting Away From It All, which is the way one feels after a couple of weeks of moonlight and roses *ad nauseam* and *cum* mosquitoes.

BUY NOW!

The principal island, although it is not the largest, is the port of call for all steamers from the northwest, San Francisco, Los Angeles, the Orient, the South Seas, Australia, and New Zealand. It is called Oahu and pronounced O-ah-who; and the Social Registerites who try it on their larynxes with that rising inflection the first day are letting their hair down before the beach boys before the week is out, and liking it.

Honolulu, the capital city, is the residence of the governor, and the seat of the territorial government. It has also a mayor, a board of supervisors, a police department, a fire department with elegant red motor trucks and screaming sirens, a pineapple factory, a ukulele hatchery, giant mosquitoes, gianter centipedes, shower trees, modern hotels, fine motor roads, bungalows, estates, more automobiles than flies, a native quarter about as large and exciting as New York's mild and shrunken Chinatown but with better chop suey, and a radio station or two.

It has two newspapers with homeside comic strips, several Japanese and Chinese journals, diving boys, beach boys, hula girls, plenty of soldiers and sailors, a church with one of the most expensive pipe organs in the world and a Cleveland imported artist to play it.

There are artists with smocks and artists without smocks, strolling musicians, poets, traffic lights, enough bootleggers to ease your mind as to *that,* polo, tennis, golf, and some charming people who are making a desperate fight to keep some of the primitive loveliness of the place and prevent its sadly exploited natives from being stampeded into oblivion.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

The island of Hawaii, the "big island," has the only live volcano in the whole territory, a territory of islands born of the union of fire and sea—lava that cooled and died, and coral that died, too, in order that from this union of black and white might emerge the greenest, cleanest, verdure in the world.

On Kauai, the "garden island," are the barking sands, great white dunes that bark like a dog under the pressure of sliding feet. On Maui are the great cattle ranches, and Haleakala, the "house of the sun," an extinct crater more than twenty miles in circumference. On Molokai is the leper settlement. On Lanai the pineapples are grown. Niihau, "bird island," and Kahoolawe are little islands.

So much for geography. Let's get personal and talk about the diving boys. When the islands were pure, unsullied, and primitively beautiful, when the only hot air one got was the occasional scorching breath of the *kona* wind from the south, the diving boys were themselves. Young, slim, and brown, naked except for a loin cloth, they ranged the Honolulu water front, diving, swimming, and playing about in the water like young porpoises.

Came the tourists. The diving boys became "sights" and "local color."

THEY have been incorporated into a union and divided into two groups, each with its own territory, to prevent civil war. On one side of an imaginary line are the Kakaako boys, on the other the Palama lads. Ships berthing on one side of the line go to one group; ships on the other side of the line belong to the second division. The boys have recently been outfitted with blue and yellow swim suits, with identifying emblems and they have learned a few tricks that they never included in their repertoire when they were simple children. They don't bother to dive for small change now. And they have the cute trick of holding a couple of coins in their mouths, in reserve, so to speak, so that if they miss a silver quarter tossed from a high deck they need never admit defeat as they emerge from the bottom and display their catch in an upraised hand to advertise their prowess and inspire more money-throwing.

When the boys are not swimming they're strumming ukuleles, which brings us to a crucial point in this essay.

A ukulele in the hands of an Hawaiian is an instrument born in heaven of the union of a golden harp and a silver banjo. Give one to a tourist—but, stay, don't give it to him, break it instead—and the thing becomes as pestiferous as the translation of its name implies—jumping flea.

While the tourists are stretched out on the sand busily engaged in snaring a tan, a beach boy saunters by with his uke. He seats himself near the newest *malihini,* strums softly and sings "*Aole i piliwi ia, Kahi wai a o Alekoki,*" and so forth, which is a delightfully naughty little song, written by the late King Kalakaua in allegorical Hawaiian to commemorate, so 'tis said, a romantic disappointment.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you . . .

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment ***once every hour for five hours*** and you'll be astonished at the relief.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a ***"counter-irritant"***—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
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LUCKY TIGER
For Hair and Scalp!

A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

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STOP ***those racking Sinus Headaches!***

Get at the cause! Reach the sinuses themselves with the scientific 2-in-1 treatment, Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Acts through the blood as a tonic, penetrating these closed-in areas as no wash or spray can. Relieves inflamed membranes. Restores to health. Builds up bodily resistance. Start today!

HALL'S
CATARRH MEDICINE
Successful for Over 50 Years

Combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, send 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 1312, Toledo, O. Write for "7 Things You Should Know," Free.

O, ALOHA
Continued from page eighty-one

The beach boy's head topped with dark, curly hair is thrown back; his brown eyes sparkle; his voice throbs and sobs; and how the important sex go for it!

It makes no difference if they're Hollywood stars, bluebloods from Boston's Back Bay, or oil-enriched ex-farm wives. They nose-dive so fast it isn't even funny.

The boys, with the exception of one—Joe Miner, a handsome, intelligent man who is a sort of generalissimo—are not paid by the hotels or by the tourist bureau, although they should be. They are free lances during the tourist season, and they make enough from January to April to enable them, if they wish, to spend the other nine months of the year cultivating the lovely pursuit of leisure in which they excel.

That uke-playing gets them all. From listening to trying is a mere flea jump; the second day the infatuated tourist has visited Mossman's ukulele factory, downtown, or has snatched a higher-priced instrument from the curio shop near by, and he's off. Unfortunately, the surf at Waikiki is too gentle to drown the noise.

But not too gentle are the waves to those who try their luck on surf boards. It looks so darned simple. All you have to do is get on a piece of wood shaped like an ironing board, lie flat on your *opu*, and paddle out to the reef. There, you catch a wave, and as it lifts your board and shoots it forward, you get on your knees, then pull yourself erect and, with arms outstretched for balance, come dashing in a half mile to shore to paralyze the girl friend with admiration for your manly skill, grace, and daring.

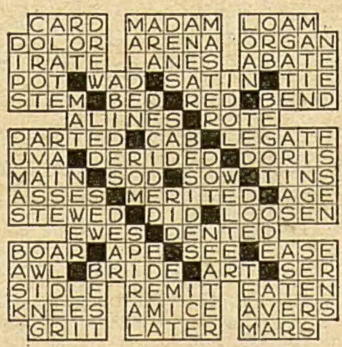
Some hula girls in their more or less native state. The bigger the girl the better the dancer, according to general opinion in the Paradise of the Pacific.

Somehow, the boards don't act the same way for the newcomers, and that's why there are so many people who get black eyes from walking into doors at night and scraped foreheads from hitting unexpected window frames in unfamiliar rooms!

No tourist would dream of leaving the islands without a complete hula costume, consisting of grass skirt, silk blouse, anklets, wristlets, and head and neck *leis* of paper flowers. But to date no white neophyte has been able to equal the Hawaiian torso's RPM.

BUY NOW!

STROLL through the Waikiki district any afternoon. From every vine-covered *lanai* (porch) come the strains of a phonograph grinding out Huehue (pronounced hooey-hooey) or Alekoki, which is a favorite hula. There is the soft swish swish of bare American feet on *lauhala* mat, and perhaps a stifled groan or two from the hula instructor. Men tourists give themselves a better break than the women, for they take art more casually. They take a shot at surf-boarding and spend the rest of their vacation paddling through a fog of *okolehao*, swinging golf clubs at Waialae, or just sitting in the sand.



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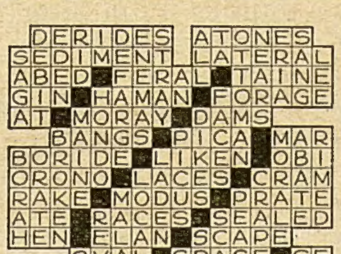
GRIT LATER MARS

Answer to the puzzle on page 76



DERIDES ATONES
SEDIMENT LATERAL
ABED■FERAL■TAINE
GIN■HAMAN■FORAGE
AT■MORAY■DAMS
BANGS■PICA■MAR
BORIDE■LIKEN■OBI
ORONO■LACES■CRAM
RAKE■MODUS■PRATE
ATE■RACES■SEALED
HEN■ELAN■SCAPE
OVAL■SPACE■SE
BRAVER■ALINE■OTO
OILER■AGENT■IRON
SPARSER DELUDERS
ESTERS STEREOM

Answer to the puzzle on page 77

Nobody sits and thinks in Hawaii. Everybody just sits. It's very relaxing.

So deliciously relaxing, in fact, is the breath of the trade winds that keep Hawaii's winter temperature at eighty degrees, with four- or five-degree fluctuations the rest of the year, that it becomes a hardship for a man to rub himself, even. The beach boys anoint tender skins, in public, with coconut oil.

Fifteen minutes the first day in the rays, then a dip in the surf, and perhaps ten minutes more in the sun, with coconut oil spread all over the exposed portions of the epidermis—and there's plenty exposure. Trunks as brief as a movie-censored kiss, and no shirt at all, is the favorite bathing costume for males at Waikiki. The girls wear a little up there and a little down here, and drop the up there part almost down to here in order to get their spines tanned.

THE time for sun exposure is lengthened the second day, more oil is applied; and so on, until the customer gets the first layer of tan which builds up into a rich Kanaka brown and sometimes, as was the case with a wealthy New York broker who spent six hours in the sun every day for four weeks last winter, a glossy mahogany. He looked like someone's high polished highboy. Since coconut oil is not precisely lily of the valley, he was a solitary figure after a bit.

That is, he was as solitary as one can get on a beach that by mid-January is so populated that it's like Coney Island on a hot Sunday in August.

What isn't like Coney Island on any day, however, is the volcano, Kilauea, home of Pele, goddess of volcanoes. Pele is a temperamental goddess and when she's hot she's very, very hot; and when she's quiescent she's something to inspire you with respect for a hole in the ground.

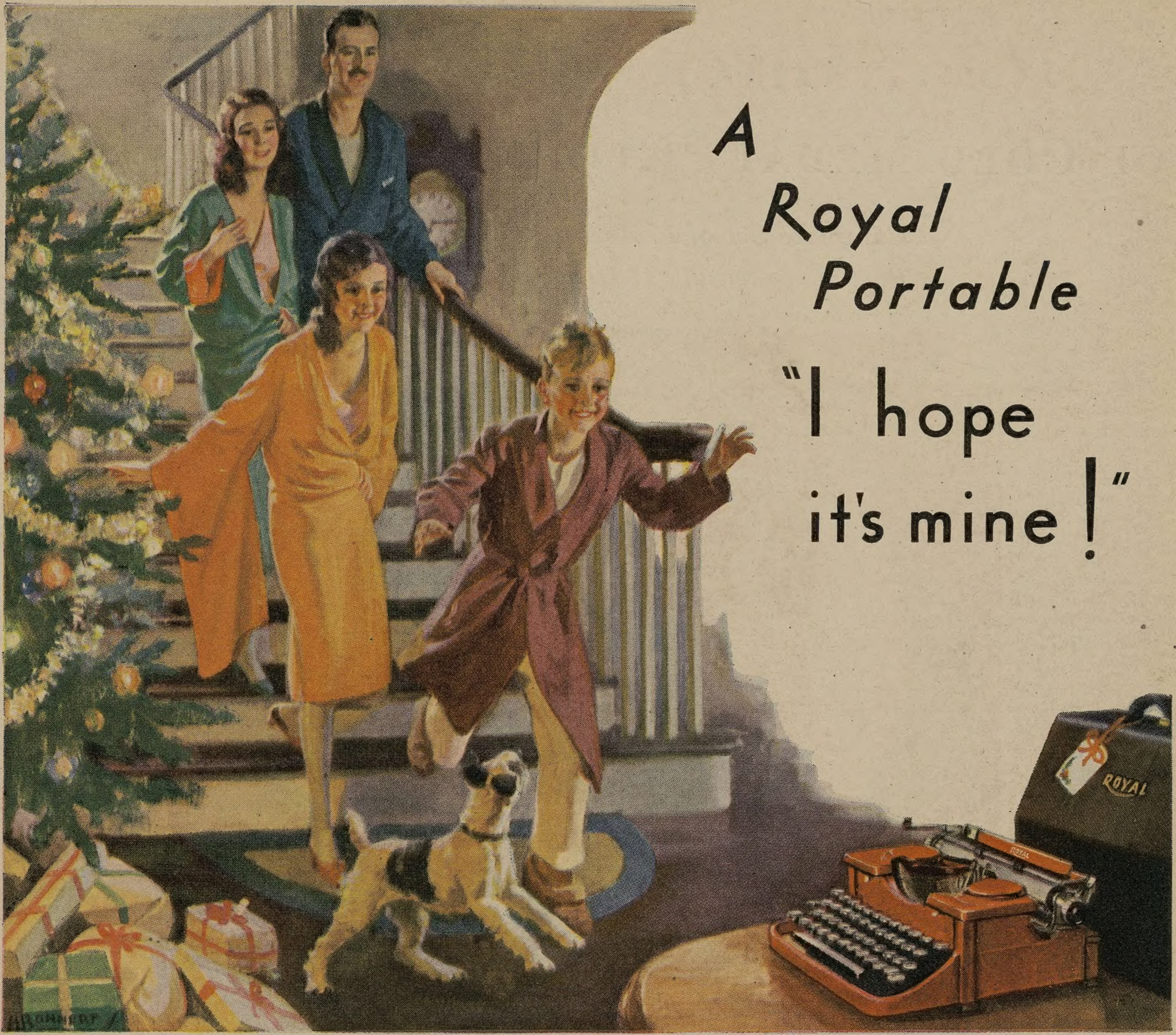
From the porch of the Volcano House, on the brink of the crater, across a sea of dead lava, is seen the yawning mouth of the fire pit, Halemaumau, constantly spitting clouds of smoke and steam.

Pele may still be sacred to a few Hawaiians, rapidly dying from their impact with civilization; but golf is more sacred to the civilizers, who are very much alive.

One of the attractions of the Hawaiian volcano is the chance that is given the veriest beginner to make a hole in one there. The golf course at the volcano is so arranged that the fire pit itself is a hole. The occasional small voice that is raised in protest against this desecration of Pele's shrine is tut-tutted down with the flat assertion, "That's no lady; that's a volcano!" Pele is expected to have a sense of humor, something Hawaiians are said to lack. But if Hawaiians lack a sense of humor, they are generously equipped with an extra share of graciousness and hospitality. The Hawaiian slogan, "Eat hearty and die happy," is one that rings through the islands three times a day, like a big dinner bell. Seldom does one see a thin Hawaiian.

They eat themselves all out of shape before they're thirty, but, somehow, they never die of indigestion and always their unfailing good nature and smiles beam upon you sweetly, generously, largely, and make diets seem silly.

THE END



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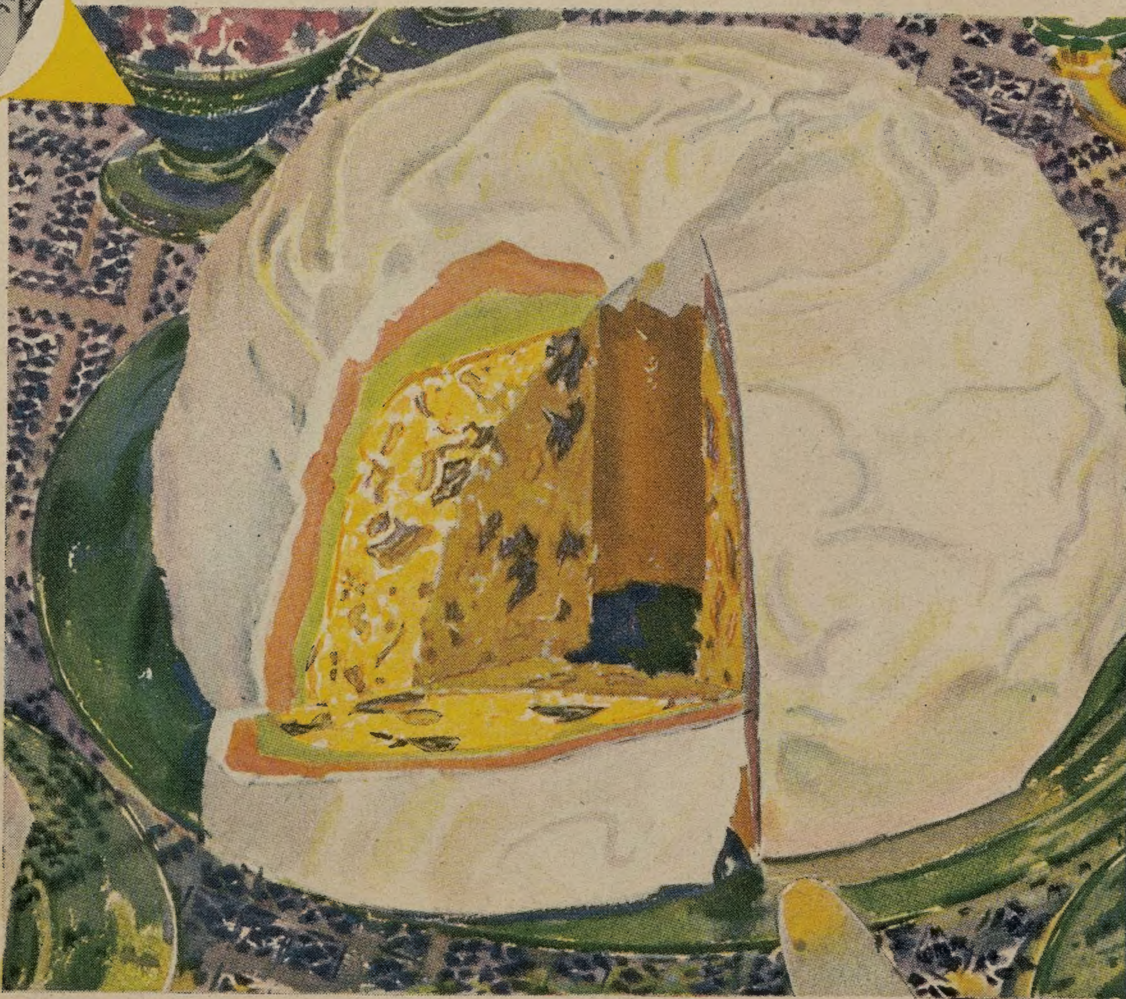

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